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BROOKLYN'S GUARDIANS:

A RECORD OF THE FAITHFUL AND HEROIC MEN WHO PRESERVE THE PEACE

IN THE

CITY OF HOMES.

BY

WILLIAM E. S. FALES.

ILLUSTRATED.

BROOKLYN, 1887.

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W. E. S. FALES.

PREFACE.

Probably the most important branch of civic government is the police force. Daily familiarity with it, as it performs its unostentatious duties, no doubt dulls the general perception of its preservative mission ; but if one will stop to think for a moment on what the condition of a great city would be, suddenly deprived of police protection, the inestimable value of a police department will become apparent.

Of all the great cities of the world, one stands pre-eminent in the preservation of public order and in the purity of public morals. That city is Brooklyn. This flattering condition of affairs is due to many causes ; but without doubt the most potent factor among these causes has been and is her superb police force ; and it is a little singular that up to the present time no compilation of its achievements has been prepared. Poets have sung

and historians have recorded the deeds of soldiers and sailors innumerable ; but the humble policeman quietly performing his daily duty has been permitted to remain in obscurity.

The writer has endeavored to rescue from this obscurity some of the doings of Brooklyn's Guardians ; and the task has been found a pleasant one, for as the archives of police history are studied the romance of the patrolman's life becomes as apparent as that of the soldier. In the glare of day and in the dark of night he perpetually confronts the enemies of society, ready to defend at any moment with his life and honor the insidious attacks of vice and crime upon the public well-being.

Seldom does a citizen think, as he enjoys the security of his home, or follows his business avocations in peace and safety, how much he owes to the quiet blue-coated man pursuing his ceaseless round from morn till midnight. How suddenly and splendidly was this brought home to the public mind when the Anarchists of Chicago gave the alarm for the uprising of the mob against the law. Heroic policemen marched through and over those terrible engines of destruction—the dynamite bombs—with steadfast determination and invincible courage ; and in a like emergency in our own beloved city, if such a thing could be imagined, the blue coats of Brook-

lyn would be found at the front as fearless and as resolute as their brothers of Chicago.

In the following pages the origin, growth and development of the Brooklyn police force are traced. Brief sketches are given of the more distinguished members of the force, and mention is made of their more notable achievements. It would have been the writer's pleasure to have written the history of every member of the department, but to do so would have demanded a series of bulky volumes, at present impracticable to produce. But as every member of the police force feels a proper pride in what has been done by his brethren, those whose names are unnoticed will appreciate the fact that their own glory is identical with that of all.

The writer desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to Commissioner Thomas Carroll, Deputy-Commissioner Dallon, Superintendent Campbell, and Mr. Frederick L. Jenkins, for valuable assistance and kindly help in the preparation of this work. Indeed, without their hearty co-operation and their intelligent aid, it would have been impossible to produce an accurate record.

Thanks are also due to the distinguished photographer, Mr. Frank Pearsall, who furnished the admirable pho-

tographs from which the engravings were made which ornament this book.

Besides the gentlemen named, thanks are also due to the inspectors, captains and many other officers of the force, who have all done that they could to help the writer.

The work is now presented to the public with the consciousness that however imperfect may be its manner of execution, it will be found accurate and reliable in all its details.

WILLIAM E. S. FALES.

Brooklyn, 1887.

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BROOKLYN'S GUARDIANS:

A Record of the Faithful and Heroic Men who Preserve the Peace

IN THE

CITY OF HOMES.

CHAPTER I.

"BREUCKELEN'S" EARLIEST GUARDIANS.

From 1636 to 1785.

SETTLEMENT OF GOWANUS (1636).—THE INDIAN UPRISING OF 1643.—FOUNDING OF THE HAMLET, "THE FERRY."—"BREUCKELEN" ESTABLISHED AND SCHEPENS APPOINTED (1646).—DUTIES OF THE SCHOUT AND CONSTABLES.—TROUBLES WITH "SOUND ROBBERS."—TOWN GUARDS ORGANIZED.—THE MINUTE MEN.—THE MUNICIPAL POWERS OF BREUCKELEN ENLARGED.—EXTRAORDINARY DUTIES OF THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.—GOVERNOR NICOLLS' PATENT TO THE INHABITANTS OF BREUCKELEN (1667).—FIRST COURT HELD IN KINGS COUNTY (1669).—ODD COURT RECORDS.—BEER AND BRAVERY: TRYING ORDEAL OF A CITIZEN-SOLDIER.—THE PREDICAMENT OF A "STRANGE MAN."—COURT-HOUSE AND JAIL ERECTED AT FLATBUSH (1686).—FIRST PUBLIC-HOUSE IN "BREUCKELEN" LICENSED (1668).—THE SHERIFF AND MAGISTRATE AS CONSERVATORS OF THE PEACE.—STOCKS AND A POUND ORDERED BY THE COURT.—INSTRUCTIONS TO CONSTABLES.—AN ILLITERATE OFFICER.—THE DUTCH SETTLERS AND THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.—DEPREDATIONS BY THE WHALEBOAT MEN.—THE "TOWN-HOUSE" AT BUSHWICK.—PUNISHMENT OF A LAMPOONER.—JUSTICE AND HOLLAND RUM DISPENSED UNDER ONE ROOF.

TO TRACE intelligently the growth of the police system of the city of Brooklyn from its very inception it will be necessary to revert to the earliest settlement on the ground which has since become the site of the third city in the Union, and follow its progress from the days

of the Walloon settlers—who came to America in 1625, and some of whom took up lands on the western end of Long Island,—down to the present day. It must follow the primitive plans and systems for citizen protection introduced by the early Dutch settlers, the watch as appointed for night service, the Schepens or magistrates and the constables subject to their orders, appointed by the governors; the growth of the village and its consequent more extended and better regulated policing, to the organized and equipped force of the city in the early days of its incorporation, and then should follow the narration of how the department has been brought to its present state of perfection in discipline and effectiveness.

New York had been discovered and occupied more than a quarter of a century before what must be considered the first step toward the settlement of the city of Brooklyn was made. In June, 1636, Jacob Van Corlaer, a civil officer under Director Wouter Van Twiller in New Amsterdam, purchased from the Indians, "a flat of land called 'Castateeuw' on Long Island, between the bay of the North River and the East River." The record of this transaction is the earliest one of any grant to an individual in the present county of Kings. Andries Hudde and Wolfert Gerritsen followed Van Corlear and took the two tracts adjoining him on the west, and Director Van Twiller took up the ground adjoining on the east. William Adriaense Bennet and Jacques Bentyn were the next to settle upon the beautiful and fertile lands. They took up nine hundred and thirty acres at Gowanus. Upon this land a house was built at some time previous to the Indian uprisings between 1642 and 1645. This house was the nucleus of

the pioneer settlement of Gowanus, a section of Brooklyn known to this day by its original Indian name. The purchase and occupation of a tract on Wallabout Bay, by George De Rapalje, was the second step. These two spots, comparatively distant from each other, offering to the settlers similar agricultural advantages, were the small beginnings from which grew the mighty result which we see in the present great city of Brooklyn, with its vast industrial and commercial interests, its high position among the cities of the world and its wonderful extent of territory. It must be considered, however, that the mere circumstance that one or even a few scattered families fixed themselves upon a tract of land that is now included in this city is hardly of sufficient consequence to fix the time of their doing so as the date of the origin of the city, because there is no evidence that they ever assumed or received the power of municipal jurisdiction until 1646. It is evident that the settlement of the town was made in the same desultory manner as the adjoining towns, and there seems to have been no effort upon the part of the first settlers toward anything like municipal regulations, and to this fact is assigned the reason that there are no records extant of early general patents issued by the Dutch Government. When a man found a piece of ground that suited him, he simply took possession of it under an individual grant or brief from the governor, and gave no concern as to what manner of man might become his neighbor. Therein is found the reason for the delay in the establishment of anything like town organization.

On the 1st of August, 1638, William Kieft, who had succeeded Wouter Van Twiller as director of the Dutch

East India Company, obtained by purchase from the Indians, a tract of land adjoining Rapalje's which covered all of the present Eastern District of the city of Brooklyn. Various individual patents gave large tracts of land which now lie within the heart of the busy city to Frederick Lubbertsen, Abraham Rycken, Lambert Huybertson, Hans Hansen Bergen, Jan and Pieter Montfoort, Pieter Caesar, "the Italian," and others. By May 10, 1640, the Dutch West India Company had acquired by purchase from the Indians all the portion of Long Island now included in Kings and Queens counties.

The formation of the new "Charter of Freedoms and Exemptions," approved and promulgated July 19, 1640, by which "all good inhabitants of the Netherlands" were then allowed to select lands and form colonies, resulted in a rapid growth for the young settlement opposite Manhattan (New York), and along the East River shore the farms of Claes Cornelissen Van Schouw (Mentelaer), Jan Manje, Andries Hudde, Jacob Wolphertsen (Van Couwenhoven), and others, stretched with their wealth of corn and other products.

The year 1643 was to the New Netherlands "a year of blood," and the young settlement on Long Island did not escape the anxieties, terrors and devastations of the Indian uprising which resulted from Kieft's treachery to the aborigines. At the end of the war, in the summer of 1645, the western end of Long Island, upon which was located Brooklyn and its sister hamlets, was almost depopulated.

A public ferry, which had been permanently established between Manhattan (young New York) and Long Island before the Indian war, and which had for its

landing place on the Brooklyn side the place of the present Fulton Ferry, formed the nucleus for a little hamlet known as "The Ferry," and the two small hamlets which had grown up at the other centres of settlement were known as "The Gowanus" and "The Waal-bogt" (Wallabout). As soon as the Indian troubles were over, the "maize lands," lying on Gowanus Creek, between "The Ferry" and "The Gowanus," were taken possession of by Jan Evertsen Bout, Huyck Aertsen (Van Rossum), Jacob Stoffelsen, Pieter Cornelissen, Joris Dircksen and Gerrit Wolphertsen van Couwenhoven and others, who established themselves on either side of the road that led from Flatbush to "The Ferry." The village which was formed by these settlers was located on the present Fulton Avenue, not far from and south-east of the site of the present City Hall, and was called Breuckelen, after the ancient village of the same name in Holland.

Its founders were the first to avail themselves of the advantages of town organization. At their expressed wish and intention to "found a town at their own expense," they were commissioned to do so by a brief issued in June, 1646, by the Colonial Council, appointing Jan Evertsen and Huyck Aertsen as "Schepens" or magistrates. The council was determined that these two "Schepens" should have the obedience and respect of the colonists, and they fixed as the penalty for non-submission to their decisions forfeiture of any land claims in the allotment of Breuckelen. The appointees had the privilege of selecting two more magistrates to help them should they find their duties too onerous. The brief concludes

"We charge and command every inhabitant of Breuckelen to acknowledge and respect the above mentioned Jan Evertsen and Huyck Aertsen as their Schepens, and if any one shall be found to exhibit contumaciousness towards them, he shall forfeit his share as above stated."

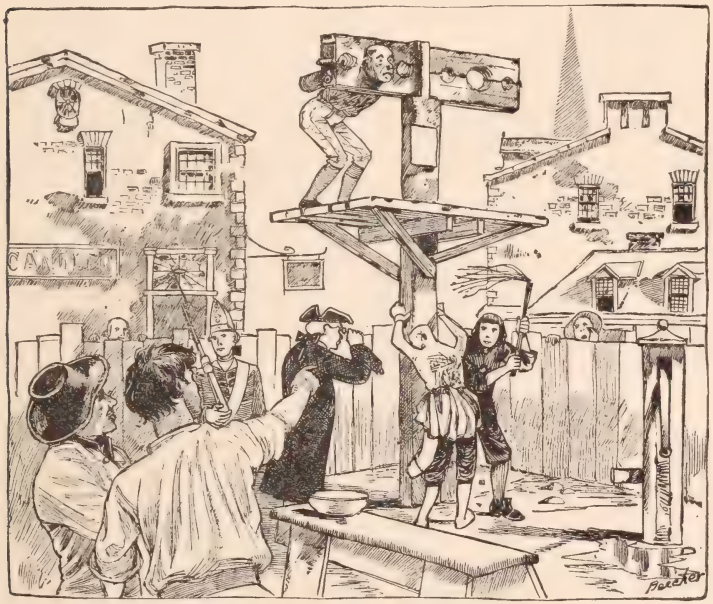
The Schepens found that they had more duties than they could attend to if they were expected to act as constables as well as magistrates, and in the following winter they appointed Jan Teunissen to act as schout or constable, whose duties were to imprison delinquents by advice of the Schepens, to establish the pound, to impound cattle, to collect fines, and to perform all things that a trusty schout was bound to perform. All who were included under the jurisdiction of Breuckelen were commanded and charged to acknowledge the authority of Jan Teunissen as schout.

Judge Gabriel Furman, in his "Notes of Brooklyn," says:

"For the first two or three years under the English government the magistrates of this town were but temporary officers. Nearly all we know about the government previous to 1669 is that town courts were established in the colony. The inference would be that, as this town was granted all the rights and privileges belonging to a town within the government, a town court was also organized here."

The duties of the constable, as defined in the Duke of York's laws, were: Holding courts with the overseers, and with them making assessments, etc., whipping or punishing offenders, raising the hue and cry after "murderers, manslayers, thieves, burglarers: also to apprehend without warrant such as were overtaken with drink, swearing, Sabbath breaking, vagrant persons,

or night walkers." One of the prescribed duties of the constables was whipping. They were not allowed to take prisoners except when the delinquents were caught in the act, or when their information was received from reliable authority. It was their duty also to see that the Sabbath day's calm was not disturbed by



THE PILLORY AND WHIPPING-POST.

drunken brawlers, and they exercised a close surveillance over the tap-houses to enforce their closing on that day.

At times they were also called upon to inflict the grotesque, though painful, punishment of the "Ducking Stool." Women alone underwent this torture, which was the penalty imposed upon a female judicially found to be a common scold. The culprit was bound to a chair and dipped in the water. This was supposed to have a cool-

ing effect upon feminine temper, but history does not record that its virtues were of great efficacy.

The history of the little town from the time of its taking upon itself municipal regulations up to the conquest by the English of the New Netherlands is an uneventful story of slow growth, and it was during that period held



THE DUCKING-STOOL.

as of little importance. Its representatives participated in the several conventions called to remonstrate against the unjust discriminations of the new governor, Peter Stuyvesant, against the Long Island towns. When their peace and security were threatened by bands of marauders, classed as "robbers and pirates," and it became necessary to unite in common defence against them, Breuckelen, The Ferry, and the Walloon quarter to-

gether contributed a complement of four men to the company raised in 1654 in response to the call of the magistrates.

About this time there was evident necessity for concerted action on the part of the several towns on this end of Long Island against other dangers from without as well as from the Sound robbers, and letters were addressed to Breuckelen, Amersfoort and Midwout, asking them to "lend their aid at this critical juncture, to further whatever may advance the public defence." In consequence, on April 7, 1654, the magistrates of these three towns, in conjunction with the court martial, made regulations for the organization of a town guard. Every male was required to do guard duty in his turn. It was provided that "every inhabitant, of whatever station and condition, was to unite in a general resistance" in case of an invasion, and a heavy fine was laid upon those who refused to join in such resistance. Every third man was detailed as a minute man, who was bound to respond to a warning "at a moment's notice."

If one of these guards discovered an enemy he warned the town by firing his gun three times. His neighbor took up the signal and repeated it by firing three times, and so the signal was transmitted until the entire town was aroused. To guard against false alarms by which the inhabitants might be unnecessarily thrown into a state of terror, the firing of guns at night was prohibited, except as signals, and penalties were attached to the violation of the order. In this semi-military organization we see the first attempt at a night guard or watch for the town.

The municipal privileges of Breuckelen, together with

those of Amersfoort and Midwout, were enlarged by Peter Stuyvesant after the establishment of peace between England and Holland. He gave to each of those towns two new Schepens or magistrates; and David Provoost was made Breuckelen's first separate schout or constable. To the District Court, which was organized at that time, was attached the authority of regulating the roads, building churches, establishing schools and enacting local laws. The number of schepens was, however, still insufficient for the needs of the town, and on April 8, 1655, in response to a petition from the magistrates of Breuckelen, the Council appointed three additional schepens, namely, Frederick Lubbertsen, Albert Cornelissen and Jacob Dircksen, and Joris Rapalje was appointed in the place of Peter Cornelissen, whose term had expired. David Provoost, the schout who was also performing the duties of secretary, thought his pay was too small considering the onerous duties of the office. He told the Council, in a petition to that body, that he ought to have the same salary as Secretary Kip, of New Amsterdam. A system of fees was established which satisfied him. Schout Provoost died in January, 1656, and he was succeeded by Peter Tonnerman, who was in turn succeeded by Adrien Hegeman. Hegeman enjoyed the munificent salary of two hundred guilders per annum, with half the civil fines imposed by the courts, one-third of the criminal fines levied by the towns, in addition to which certain clerk's fees and perquisites fell into his capacious Dutch pocket.

It was a memorable event in the town of Breuckelen when, in 1661, Carel de Beauvois was engaged as schoolmaster. His appointment deserves mention, because in

addition to his pedagogical duties he was also court messenger for the schepens' chamber, and "was employed in the village of Breuckelen, and all around where he may be needed." He performed the services of grave-digger, bell-ringer, chorister and parish clerk, besides directing the education of the children of the early Brooklynites.

In 1661, Boswyck, having attained the dignity of a town by the organization of a town court and the appointment of magistrates to govern its twenty-three families, it, with New Utrecht, was annexed to the jurisdiction of Schout Hegeman, who at this period began to be called sheriff of Breuckelen, Amersfoort and Midwout, and the district was known as the "Five Dutch Towns."

When the English took possession of New Amsterdam and changed its name to New York, a new code of laws for the Long Island towns was formed and promulgated by an assembly made up of delegates from the different towns. Frederick Lubbertsen and Jan Evertsen Bout were the Breuckelen delegates to the assembly. The code then adopted and promulgated was in operation until the first provincial assembly was convened by Governor Dongan in 1683.

At the convention of 1665, Long Island and Staten Island were erected to a shire, and was called Yorkshire, which was divided into districts called ridings. Breuckelen was in the East Riding. In 1667 a full and ample patent was granted to the inhabitants of Breuckelen, by Governor Nicolls, confirming them in the rights which they had acquired by individual patent from the Dutch governors and by purchase from the Indians.

The first official record of any court being held in

Kings County is that of a session held at Gravesend, June 16, 1669, but there are several references to cases and orders of court previous to that time. There was issued by Governor Nicolls, on October 18, 1667, an order for a rate to be levied upon the town of Breuckelen, and the other towns of the West Riding, for the erection of a "Sessions House." In confirmation of the opinion that there was a court held in Breuckelen previous to 1669, the case of "Adam Brouwer, of Breuckelen, miller," is referred to. It appears that the miller refused to grind corn for some of the inhabitants "on frivolous pretences," and the inhabitants, constables and overseers made complaint against him; and he "being apparently forgetful of former court action on a similar charge," was warned on November 12, 1668, by Governor Lovlace, that as long as he kept the mill he must, under penalty, "grind for all persons without distinction or exception, according to custom, the first to come to be served first."

The record of the first court held at Gravesend, June 16, 1669, reads:

"At a court of sessions held at Gravesend, the 16th day of June, by his Majesty's authority, in the twenty-first year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord, Charles the Second, by the Grace of God, of Great Brittaine, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the ffaith, etc., in the year of our Lord, 1669, Present, Matthias Nicoll, Esquire, secretary, president.

Mr. Cornelius Van Ruyven,
Captain John Manning,
Mr. James Hubbard,
Mr. Richard Betts. } Justices.

In the same record is the following entry :

Whereas during this court of sessions, there hath been several misdemeanors committed in contempt of authority in this town of Gravesend, by one throwing down the stocks, pulling off ffences, and such like crimes ; the court also find that there was no watch in the town, which might have prevented it ; and being the offenders cannot be discovered, it is ordered that the town stand fined in five pounds until they have made the discovery of the offenders.

The curious idea of the punishment which properly fits the crime must have induced the authorities to decide as they did in the case of an unfortunate beer-bibbing citizen-soldier, who was brought up before the sessions at Gravesend for having left his post while stationed on guard. He must have been caught either intoxicated or drinking, for his punishment was to sit upon a wooden horse during parade, with a pitcher in one hand and a drawn sword in the other, to show that he loved beer more than his duty, and that his courage was always to be determined by the quantity of liquor consumed.

Another of the records of the court runs as follows :

There being a strange man in the custody of the constable of Flatbush, and no person laying claim to him, the court orders ye man shall be appraised and sold, and if any person hereafter lay lawful claims to him, he paying what lawful charges are out upon him, may have him again.

From this the reader may receive the impression that it was the custom to inhospitably seize and sell every stranger who ventured into the little Dutch settlement, until it is learned that the record refers to a slave escaped or astray from his owner.

A court house was built in Gravesend in 1668, but the courts of the county were removed to Flatbush in 1686, when another court house was erected. The change was made because Flatbush was the geographical centre of the county. This court house remained until a larger one was built, in 1758, costing £448, raised by assessment. This building was not a substantial one, and in a few years became so badly out of repair that a new one had to be built in 1792. This had a jail attached. It stood until 1832, when it was destroyed by fire on November 30. Since that time all the courts have been held in Brooklyn. During the burning of the jail, the prisoners, with one exception, exerted themselves to extinguish the flames, and afterwards voluntarily submitted to re-imprisonment in another place selected by the jailer for that purpose.

The early Brooklynites were evidently either total abstainers from intoxicating drink, or else the farmers imported and kept in their houses their favorite tipple. Be that as it may, it was not until the year 1668 that a public drinking place was opened. On January 4 of that year, one Robert Hollis was granted the exclusive privilege of selling strong drink in Breuckelen.

When New York again passed into the hands of the Dutch, in 1673, the magistrates of Breuckelen and the other towns of the West Riding received a code of "Provisional Instructions" from the new government for their guidance in the government of the town. By these "provisional instructions" all cases relating to the police, to the security and peace of the inhabitants, and to justice between man and man were to be definitely determined by the magistrates of the village, to the

amount of sixty guilders or less in beavers. The sheriff and the commissioner of the magistrates constituted the court of appeal. Their jurisdiction, however, did not extend to cases involving more than 240 guilders.

The peace and welfare of the town were under the care of the sheriff and magistrates, who were authorized—

"to issue orders relative to the laying out and making of roads, the surveying of lots and garden spots, and whatever has any relations to agriculture, also with respect to keeping the Sabbath, building of churches, school-houses and similar public works."

They were required to act promptly in cases of fighting, throwing stones, and other petty crimes. They were ordered to see that all placards and ordinances published by the chief magistrate were well observed and executed, and not to allow them to be disobeyed by any one; that transgressors should be prosecuted, and that all and every law should be promptly obeyed. The sheriff was ordered to "keep his jurisdiction free from every sort of villany in trading, brothels and similar impurities."

The first correctional implements which were erected in Brooklyn were put up under the order of a court of sessions held at Flatbush, November 8, 1692. The order was as follows:

"The Courte doe order that there be a good pare of stocks and a good pound made in every town within Kings County, and to be always kept in sufficient repairs, and that there be warrants issued to the constables of every towne to see the order of the Court performed, as they will answer the contrary at their peril."

On November 12, 1695, the court ordered that the constables of the towns—

"shall on Sabbath or Sabbath day, take law for the apprehending of all Sabbath breakers, and search all houses, taverns and other suspected places, for all profaners and breakers of the Sabbath day, and bring them before a justice of the peace to be dealt with according to law ; and for any neglect of the constable he shall pay a fine of six shillings."

The status of the constables in the little community and the extent of their scholastic attainments may be judged from the case of Constable Volkert Brier, who, when he was fined five pounds and one pound costs for tearing and burning an execution directed to him as constable, offered in extenuation of his fault the plea that he was an illiterate man who "could not read said execuceon nor understand anything of Lawe."

The Dutch settlers in the Long Island villages lived in phlegmatic contentment in their boweries among their children and their cattle, attending to the affairs of their little towns and satisfied to take their growth and prosperity as it came, until the terrible times of the Revolutionary War. They did not want this war, and the hardships it brought upon them seemed to be more weighty. When, however, the necessity of fighting was thrust upon them they bore their part nobly and watered their own farms with their blood, spilled by British soldiers and Hessian hirelings. From the time of the occupation of the town by the British until the end of the war the most vigorous military rule took the place of local government. Elections were not allowed; civil courts were suspended, and a king's justice or a military officer arbitrarily dispensed their functions. The British

officers billeted themselves on the inhabitants and the carousing, gambling, profanity and many other vices attendant on the presence of a large number of troops, were prevalent upon every hand and could not fail to have an evil effect on the inhabitants. The farmers, having no local protection, were left at the mercy of the whale-boat men, Americans, who by their desire for plunder and their lawless spirit were drawn from the purposes for which they were organized, namely, the harassing of the British ships in New York Bay, and they made frequent descents upon the poor defenceless settlers, who were thus robbed of the British gold that had been paid to them for the produce of their farms.

For the first few years after the war Brooklyn made little progress in municipal affairs. The attention of the people was confined to repairing the damages occasioned by hostile occupation.

The first public hall or town house erected within the limits of the present city of Brooklyn was the Town House of Bushwick, which was built some time previous to the Revolution. The precise time is not known, because when the town of Bushwick was swallowed up by the present great city, some ignorant functionary of the City Hall turned an honest penny by selling the old Dutch records as waste paper. The open space in front of the Town House was called the Hett Dorp, or town plot. This was the gathering place of the Dutch citizens of the town, and it was, we are told, the scene of great jubilation on the first anniversary of the country's independence, after the hated Red-coats had taken their departure from the island. There was a tall liberty pole erected in front of the house, and within the circle

which its shadow made the villagers were wont to celebrate all public holidays.

In the house itself all business of a public nature, such as elections and public meetings, was transacted. It was also the high seat of justice, and the records tell us that in the Hett Dorp, or green before it, were executed all the sentences imposed within the primitive hall of justice. In May, 1684, John Van Leyden stood there for a day, tied to a stake, with a horse's bridle bit in his mouth and a bundle of eight rods tied under his arm, and bearing on his breast a placard declaring that "John Leyden is a writer of lampoons, a false accuser and a defamer of magistrates." Another culprit convicted, at least to the satisfaction of the magistrates, of theft, was sentenced to stand for three hours under a gallows with a rope around his neck and an empty scabbard in his hand.

The Town House continued till long after the Revolution to be the scene of municipal transactions, and was used for that purpose alone, until at length it struck the phlegmatic old burghers who, as electors, had charge of the town affairs, that it would be a happy idea to make it pay a part of the annual taxes, and they rented it as a tavern, though beneath its roof they continued to dispense Dutch justice, while the innkeeper dispensed among them good liquors. The place was finally bought outright by a Yankee, and maintained as a tavern with no legal or judicial adjunct.

CHAPTER II.

From 1785 to 1850.

Two Constables Guard the Town.—Hix and De B. Voise.—Eighteen Dollars a Year Salary.—An Additional Tipstaff in 1804.—Remarkably Variegated Duties.—Fees of Ye Olden Tyme.—Detectives Unknown.—How They Caught a Chicken-thief.—Breaking Jail by Kicking the Window Out.—What the Lock-up Probably Was.—Good Thing for "Drunks."—1809 Brings Constable No. 4.—Poor Place for Thieves.—Money and Barter.—Burglaries by Seamen.—Justice Nichol and Rike Reid.—1810 Doggerel.—A Polite Magistrate.—Five Constables in 1825.—"Divvying Up" with Lawyers.—Enterprise in Collecting Taxes.—Immigration into Brooklyn.—Real Estate Lively.—A New Jail.—River-thieves Make Their Appearance.—Where They Came From.—Sailors Then and Now.—Old Admiralty and Criminal Records.—Universal Drunkenness.—Lyman Beecher.—How Drunkards were Treated and How Regarded by Society.—Drunken Officers.—A Fine Piece of Detective Work.—How Constable Bergen Found the Carpet-bag.—Clews Ingeniously Run Down.—1835, Brooklyn Now a City.—Fighting Watchmen.—The Pleasant Pastime of Hunting Policemen.—Thieves Enjoy Themselves.—1840, Burglaries.—The Phelps Murder.—Miscarriage of Justice.—Saturnalia of Stealing.—The Muster roll of the Gangs.—Receivers or Fences.—Where They Used To Be.—Wanted a Police Department.—Who Fought For It and Who Against.—It Comes in 1850.

IN THE last century and until 1835, the policemen of the village of Brooklyn were the constables and at times special deputy sheriffs. Besides these, there were watchmen employed chiefly by private citizens and a few by the local authorities. In 1785 there were but two constables, John Hix or Hicks and Charles De B. Voise or Debevoise. It may be remarked of this period that every

person seems to have pronounced better than he spelled. The records show the existence of two watchmen, one employed by Fernandus Suydam and the other by Tunis Bergen. The work done by these four worthies was not wearisome. In one year they made fifteen arrests, and received for their police services eighteen dollars from the village government. The chief offenders in those early days were farmers' hands, who at some dance or husking-party indulged in excessive ale, and slaves who had an extreme fondness for their neighbors' chicken-coops and melon-patches.

Population grew but slowly. Not until 1804 was the number of constables increased, and then it was done by the addition of one knight of the tipstaff. The duties of these three officials were characterized by a remarkable variety. As court officers they attended all the meetings of the local magistrate, the County Court, the Common Pleas, the Sessions and the Oyer and Terminer. For this they received a small per diem fee. They served writs and judicial processes, collected taxes, rang the fire bell and chimes and acted as inspectors at elections. Despite the multifarious duties, their annual income did not exceed five hundred dollars per annum, and when business was bad, fell as low as two hundred. The official fee book of the time is instructive reading in these days of high-priced officials. For serving papers on a man living within four miles, 12½ cents ; it is now 75. For attending court, 25 cents a day ; it is now $4.00. For dispossessing, 25 cents ; now $5.00 and disbursements.

A detective was an unknown fact in those days. The very word was unheard, not having been introduced into English speech. A shrewd constable or watch was styled

as a matter of compliment, "a Bow Street runner." Now and then the constables did good work in what would now be called the "detective line." In 1787, a farmer named Bergen, living on the Clove Road (about where Atlantic Avenue now intersects Classon), was robbed of his chickens. The theft was so adroitly committed as to leave no apparent trace or clue of the perpetrator. Bergen offered a large reward for those days for the arrest and conviction of the thief. De B. Voise undertook the job and studied it carefully. He laid out a plan and engaged a New Yorker, who enjoyed adventure, to go from house to house in the guise of a feather-buyer. He finally came to a farm whose owner was eminently respectable, where the housewife offered him a remarkably large amount of fresh feathers for sale. Under pretence of going back to get enough money, he left and reported to De B. Voise, who arrested the farmer that evening. The criminal was never punished, as the first night of his incarceration in the "calaboose" or "koop," he escaped by the simple means of kicking the window out and walking away.

It is somewhat uncertain where this jail was. According to various antiquarians it has been placed near the present corner of Orange and Fulton Streets, at the foot of Ferry (now Main) Street and at the foot of the main road (now Fulton Street). Judging from different accounts, it must have been a one-storied, small square building, with one or two windows, a hole in the roof, and an earthen floor. These inferences are drawn from the fact that escapes were made by kicking out the window, prying open the door, climbing out the chimney hole and digging under the wall. The worthy burghers

refused to hire a jailer or jail-watchman. They undoubtedly argued that any man strong and desperate enough to break out of the "koop" and escape across the East River was too dangerous a person to keep in the village. It is probable that the "calaboose" in the last century was intended more as a place to keep a man safe than one in which to punish him by incarceration. There the drunkard could not hurt himself, and the thieving slave was secure from the blows of the white and the gibes and annoyance of the black race. These are never reported to have escaped; those who effected their liberation were sailors, out-of-town farmers and people accused of serious offences.

1809 saw the village so much larger that a fourth constable was added to the existing trio. The increase was demanded by the growth of official and judicial business and not by an increase of crimes and criminals. There were but few offences against person and property in those days—probably from the fact that there was almost nothing to steal and neither place nor person to receive the booty after it had been secured. Wealth was quite evenly distributed, and consisted almost exclusively of real estate, live-stock and slaves. Marriage settlements were drawn as late as 1810, in which the jointure consists largely of farming land. There were no banks nor other means of investing money securely. Money itself was scarce. Nearly all the account books of both farmers and merchants of that time show that money transactions were infrequent and that barter was the basis of a large proportion of all the business done. It is not to be inferred that people were more honest then than now. They simply had no opportunities. The change from

twenty-eight arrests in 1790 to thirty thousand in 1886 means not so much the increase of wrong-doers as it does the increase of portable wealth and of its concomitant temptations.

In the winter of 1810 there were many burglaries and nocturnal thefts from houses along the river front. These created excitement at the time, and were at first supposed to have been committed by thieves from New York, who had crossed the East River in rowboats. The constables and watch redoubled their vigilance, but to no avail. The robberies continued, even under the very noses of the officials. Suddenly they ceased as they had begun, and as the time of their commission coincided with the stay of a large merchant vessel in port, it was finally concluded that the perpetrators had been foreign seamen on board of the ship mentioned.

About this time Justice Nichols or Nichol was the local magistrate, and Rike or Riker Reid the constable. Both were stern, obstinate and muscular men, who ably sustained the dignity of the law. In their honor some unknown bard penned the following rhymes (which appeared in the columns of the Long Island *Star*):

> Do you not fear the terrors of the law,
> The direful energy of Justice Nichol,
> Or lest Rike Reid let fall his mighty paw,
> And put you in a very pretty pickle?

Another poetaster of the period possibly voiced the feelings of many who had suffered from the strong arm of the dead constable when he scribbled these lines:

Hick's Post's a mile away from town I know
While Hix was e'er from post away.
But as he's dead and gone below
Hix now is on his post alway.

A curious commentary upon the police discipline of "Olde Brooklynne" is afforded by the fact that on one occasion a magistrate censured a constable for getting drunk with his prisoner and falling down stairs, and on another a Judge of the Common Pleas asked a constable to please keep sober that week, as he had been drunk every day during the past one.

In the meantime Brooklyn was growing, although but slowly. What little immigration arrived settled in New York or moved westward. The future metropolis was struggling for supremacy with Boston, Providence, New Bedford, Bristol, New London, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk and Charleston, and the struggle for many years was so close as to give no indication of the coming victor.

The constabulary increased to five in 1825. The increase was so important an event in the village as to be chronicled in the local press. Business was good, and constabularies' duties were remunerative and not onerous. According to the late Alden J. Spooner, they began at that time what was then a novel practice, obtaining commissions from lawyers for civil, and especially maritime and admiralty business they brought to the latter. They even went so far as to board vessels and cross the ferry to secure clients for their quasi-partners. In collecting taxes, they began to display the modern spirit, charging additional fees and percentages from dilatory land-owners, where formerly they were only too glad to extend every courtesy to unfortunate delinquents. These

innovations are not without significance. They indicate that the village or town is losing its original character and is approaching the stage in which it becomes a city. 1830 brought six constables into the field. The demand for these officials had become greater than the supply. Immigration had begun to pour across the East River from New York, and New Englanders, moving westward, had discovered the many advantages offered by Brooklyn as a home. The influx of newcomers followed no particular route, but settled in Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Bushwick, Greenpoint and Bedford alike. The city was rapidly mapped out. Real estate speculation and building for sale became new features in local life. Wealth and poverty increased, and with them crimes and criminals, while the courts did a larger and more important business. Besides the constables, the number of special deputy sheriffs, and private and public watchmen, was largely increased. A secure jail was built up town, and a jailer appointed by the county authorities. The beginnings of a police system were seen in the establishment of a night-patrol of the different persons paid for that purpose.

In the following decade the professional river-thief puts in an appearance. Commerce had developed into large proportions, and the high wharfage and demurrage exacted by New York pier owners and lessees drove many vessels over to the Brooklyn side of the bay. There was as yet little of the vast storage and warehouse industries of the present time, the number of wharves still being small, and the few warehouses being inadequate to store more than one cargo. The river-thieves at first were runaway seamen of the worst type. Chief

among them were drunken roughs from Liverpool, London and other cities, who had been "shanghaied" abroad and who availed themselves of the first opportunity to desert ship and renew their vicious habits on dry land. They made but few friends at first among the American population, but these were of the same general class as themselves. Few of them married, but all lived with abandoned women of all sorts by whom they had children as bad as if not worse than the parents. These primitive river-thieves were not as reckless or courageous as the famous freebooters of the sixties and seventies, or rather did not make the same exhibition of these qualities. Vessels were better guarded and better manned in the early part of the century. The seamen of that period were members of an unorganized guild. Though addicted to intoxicating liquor and the accompanying vices, they were brave, faithful, affectionate and honest. Nowadays, ruthless competition and the substitution of steamers for sailing vessels has driven them out of occupation and replaced them with the riff-raff of every city and race. The river-pirate of the thirties knew that to board or rob a vessel meant death if discovered; while his descendant of the seventies found that his best accomplices were among the ship's employees.

The Admiralty and criminal reports of this period bear strong testimony to this condition of affairs. Hardly a case appears upon the record in which a seaman appears in a bad light, excepting when he has yielded to the temptation to drink. On the other hand the criminal records show nearly all the river-thieves arrested at this time to be of foreign birth and raising, and to have come here as able-bodied mariners. They lived then, as

now, along the river-front—their chief headquarters being near where South and Fulton Ferries now are, the Wallabout and Newtown Creek.

Beyond the river thieves there was scarcely any criminal class in the village. Travel across the East River was slow, expensive and uncertain, and few malefactors would undertake the risk of the voyage. The drinking was confined to inns, taverns, chop-houses and groceries. The gilded saloon, the beergarden, the cellar and the dive were as yet unknown facts. Another curious illustration of the changes wrought in sixty years is that in the thirties it was not unusual for farmers to get drunk in their houses, lawyers in their offices and merchants in their places of business. What is more striking is that society regarded the practice rather as a good joke than as something to be deplored. Nor was this state of affairs confined to Brooklyn. It extended more or less over the entire country and started the great temperance movement in which the distinguished divine Lyman Beecher took so active a part. The constabulary shared the indifference of the public toward drunkenness. A staggering citizen vainly endeavoring to find his way home was seldom interfered with by either hand or club and almost never arrested. If unable to stand, he was put in some place where he could not be run over and allowed to sleep off the intoxication. The constables themselves were hard drinkers and when not attending to official business could only be found in the taverns of which they were the chief habitués. Despite the conviviality of the constables they did very clever work at times. In 1832 a farmer who was returning to his home in Valley Stream stopped in at a tavern on Front street between Fulton

and Main. He carried a brightly-colored carpet bag which contained $500 in cash, some jewelry, trinkets and clothing. There were friends at the hospitable bar whom he had not seen for some time and with whom he entered into an interesting conversation. A half hour passed when he noticed that his carpet bag had disappeared. Thinking at first that it was a practical joke by some waggish friend, he gave the matter but little attention. When assured however that none of them had touched it, he became alarmed and all made a thorough search but without success. In the meantime, Constable Bergen had entered the tavern and heard the facts. He carefully interrogated every one as to who had been present in the place and finally learned that there had been a stranger there at first whom they had not noticed. Concluding that this was the thief he ran to the ferry slip into which the vessel was just returning from New York. The master and crew when they listened to his story became very communicative and said that on their last trip they had carried over two persons one of whom they knew and the other not ; that the pair seemed acquainted and had conversed all the way over ; but that neither of them had either carpet-bag or bundle. The constable was non-plussed but inspired by a happy thought crossed the river and called upon the passenger who was known to the crew. He proved to be an intelligent tradesman and an admirable witness. He said that when he got on the ferry boat, the master and crew were in a neighboring tavern ; that shortly after the second passenger with whom he had a slight business acquaintance came on board with a medium sized bundle, done up clumsily in paper and tied with many strings as if to keep it perfectly

secure; that he laid the bundle down and covered it with his topcoat as if to prevent any spray from washing on it and had picked it up inside the coat without showing it when they disembarked. He gave the constable the name and occupation of his acquaintance and the tavern the latter frequented, but was unable to give any other address. Bergen proceeded to the tavern and was talking to the proprietor when the door opened and the object of his search entered accompanied by some friend. Despite protestations of innocence and threats of bodily harm the constable arrested and conveyed him to Brooklyn. He returned to the tavern in New York and made inquiries as to the companion of the arrested man. The landlord stated that he was a good honest fellow too much addicted to drink and who worked for short spells and then spent days and even weeks in intoxication. He gave the constable a list of drinking-places where the fellow might be found. Bergen scoured all these and at last found his man. He was drunk and inclined to be morose and pugnacious, but judicious talk and more judicious treats finally induced him to admit that he had met his arrested friend coming out of a house on Water street, and that he had not seen him before that day. Though it was now night, the constable repaired to the house and found the landlord in bed. He aroused the latter, who turned out to be a very decent fellow, and who said that the accused had lived there several months; that about noon that day the latter had entered the place with his overcoat, rolled up like a pillow, under his arm, and had gone to the third floor where his room was and where he remained about an hour, and that he then had come down stairs and gone out. Bergen and the

landlord ascended to the room and made a thorough search, but found no trace of a carpet-bag. They were about to give up in despair when the former noticed dusty finger-marks on the pane and sills of a small, unused window which overlooked the roof of the next house. Lighting a lantern, he made his way to the roof and in a few minutes found the lost article stuffed down the flue of the chimney of the adjacent house. The property, excepting some thirty dollars, was all recovered, and the thief convicted and sent to prison.

In 1835, when Brooklyn left villagehood for good and became a full-fledged city, there was, strange to say, almost no provision made for a police department. The new municipal authorities saved themselves the trouble of thought and study by the simple expedient of continuing the old system, or rather lack of system. As it was inadequate to the wants of the city, they added a batch of watchmen, and then calmly recommended the citizens to also employ private guardians of the police. This remarkable state of affairs lasted fifteen years and can be scarcely paralleled in the history of any American city. At times the system was positively ludicrous. For instance a private "watch" employed by A., B. and C. would solicit the custom of D., the next neighbor; the same thing would be done by the "watch" employed by E., F. and G. The rivals would learn of each other's attempts and a collision was the immediate result. In the wealthier thoroughfares the brawls were of so frequent occurrence that the sight of two watchmen disguised in blood and profanity, pounding each other with their night-sticks, occasioned no comment, save it might be compliments upon the superior skill displayed by the

parties to the fight. When a man was arrested he was taken immediately before the nearest 'Squire, who held an examination or trial, fixed and accepted bail and otherwise disposed of the case. When, as was often the case, the 'Squire was away, the luckless prisoner was walked miles and miles from place to place by his captor, and at a late hour in the night was compelled to sleep handcuffed to the watchman or else locked up in some cellar, closet or dark room. As there was little or no organization, a watchman who found himself attacked by criminals, or whose prisoner was rescued by pals, knew not where to obtain assistance, and often finding himself sorely beset took to his heels for safety. It seems gratuitous to remark that the spectacle of a policeman being hunted through the streets by enterprising burglars or highwaymen is neither gratifying nor agreeable to a sensitive soul.

During the summer of 1840 an unusual number of burglaries were committed. The Heights suffered chiefly, and there was a peculiar mystery about the manner in which the houses were entered. There was nothing to indicate any forcible entry from without. It always appeared that the door, generally the basement, had been opened from the inside. For a long time the efforts of the authorities to discover the perpetrators were baffled, and were only successful ultimately by the arrest of the murderers of a boy of twelve years old, named Phelps. Mr. and Mrs. Phelps lived in Warren street. Their son was very fond of out-door sports, and loved to fish from the wharves and piers along the river. He was an only child, amiable and interesting, and the idol of his parents. Late one afternoon the body of the boy was found in

Bergen street near a small house. There were few residences in the vicinity in those days. Young Phelps's throat had been cut "so skillfully," said the surgeon, "that the object of the murderers seemed to be to take the life of the boy in the shortest possible time and by the smallest wound." Mayor Cyrus P. Smith and the District Attorney took much interest in the case, but their personal endeavors and those of the watchmen to discover the criminal proved unavailing. A pedler, named McGonegal, lived on Joralemon Street with his three sons, Cooke, Mangum and Nesbitt, in a house called the Eagle Tavern. Nesbitt was called by his companions, "Butcher Bill." John McIlhenny kept a tavern which was almost under the angle of the Heights, not far from the river. McIlhenny and McGonegal were young and good-looking, and made themselves very agreeable to the servant girls in the neighborhood, and their attentions were received in perfectly good faith. The suspicion arose that these men were in some way connected with the burglaries. One of the youths, Cooke, was arrested. He told the Mayor that he could put him in the way of finding the murderer of young Phelps. He stated that Butcher and Mangum became acquainted with young Phelps by fishing at the same place. Just before the murder, Butcher had told him that young Phelps had overheard them talking about the burglaries and had threatened to tell his father, and that he, Butcher, would take care to prevent the exposure. Butcher and Mangum were at once arrested. It was ascertained that on the morning of the murder, a boy had called for young Phelps to go fishing. A servant had seen them go away together. The girl had left Mr.

Phelps's service. She was, however, found, and described the appearance of the boy, which tallied with that of Cooke. Cooke was indicted for the murder, and Cooke, Nesbitt (Butcher) and Mangum were indicted for the burglaries, and McGonegal and McIlhenny for receiving stolen goods. Mangum became a witness for the people, and described the manner in which the burglaries were committed. A house would be selected, and the habits of all its inmates carefully learned. At a late hour in the night Cooke would lift the cover of the coal slide, get in the cellar, then to the basement, and unfasten the door and take whatever valuables he could lay his hands on. Cooke was slender and agile, and easily performed his part of the work. Cooke was acquitted of the murder, the identification not being complete. He, with Nesbitt, was convicted of burglary and sent to State's prison for twenty-one years. The death of young Phelps broke his mother's heart, and she died a maniac the following year.

The remarkable facilities offered for the safe commission of crime proved a first-class encouragement of theft and bore fruit all through the "Forties." As the rich neighborhoods were well guarded by private watchmen and patrols, the districts in which resided the middle classes became the favorite fields of the criminals of both Brooklyn and New York. Fortunately for the city there were no high stakes to be won in the game between honesty and roguery, and the more dangerous criminals seldom gave the opportunity any attention. But the small fry of larceny revelled in the opportunity. They developed into classes; there were the area-thieves, who misappropriated anything of value found under a

"stoop" from a baby-wagon to an ash-barrel; "clothes-line workers," who scaled fences and stole the washing from the lines, even in broad daylight; "kinchin-layers," who robbed little children of their money, jewelry, coats and shawls; "coal-holers," who entered residences by sliding down the coal-hole into the cellar; in South Brooklyn a gang which never had a distinctive title, removed iron gates and railings and disposed of their booty to dealers in second-hand metal; on the Hill, where now are the Eleventh and Twentieth Wards and where building was then progressing rapidly, organized gangs robbed the new dwellings of chandeliers, door-knobs, mantels and sometimes of bannisters and newel-posts; in the Ninth Ward the "Achers" laid in wait for the many boys and young men who in those years went gunning and fishing where now is Prospect Heights. At the lower end of Atlantic Street, along Columbia Street and near the present sites of Fulton and Catherine ferries were receivers of stolen goods (fences) where the booty was disposed of quickly and safely.

From 1842 on there grew an agitation in favor of greater police protection and the establishment of a department of the city government similar to that enjoyed by New York. It was urged by those who had been robbed, by the local press, but above all by a number of public-spirited and far-seeing men who recognized the magnificent future of Brooklyn. Among these may be named Henry C. Murphy, Alden Spooner and Alden J. Spooner, John Furman, Cyrus P. Smith, Judge Lott and Judge Vanderbilt. The change was opposed by wealthy land owners, who feared an increase in the rate of taxation as a result, and by the self-styled "reformers" of

the time, who saw in the proposed innovation a specious form of political extravagance and corruption and the creation of a horde of dishonest but all-powerful office-holders. One zealot of this class in 1843 is reported to have said: "I'd sooner be robbed and have my throat cut by the thieves, and have the same thing done to my neighbors, than pay one cent for a d—— policeman." Despite the antagonism described, the spirit of the age triumphed, as in the long run it is always bound to do, and in 1850 an admirable police department, based upon the New York system, was established in the City of Churches, which from its inception has been a cause of pleasure, pride and gratitude to all who dwell within its boundaries.

CHAPTER III.

FROM 1850 TO 1876.

JOHN S. FOLK.—THE FIRST POLICE ADMINISTRATION.—FOLK'S ADMIRABLE COMMON SENSE.—A QUIET PERIOD.—1857, THE METROPOLITAN POLICE DISTRICT SCHEME.—A POLITICAL MONSTROSITY.—WHY THE JOB WAS PUT UP.—ITS TRUE INWARDNESS.—JAMES W. NYE FIRST COMMISSIONER.—BROOKLYN GOES TO MULBERRY STREET, NEW YORK.—THE OLD PRECINCTS RENUMBERED.—SANITARY SQUAD CREATED.—POLITICAL RESULTS.—JAMES S. T. STRANAHAN A COMMISSIONER.—HIS NOBLE LIFE AND WORKS.—A TYPICAL AMERICAN CITIZEN—A STATUE IN PROSPECT PARK—1860.—THE OLD WARDS AND THE NEW.—THOMAS R. B. STILLMAN, PRESIDENT OF THE METROPOLITAN BOARD.—THE CIVIL WAR.—NEW RESPONSIBILITIES—THE DRAFT RIOTS.—ECONOMY AND REDUCTION.—BAD APPOINTMENTS.—CUMBROUS ADMINISTRATION.—RINGS AND SCANDALS.—1866 BRINGS IMPROVEMENTS.—NEW HEADQUARTERS.—VAST IMPROVEMENTS PROJECTED EVERYWHERE IN THE CITY.—DEATH OF HON. JOHN G. BERGEN.—THE BERGEN FAMILY.—1869—"TOM" ACTON RESIGNS AND IS SUCCEEDED BY "HANK" SMITH AS PRESIDENT.—NIGHTLY LODGERS.—ONCE A BLESSING; NOW A CURSE.—SEND THEM TO JAIL.—1870 RESTORES HOME-RULE TO BROOKLYN.—DANIEL D. BRIGGS AND ISAAC VAN ANDEN, COMMISSIONERS.—FOLK DISPLACED BY THE PRESENT CHIEF.—NEW HEADQUARTERS AGAIN.—THE NEW FORCE.—TELEGRAPH IMPROVEMENTS.—THEIR RESULTS.—FIRES INFLICT LESS INJURY.—1872 SEES BRIGGS, GEN. JOURDAN AND KAUFMAN, COMMISSIONERS.—POLITICS AGAIN.—BROOKLYN VS. ALBANY.—CART-RUNG MURDER.—OFFICER DONAHUE KILLED BY HENRY RODGERS.—THE ASSASSIN HUNG.—1874, JOURDAN AND JENSEN.—THE MUSTER-ROLL OF CAPTAINS.—1875 SUPPLANTS THE OLD COMMISSIONERS WITH BRIGGS, PYBURN AND HURD.—STOLEN PROPERTY.—DETECTIVES AND CRIMINALS.—MORE MURDERS AND CONVICTIONS.

IN 1850 the Brooklyn authorities organized a police department upon the system employed by New York. The administration was effected by a superintendent or chief, which position was filled by John S. Folk. Mr.



JOHN S. FOLK.

Folk was a large, muscular, intelligent and fearless man, who even at that time was feared by roughs and criminals, and who in one position or another remained connected with the local force for more than twenty years. The city was divided into districts ; the more important were known as precincts, and the less as sub-precincts. To each precinct were allotted a captain, sergeants, and as many patrolmen as the territory and population required. The effect of the new system was an enormous increase in the number of arrests, and a great decrease in the number of reported crimes and other offences. From the first Folk acted upon the idea that it was better to prevent crimes than to detect the criminal after they had been committed. He declared war against all professional wrong-doers, and was so earnest and zealous in his administration as to inspire all his subordinates with the same feelings. By degrees the crooks and other malefactors who prey upon society began to find that the atmosphere of Brooklyn was becoming very unhealthful, and that New York had a thousand charms to its one. Then resulted a gradual expatriation of wrong-doers which has never ceased since.

The early years of the department passed without any noteworthy events. The force became disciplined and trustworthy ; the worthless and incapable weeded out ; the intelligent and clever were brought forward into the more responsible positions. In 1857, thanks to an unscrupulous and corrupt legislature, everything underwent a change for the worse. At this time political passions were intensely excited, and everything was getting into readiness for the visibly coming war. Politicians of

the worst type were dominant, who left no stone unturned to secure every possible advantage for their organization. At such a time and by such men a bill was framed and passed, whereby the policing of New York and its environs was placed in the hands of an irresponsible commission of men who, in the main, were no better than mere ward politicians. How a bill so subversive of the principles of local self-government, so capable of wicked and corrupt use, and so pregnant with danger to the elective franchise and representative government could ever become a law, is a mystery to us to-day. Its object, however, is more tangible now than then. It gave the police patronage of four counties to one central political authority, enabling the latter to exercise despotic power over three thousand active, intelligent and influential men. It gave them the power to expend at least seven millions of dollars per annum. They could thus control ward organizations and primary elections, and thereby dictate to the people what candidates their conventions should nominate. To-day, when home-rule is a watchword that is heard everywhere in the United States and that has crossed the Atlantic Ocean to simultaneously enter England, Scotland and Ireland, such an assumption of political despotic power seems a monstrosity which cannot be too vigorously condemned.

James W. Nye was appointed President of the new machine, known as the Metropolitan Police Commissioners. All the old headquarters were blotted out and a new central one established at 300 Mulberry Street in New York City. John S. Folk was appointed deputy-superintendent, with an office in the basement of the Brooklyn City Hall. The old precincts were in the main

retained, but were re-numbered so as to be continuous with those of Gotham. In the latter city there were forty, so those of the former were numbered from forty-one to fifty inclusive, with sub-precincts of the Forty-third and Forty-ninth. The new force was made up largely from the old, especially so with those whose political tendencies or backing coincided with the commission's. A few were dropped for incapacity or disability and some for political reasons. Appointments were made sufficient to fill up the vacancies thus created and to raise the total number to three hundred and sixty eight. Besides these there were fourteen men specially detailed as the "Atlantic Dock Squad" for the protection of the vast property interests of that famous basin and paid by the Atlantic Dock Company; a "Sanitary Squad" of eight, including a sergeant, detailed to execute the orders and protect the employees of the Board of Health, and about forty specials, who were appointed at the instance of private citizens and paid by the latter to protect their warehouses or manufactories. Under Superintendent Folk the old discipline was maintained, despite the demoralizing influence of the political agencies brought into being by the new law. One effect of the law is still very patent; it was a potent factor in the formation of the Tammany centralization which culminated in the Tweed Ring and in the development of the Republican rings, which at one time dominated that party in both cities and which bore flower and fruit in the whiskey, custom-house and other disgraceful scandals.

1858–9 was an uneventful period. James W. Nye was President of the Metropolitan police. James S. T. Stran-

ahan was the Brooklyn commissioner and John S. Folk the deputy-superintendent. Business was prosperous and immigration on the increase. This heretofore had been chiefly Irish, with a sprinkling of English and German. It had slowly changed until the Irish and German were almost on a par. Political matters were daily more and more involved. The Republican party was everywhere developing and the great Democratic organization was being rapidly rent by feuds and factions of the bitterest type. This political belligerency was everywhere and notably increased the duties and labors of the police. The new Brooklyn commissioner, Mr. Stranahan, proved a valuable acquisition to the Board. His thorough knowledge of the two cities, his noteworthy executive ability, his far-sightedness, probity and wisdom made him a power there as it had and has since done elsewhere. It may be added at this point that Brooklyn has had no more remarkable citizen than James S. T. Stranahan. He was a local power long before the great majority of the readers of these lines were born; he took an active part in the inception of nearly every local institution of prominence, in the development of the many municipal improvements and in the furtherance of every patriotic and public-spirited effort. His wonderful power of overcoming apparently insurmountable difficulties has more than earned him his sobriquet of "wizard" and "magician." If the benefactors of a community are to receive public recognition, Brooklyn will erect his statue in living bronze upon some knoll in Prospect Park, which he made a reality, looking over the miles of roofs and streets below of the great city he loved so well.

In 1860 Brooklyn was still rapidly growing. It had nineteen wards and a population of two hundred and sixty-six thousand. The Tenth Ward included the present Third and Tenth Wards; the Ninth, the present Ninth, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-first, Twenty-third and Twenty-fifth; the Seventh, the present Seventh and Twentieth. These new wards that were then thinly-settled farming country are now densely populated and contain at least three hundred and fifty thousand souls.

The Police Department was still conducted as a part of the Metropolitan police system. Thomas R. B. Stillman was President of the Board, Isaac H. Bailey (afterwards Collector) a Commissioner, and John S. Folk, Deputy-Superintendent for Kings County. William H. Folk, at present captain of the Twelfth Precinct, was clerk. The civil war opened a new era for the police as well as the nation. Many volunteered and made noble records for themselves in the Union armies. Others assisted in the never-to-be-measured work done by the people at home for the success of the troops in the field. The possibility of insurrection in the city, of mutiny in the Navy Yard and the camps and of war with foreign nations, the unrest and uneasiness of the nation, the fictitious luxury and the dissipation and depravity all acted to put the force upon their guard and make them hold themselves in readiness for any emergency. Only once in the long four years of internecine conflict were they called upon to act. That was during the draft riots in July, 1862. The horrors perpetrated in the adjoining city of New York seemed about to be copied in Brooklyn; the same ignorant and ruthless elements were ready and eager to break out in revolution, but the iron

determination of Folk and the municipal authorities and above all the superb courage and discipline of the police saved Brooklyn from scenes which baffle all description.

The war and the necessity for economy, in order to meet the ever-increasing expenses of the municipality, had cut down the muster-roll of the police, so that in 1864 it amounted to only two hundred and eighty-seven men. The folly and inefficiency of the Metropolitan Police District Law was in the meantime making itself felt. Appointments, which were of the poorest and most objectionable character, were made to the force and charged to Brooklyn, in order to placate or purchase New York and out-of-town politicians. In some instances, these new appointees could scarcely read nor write, had not been in the country long enough to legally vote, and knew nothing of New York law or Brooklyn geography. The administration being across the East River, valuable time of officers and patrolmen was wastefully consumed. The machinery of so cumbrous an organization moved slowly, so that requisitions were a long time in being filled ; improvements and reforms in being acted upon ; supplies in being forwarded ; and information in being afforded to those whom it most concerned. During the thirteen years in which this law was in force, the Brooklyn civic authorities knew about as much of their own police as they did of those of Chicago or any other distant city. No reports were made to the Mayor, and no local record was either made or preserved. The future historian of that period will find his material not in Brooklyn archives, but in the Mulberry Street headquarters or in the musty archives of the Capitol at Albany. Despite the earnest opposition of all good citizens irre-

spective of party lines, the politicians still found the system of use and continued its existence. Little did Tweed, Callicut and their coparceners dream that the machine they were so carefully tending and strengthening would some day destroy them in its irresistible action.

In 1866 the force was slightly increased, and many improvements made upon the headquarters and station houses. An appropriate and very handsome building was erected on Gates Avenue, near Marcy, for the Forty-ninth Precinct, and plans and other arrangements made for similar edifices in other parts of the city. In May, the headquarters were moved from the basement of the City Hall to what is now the Clarendon Hotel, at the corner of Washington and Johnson Streets. These changes were but parts in the great system of local improvements, many of which were extravagant, a few dishonest and corrupt, but all of which were necessitated by the wonderful growth of the municipality, and the important future near at hand, when Brooklyn should have three-quarters of a million inhabitants. The improvements contemplated the repairing of the great thoroughfares with more modern and scientific materials; the creation and development of Prospect Park; the extension of the Nassau Water Department; the sewering of all the streets; the construction of storm sewers; the erection of a handsome court house and a larger jail; the setting apart of a parade and drill-ground; and the construction of a market in the Wallabout and of elegant armories in different parts of the city. Now after a lapse of twenty years, and after all these changes have been effected, and when the city is fast speeding toward a

population of a full million, we can see and appreciate the wisdom and statesmanship of the men by whom they were planned, and the efficiency and good work of the subordinates through whom they were realized.

On July 18, 1867, the Hon. John G. Bergen, one of the Metropolitan Police Commissioners, died. He was fifty-three years old, and had occupied his official position the last eight years of his life. His death was mourned by the police, to whom he had always been a kind friend and generous governor, and by the public, of which he had been a good and faithful servant.

Mr. Bergen belonged to one of the oldest and best known Knickerbocker families of Long Island, a family that has been prominent in local affairs for more than a century. In more recent years it has been well represented in public affairs by the late Surrogate Jacob I. Bergen, ex-Judge Garrett C. Bergen, ex-Assemblyman John H. Bergen, Counselors Edgar Bergen, James C. Bergen, Tunis G. Bergen, all talented lawyers, and Cornelius Bergen, a retired merchant. The family gives its name to Bergen Street, one of the oldest thoroughfares of South Brooklyn.

In 1869 the Board of Metropolitan Police was reorganized. Thomas C. Acton resigned the office of Commissioner on the twenty-ninth of April, and on the same day he was succeeded by Henry Smith, familiarly known in politics as Hank Smith, who was also elected to the position of Treasurer of Police in place of Commissioner Brennan, resigned. Commissioner Joseph S. Bosworth was elected President of the Board. In Brooklyn two sub-precincts, one between the Forty-sixth and Forty-ninth precincts, and the other near the Forty-third pre-

cinct in South Brooklyn, were created, and the police force correspondingly increased until it numbered four hundred and forty-six men. A feature of interest that now begins to appear in the police reports is the number of nightly lodgers. In the beginning of the practice of giving lodging at the station houses those who applied were workingmen out of a job, the sick, disabled and the indigent aged. So far as these are concerned, the practice was and is a noble charity. But with the war everything changed. They diminished in number, while on the other hand a class composed of tramps, drunkards, sneak-thieves and vagabonds sprang into being and grew with ominous rapidity. By degrees the lodging-rooms of the station houses became such scenes of filth and horror, such hot-beds of vermin and disease that people with any self-respect or sense of decency left, rather than cross their thresholds, preferred to walk the streets all night, beg for the pittance necessary to secure a cot in some "ten-cent hotel," or even to commit some insignificant offence and so be placed in a cell. To-day their inmates are even worse than just after the war-times. They are, as a class, so low and depraved that their proper resort is the workhouse or the penitentiary.

On the fifth of April, 1870, the State Legislature passed a bill making the Police Department in the city of Brooklyn an independent organization, and on the twenty-eighth of April the Common Council appointed Daniel D. Briggs and Isaac Van Anden, one of the founders of the *Eagle*, as Police Commissioners. On the first of May following a meeting of the Board of Police was held, and Commissioner Briggs was chosen Presi-

dent, and in June John S. Folk, formerly Inspector under the Metropolitan Police system, was superseded by the appointment of Patrick Campbell, ex-Sheriff of Kings County, as Chief of Police. The building on the corner of Washington and Johnson Streets having been found unfit for use, new headquarters were established at Court and Livingston Streets. The vast majority of the police force, composed of men who had been appointed by and had served under the Metropolitan Police Commission, as well as several of the old sergeants and captains, were retained by the Board, regardless of political sentiments, and all the station houses were re-numbered. The following year the telegraph department, which was under the direction of George H. Flanley, was greatly improved in efficiency and extended so as to cover the entire city. Messages could now be sent to one or all the station houses simultaneously, and alarms of fire, reported from any police station, were instantaneously communicated to every engine house in the city and to the Fire Commissioners, while at the same time the captain of the precinct in which the conflagration occurred was also notified in order that a reserve force might be in attendance at the fire. As a result of this improvement Fire Marshal Thorne said: "Its immediate result has been the earlier attack upon the fire by the firemen and before the flames have gained their headway; better order of the crowd always attracted on such occasions and less interference by them with the firemen, police and insurance officials. The secondary results are the speedier extinguishing of the fire, a handsome reduction in the average loss, far less strain and exhaustion on the part of the firemen and the engines and much

greater security for the city. The only suggestion that can be made in the premises is that the system be extended and, if possible, improved." As will be later seen, this has been accomplished in many and valuable ways.

In 1872 the Board of Police was again reorganized. The Mayor reappointed Daniel D. Briggs to the office of Commissioner, and General James Jourdan and Sigismund Kaufman were selected by the Comptroller and Auditor for similar positions, thus making an addition of one Commissioner to the Board. This change was also the result of political causes. The Mayor and the Municipal Administration in 1870 were Democratic, and the Commissioners appointed, Messrs. Briggs and Van Anden, were of the same political faith. In 1872 the Mayoralty was unchanged politically while the State Government was Republican. To cut off their opponents' use of the patronage of the department and to enjoy it themselves exclusively, was the dream of every Republican politician. A bill was accordingly framed and passed whereby the commission was made three in number, of whom the Mayor (Democrat) appointed one, and the Auditor and Comptroller (Republican in 1872) appointed two. The Board thus formed was Republican in character and action. Justice demands, however, the declaration that the two Republican Commissioners, however partisan in private life, never permitted party lines to interfere with the rightful discharge of their duties. In spite of the threats and denunciations of ward leaders and worthless office-seekers, they conducted the police department so wisely and well as to gain the approbation of the entire press and the praise and gratitude of all

good citizens. If there be any two men in the long line of Brooklyn's public officials who deserve honorable mention for faithfulness and efficiency in municipal work, they are Police Commissioner General James Jourdan and Clerk of the Board, Colonel Samuel Richards.

James Jourdan was made president, Daniel D. Briggs, treasurer, and Samuel Richards, chief clerk. Commissioner Kaufman resigned on December 31, 1872. On the twenty-seventh of May, Patrick Campbell, though a sturdy Democrat, was reappointed Chief of Police, and John S. Folk was made Inspector. Additions and improvements were made to the telegraph department, so that direct communications could be had with the headquarters of the New York City police, and also with all the engine-houses and bell-towers of the fire department of this city. The office of the Department of City Works, their pipe yard, engine-house and reservoir at Ridgewood, were also put in communication with their central office. The lines used by the department at this date were thirty miles long, and during the year conveyed twenty-five thousand seven hundred and ninety-six messages. The most important event in the year's record was the murder of Patrolman John Donahoe, of the Fifth Precinct Station House, on the night of July 7, by Henry Rodgers. Donahoe left the station on Fourth Street, near North First, shortly after twelve o'clock Saturday night, for patrol duty. On his post was the saloon of Hugh McGoldrick, at 161 North First Street. It was known as "Crow's Gin Mill," and bore an unsavory reputation. The patrolman on several occasions had arrested some of the frequenters of the place, and was

well aware that they had a spite against him, which boded him no good. The roughs talked the matter over, and agreed to "lay the officer out" at the first opportunity. On several evenings they laid in wait for him, but either from the presence of strangers or other police took no action. On the night in question, thirteen of the gang assembled in front of the groggery to wait for the patrolman. Rodgers, who headed the crowd, was armed with a heavy cart-rung. Upon Donahoe's approach the men began singing vulgar songs, and the patrolman coming up, ordered them to cease, as the noise they made disturbed the neighborhood. He then turned to walk away, when Rodgers raised the cart-rung in both hands and brought it down with deadly force on the head of Donahoe, who fell to the sidewalk unconscious. The murderer again struck the prostrate officer another heavy blow, which broke the rung into pieces and ended the life of Donahoe. The patrolman was left lying in the street, and was discovered by Officers Cantrell and Travers, who procured a wagon and brought him to the station. The murderer was in the midst of the crowd that surrounded the wagon on its way to the station-house. His excited actions were noticed, and he was arrested, tried and convicted, and on the sixth of December, the same year, was hanged.

In 1874 James Jourdan succeeded himself, and James L. Jensen, a wealthy Williamsburg manufacturer, was made associate-commissioner. At this time Joel Smith was captain of the First Precinct. The station house was situated on Washington Street, near Johnson; Lewis Worth commanded the Second Precinct at York and Jay Streets; Daniel Ferry the Third, at 19 Butler

Street, near Court; Rufus W. Crafts the Fourth, on the corner of Myrtle and Vanderbilt Avenues; Cornelius Woglom the Fifth at North First and Fourth Streets; William J. Kaiser the Sixth, on the corner of Stagg and Morrell Streets; George R. Rhodes the Seventh, at Union and Greenpoint Avenues; John MacKellar the Eighth, at 530 Fifth Avenue, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Street; Patrick H. McLaughlin the Ninth, on Gates Avenue near Marcy; James Campbell the Tenth, Bergen Street and Sixth Avenue; Thomas J. Cornell the Eleventh, on the corner of Van Brunt and Seibert Streets, and Oliver B. Leich the Twelfth, on Fulton Street near Schenectady Avenue. George Arnold Buckholz was Commanding-Sergeant of the Sixth Sub-Precinct on Flushing Avenue; Smith Hall at the Eighth Sub on the corner of Third Avenue and Forty-second Street, and Tredwell C. Wilmarth at the Ninth Sub, Green Avenue and Broadway. Of these Daniel Ferry was subsequently elected Justice of the Peace and proved an efficient, able and worthy magistrate.

In 1875 another change in the heads of the departments was made. Daniel D. Briggs was made President of the Board of Commissioners to succeed James Jourdan, and John Pyburn and William B. Hurd were appointed Commissioners in place of James Jourdan and James L. Jensen.

A feature of the police reports now begins to attract attention, and that is the large percentage of stolen property recovered from thieves. In 1875 one hundred and sixty-nine thousand dollars worth is recovered of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars worth stolen, while in 1876 ninety-seven thousand dollars is rescued

from one hundred and two thousand dollars worth reported taken. This is less than six per cent. unrecovered and is a curious commentary upon the skill and system of the police and the detectives and on the ill-success that attaches to crime. Much of it is due to an organic change in the training of detectives. He of the olden time knew criminals as a terrier does a rat, something to be hunted. He of the new school is taught to know them personally, socially, politically and every way in which they can be of use to him. Nothing better illustrates the new relationship between criminals and the police than the curious features of police work. Whether there are or not any such detectives as Vidocq is a question, but there is no question that the conditions under which our Vidocqs work are wholly different from the conditions that gave the great Frenchman a chance to display his ability. No longer is it the case that the head of a detective force, upon being confronted with a mysterious crime, picks out a man in his command and says: "Robinson, here is a penknife and a pair of rubbers left by a mysterious murderer; take them and track him down." That was the old way (it still is in the country), and a man had to be a Vidocq to do the work. Persons nowadays who think the romantic detective work of fiction and the stage are like the work of to-day marvel greatly when they see a stupid-looking, coarse, clumsy fellow, such as some New York detectives are, and say to themselves: "Is it possible that such a man can play as many parts as a great actor and possesses a mind both broad and subtle, capable of Vidocq's work?" Nonsense! No. It is only once in a while that such a genius is needed, and then if he is not on hand we get along with-

out him, and add another crime to the list of mysteries, a la Burdell, a la Nathan, a la Ross, and a la Stewart's body. The basis of detective work now is the acquaintance of detectives with criminals. Every such fine tooth combing as this one just finished enlarges that acquaintance and makes it deeper. It's frightfully dull and prosaic, but it's found to be practical and reasonably efficient.

Thus, for example, a crime is committed on the Heights and reported the next morning to Chief Campbell. He himself is a trained detective, and has a wide knowledge of criminals and their methods. Besides this, he has other and greater powers. He has around him six detectives and more than thirty others distributed through the precincts. If he so desires, one tap upon the bell will bring them all before him. All are ambitious. A first-class record means popularity, with probable promotion and possible appointment to higher municipal offices. Frequently it means heavy remuneration from a grateful sufferer, whose property is returned to him. One success means many more. Crooks and malefactors come to have an instinctive terror of famous detectives, and make confessions and do things that seem incredible to private citizens.

Chief Campbell thinks the matter over a few minutes, and then summons his lieutenants from the detectives' room. He states the facts briefly, and then says, "Zundt, where is Red Leary now? Still down at Fort Hamilton? And what is he doing now"?

"About the same old racket, I believe. He was there once last week, but only for a short time. He's stopping at a private boarding-house in Twenty-sixth Street under

an alias, and has been rather hard up the past three weeks."

"You'd better go over and see what he's been doing the past ninety-six hours. Mr. Looney, run over and see Draper's woman and the crowd that hangs out there. By the way, where's Cigarette Harry?"

"Off my books now for eighteen months. Got two years in Buffalo for shoving the queer. His opium-joint is closed, but the mob has a new one in Baxter Bend, down town, and one in Great Jones Street. Most of them are working sawdust, under Barney Maguire, Fat Charlie Johnson and 'the Doctor.'"

"All right; take them in also. Mahoney, report to Inspector Byrnes, with my compliments, and work Sixth Avenue and Thirty-first Street. Powers, you'll take the sporting houses on the East side."

A prodigious amount of knowledge is gained and kept up in this way. Give each man several subjects, as each one has, and the result is that there is not a professional in town who cannot be located in an hour if he is in town, or tracked if out of town. This knowledge embraces a close acquaintance with the habits of the crooks, their mistresses, friends, the liquor stores and gambling hells they frequent, the fences where they borrow when hard up, and the lines of work on which they operate, as well as the gangs they operate with. It is said that our city detectives know all this absolutely. Professional criminals are always spoken respectfully of by the police as good men.

"Good men," said Superintendent Campbell, "will do anything rather than shoot when they are cracking a place. They will give up the job, run away, or even take

a beating before they will pull a trigger. It is only when they are cornered and see a long sentence staring them in the face that they will commit an assault, and then they prefer not to kill."

President Daniel D. Briggs, of the Board of Police Commissioners, died on the third of July, 1876, and James Jourdan was selected to fill the position. Three days after the death of Mr. Briggs, Patrolman Edward Scott, of the Fourth Precinct, was murdered by a member of the "Jackson Hollow Gang." "Jackson Hollow" was the remnant of an old farm in the very heart of the fashionable district on the Hill. Through long and tedious litigation, similar to that depicted by Dickens in Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce, it became tied up and useless. Squatters settled upon it, who paid no rent and who defied both the Board of Health and the police. It graduated a numerous brood of criminals and fallen women, who made a miserable livelihood by preying upon their respectable neighbors. Their numerous petty crimes and depraved conduct made them a terror to that part of the city. The killing of Officer Scott culminated their infamous career, and terminated it at the same time. Though the actual murderer was not actually ascertained, yet the crime was fastened upon a group who underwent various terms of imprisonment. Their murderous character once established, they received no mercy from the police. On the slightest pretext they were arrested, and as the Courts shared the same feelings, their pettiest offences received the severest penalties allowed by the statutes. Thus they were rapidly decimated and finally driven away. 1876 was marked by blood in many ways. Patrolman Patrick McKeon, attached to the Central Office Squad, on

the night of December 5th met his death while endeavoring to save life at a fire in the Brooklyn Theatre. Officer Lawrence J. Phelan died on Wednesday, December 27th, from injuries received while in the exercise of the functions of his office. The most important case that came under the notice of the police was the murder of Sara Alexander by Pesach N. Rubenstein on December 12, 1875. Rubenstein escaped after committing the crime, but on the fourth of January following was arrested and arraigned on the charge. On February 12 the murderer was found guilty, and was sentenced to be hanged on the twenty-fourth of March. A stay of proceedings was afterwards granted, but death intervened, and sent the prisoner to a higher tribunal. Following close upon the Alexander murder was that of William W. Simmons, who was killed by Andreas Fuchs. The murder was rendered the more horrible by the fiendish malice of the assassin. After killing Simmons, he coldbloodedly dissected the corpse, burning some of the pieces, nailing others to the walls and ceiling of his cellar, and treating the remainder as so much offal. Fuchs was arrested, tried, found guilty and sentenced April 11 to be hanged on the second day of June. His sentence was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life. Another crime was the robbery of the Fulton Bank on the twentieth of March by Beriah P. Rogers. Rogers got as far as Knoxville, Tennessee, where he was captured by Detectives Corwin and Folk, and brought back to justice. The thief was indicted, tried, convicted and sent to the Kings County Penitentiary for a term of years. During the month of March, 1876, occurred a case of singular mistaken identification of the body of a drowned man.

It was said to have been Captain Hamlin, of Maine, who had been long missing. Hamlin had a large insurance on his life, and certain parties insisted that the body found was his, going so far as to make affiidavit to that effect. The police would not believe such was the case, and telegrams were sent all over the country to see if Hamlin could be discovered. He was finally found to be living in California, in good health. The jewelry store of Lewis Bijou, on the thirteenth of March, was robbed of a large amount of valuables. The affair was mysterious, but the thief was finally captured and sent to prison. The keeping track, and final arrest in San Francisco, of Thomas Hallienen, the murderer of William Pursell at Harbeck's stores in June, 1871, is but another evidence of the ability attendant upon the management of the force during the year.

CHAPER IV.

History from 1877 to 1884.

Manufactories Encroach upon Homes Especially in the River-Wards.—The Brooklyn Bank Embezzlement.—A Colossal Bribe.—Two Faithful Detectives.—A Wealthy Suicide.—A Mounted Officer Dies in Doing his Duty.—Heroic Gus Weisman.—Commissioners Ward and White.—The Deadly Kerosene Lamp.—Bureau of Combustibles.—Brooklyn's Superb Moral Condition in 1878.—A Fire-bug Caught and Caged.—Narrow Escape of Work-people.—Two Burglars Attempt to Kill an Officer.—The Planet Mills Highwaymen put Behind Bars.—A Murder Traced by Pig-iron.—A Blot on the Police-escutcheon.—Bill Blake Hammers the Life Out of Patrick White.—Traced by His Hat.—Pyburn and Leich Assume the Purple.—Meyners Assassinates Patrick McDermott.—Tarantino Carves Mattino with a Razor.—Two Gangs Broken Up.—Steers and Colell, the New Commissioners.—The Murder of Officer Stone.—Ostermeyer Hacks his Wife.—Killed by a Billiard-cue.—James Walsh Crazed with Love and Liquor Kills his Sweetheart and is Hung.—Detective Chambers Nearly Killed.—Becker the Queer.—Lauer and Evans Come into Power.—A Child Kidnapped.—Kenny Kills Lennon.—Assorted Murders.—The Narrow Escape of Brave Detectives Looney and Carr.

BEFORE THE "Seventies," Brooklyn was essentially a city of homes. What little business it did was supplied by retail stores, breweries, a few factories and storehouses. The crowding of Manhattan Island and the consequent excessive appreciation of value of real estate soon called attention to the sparsely-populated giant suburb, and notably to the latter's low rents and superb accommodations. As a result, population and capital began to flow across the river in ever-growing amounts.

Building was done upon a large scale, and all along the extended water-front and the banks of Newtown Creek and the Gowanus Canal, were started new manufactories, warehouses and wholesale places of business. The increase of commercial and municipal activity was accompanied by a corresponding increase of crime and criminals. From now on increased work is thrown upon the police; from time to time accessions are made to the force, and new precincts and sub-precincts established; but each increase soon proves inadequate to meet the growing demand of the municipality.

On March 22, 1877, a report was received at headquarters that an embezzlement had occurred at the Brooklyn Bank. Detectives David H. Corwin and Edward Looney, two of the best men in the department, were detailed on the case. On the next morning all the clues had been followed out and the alleged embezzler was arrested. When the detectives were taking him to the station house he offered them the contents of a small valise, which he carried in his hand, if they would permit him to proceed unmolested. The bag contained the sum of one hundred and twenty-five thousand three hundred dollars and sixty-two cents, but the officers refused the bribe. When the prisoner was brought to headquarters he informed the Superintendent that another small valise, containing more money, could be found at the Van Dyke House on the Bowery, New York. The Superintendent immediately dispatched the detectives to the place indicated. The valise was secured, and upon examination of its contents the sum of twenty-eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-six dollars was found, making the aggregate

amount recovered one hundred and fifty-four thousand and fifty-six dollars and sixty-two cents. The bank lost only ten dollars, and, it is said, paid a very handsome reward to the two officers. On the seventh of April, 1877, Patrolman James Hogan, of the Second Precinct, found the body of James Howie floating in the East River. In the pockets of the drowned man was the sum of six thousand forty-four dollars and sixty-two cents, which was delivered to the official authorized to receive the same. How death was caused, whether by accident or suicide, was never determined by the authorities. Officer John Thompson, of the mounted squad, on December 18, 1877, was killed while in pursuit of a runaway horse, attached to a grocer's wagon, on Bedford Avenue. The officer succeeded in getting in front of the runaway and endeavored to turn its course by heroically facing the infuriated horse; but, instead of shying, the steed kept right on, and the officer's horse, not being able to get out of the way, was struck in the flank by the shaft of the wagon with such force that it entered to the depth of eight inches, the shock throwing both horse and rider to the ground, killing the animal and crushing the man. Officer Thompson was taken to the City Hospital in an unconscious condition and died shortly afterwards. Officer Gustavus A. Weismann, of the same squad, stopped a runaway horse at the corner of Bedford Avenue and Wilson Street on the twenty-sixth day of May, the same year, and saved the lives of three children who were in the wagon attached to the frightened horse. The deed required courage, address and great strength, and wrenched the officer's arm so severely that he was incapacitated for many days. For this heoric act Weismann

was presented with a handsome medal by the Police Commissioners. On the first day of November, 1877, Rodney C. Ward and Thomas P. White were nominated for the office of Police and Excise Commissioners to fill the places of John Pyburn and William B. Hurd, whose terms of office had expired.

A new source of trouble was added to the dangers of civil life and the labors of the police in the deadly kerosene lamp. The new burning fluid had become universally popular. Its danger was overlooked in its convenience, and laughed at by those who were blinded by familiarity. As a result the reckless or ignorant would fill lamps with the inflammable oil in the immediate presence of a flame, kindle fires with it and even brighten up fires that were in full combustion. Besides this there were at the time almost no legal restrictions upon its manufacture and sale, so that dishonest makers and dealers threw upon the market vast quantities of oil so impure or adulterated as to be practically naught but liquid gunpowder. Eight persons were killed, fifty injured and over two hundred fires caused by either the recklessness or the use of impure oils in 1877 alone. The increased labor thus thrown upon the police resulted in the passage and enforcement of laws and ordinances, whereby maufacturers and dealers were forbidden to sell illuminating oils whose fire-test was below a certain legal temperature, and all retailers were compelled to take out licenses before they could traffic in goods of this class. These changes, which were chiefly due to General James Jourdan, soon created a large clerical business and a department, known as the Bureau of Combustibles, was set apart for its transaction. This relieved the police,

and by thorough management and discipline finally succeeded in closing what may be appropriately termed the "kerosene period" in Brooklyn history.

Amid the long and tedious rows of figures in the police report for the year ending November 30, 1878, one fact is discovered that speaks volumes in praise for the department. It is that, *to the knowledge of the police, not one gambling place, house of ill-fame, disorderly place or dance-house existed in the City of Brooklyn, and that no crime of any magnitude had been committed during the year but whose perpetrator was under arrest or conviction.* No such record could or can be shown by any city of the same magnitude in the world. It is difficult for the private citizen to realize the discipline, knowledge, activity and work on the part of the police which the words imply. Vice and crime are institutions marked by spontaneous generation. The euchre-club grows imperceptibly into the poker-room, and this into the faro layout. The woman of easy virtue rapidly learns the pecuniary value of her misconduct and eagerly substistutes Plutus for Cupid as the presiding deity of her apartments. The assembly-room finds that there is a larger crowd and a more remunerative trade when its entertainments are spiced with salaciousness than with decorum and respectability. In other cities, the police too often wink at these changes, and act only when the transformation has reached its last limit and the place has become a crying scandal and a public nuisance.

The Brooklyn police step in at the first moment the law allows, and prevent the subsequent criminal career. Unless irretrievably bad, the wrong-doers receive a realizing proof of the error of their ways, and are thus turned

frequently from what would otherwise become a vicious life.

On the fifth of January, 1878, Officer Gustave Feigenbaum, Jr., of the Fifth Precinct, arrested Christian Berghauser, an insane German, on Wythe Avenue. In his pockets was found the sum of three thousand dollars, which he had embezzled from his employer, Urban Kneer, doing business at 274 Houston Street, New York. The prisoner was delivered to the New York authorities. John McGarvey, alias Gingo, and a member of the chain gang, who had served several terms in the penitentiary, on January 11, 1878, set fire to Furnivall's factory, 256 and 258 Water Street. There were one hundred and thirteen persons, mostly young women, who were employed at the time in the upper stories of the building.

Alarm was immediately given, and, fortunately, the occupants of the building escaped, and those overcome by the smoke were removed before the fire reached the upper stories. McGarvey was captured by Detective Michael Campbell, of the Second Precinct, the same evening, and was afterwards sent to the Penitentiary for a term of four years. About two o'clock on the morning of February 4, 1878, Frank Porter and Thomas Porter, alias McLaughlin, two desperate characters, well known to the police of both cities, were seen by Officer Charles Quinn, of the Fifth Precinct, emerging from the area of the house of Mr. John May, 90 Lee Avenue. Accompanied by Sergeant John Brennan, Quinn went into the area and discovered the men at work forcing the basement door. After a severe struggle the thieves were secured, but on the way to the station-house Officer Quinn's prisoner drew a revolver from his pocket, and putting it

at his captor's head, demanded his release. Quinn called to Sergeant Brennan for assistance, who went immediately to help him. In doing so, however, he weakened his hold on his own prisoner, who, making the best of the opportunity, slipped out of his coat and escaped, leaving the garment in the sergeant's hands. Quinn's prisoner was taken to the station-house, and all the officers were notified to look out for a man in his shirt sleeves. Officer Callahan subsequently arrested him. Frank Porter was sent to prison for ten years, and Thomas Porter for six and a half years.

On the twenty-third of March, 1878, Warren Lane, bookkeeper, and Daniel Maginnis, watchman, employed by the Planet Mills Manufacturing Company, were overpowered by three armed highwaymen while on their way home, and robbed of three thousand five hundred dollars, the property of their employer. Two days afterwards the perpetrators of the daring outrage were arrested in New York by Detectives Radford, Handley and Dilkes, and brought to Brooklyn. The trial of the thieves, whose names were Bartlett, alias Cooper, O'Rourke, alias Stanton, alias Roberts, and Martin, alias Carter, was stubbornly contested, the highest legal talent being employed, and extended over two weeks. It resulted, on July 3, in a verdict against Bartlett and Martin, and in the acquittal of O'Rourke. Barbara Allen, a ragged and filthy beggar who had patrolled Fulton Street for twenty years, was seized with a fit at Fulton Ferry on April 9, 1878, and died in an ambulance. When her clothing was searched, it was found that she was worth over twenty thousand dollars in money, bank accounts and first-class securities. John H. Wright, of the schooner "Abbie H.

Hodgeman," in the early part of April, 1878, murdered a junkman by the name of Bernard Feron, and threw the body into the East River. The body was found a few weeks later by the police, and on the scrap iron which had been used to sink the body, was found the name of the schooner with which Wright was connected. He was subsequently arrested by Captain Edward Reilley and Detectives Daley and Looney. Wright confessed that he committed the murder, and on November 18 was sent to prison for life. In this case, the Court specially complimented the police for their remarkable skill and energy. This was a busy year for the police. They had not only to contend with the criminal classes of their own city, but also with famous experts in crime from New York and elsewhere. In one case—a burglary in Williamsburgh—they found that the job had been done by skilful professionals, and after a hard search, rendered all the more severe by the intellectuality and criminal knowledge of the perpetrators, they ran down and captured Irving, Porter, Wilber and Shang Draper, four of the most reckless and dangerous criminals alive.

The police record was blemished this year by its own members. In May, 1878, Officer Maurice Heffran, a brave man, but addicted to drink, shot his superior officer. On examination, he was found to be insane, superinduced by delirium tremens. In the autumn, Jeremiah Cavanagh, who had up to that time borne an excellent reputation for faithfulness, became moody and morose, and wound up by trying to kill Captain Louis Worth. In his case, liquor also had turned the brain, and to its evil effects were added those resulting from physical suffering and domestic troubles.

Besides the four criminals named, the police captured seventy-three distinguished malefactors for various crimes of the most serious nature, including burglary, highway robbery, forgery, manslaughter and murder.

1879 was a year of political activity. There were dissensions in both parties. The old Board was composed of James Jourdan and Rodney C. Ward, Republicans, and Thomas F. White, independent Democrat. The political authorities now reversed the order of things. John Pyburn, a genial Democratic leader, replaced Colonel Ward and Oliver B. Leich, an ex-police captain, and a very active independent Republican politician, Mr. White. General Jourdan retained his position as President of the Board of Police and Excise.

The police year was as lively as the one just preceding. The crimes involved were equally serious, but the criminals, more numerous, were not as reckless and depraved as their predecessors.

One of the most important cases of the year was the murder of Patrick McDermott by Nicholas Meyners on July 17, 1879. Meyners, the evening previous, had been brutally beating his wife, but was interrupted by McDermott, who threatened to call the police if he did not desist. Myners was enraged at the interference, and swore vengeance upon McDermott. In the morning he stationed himself, musket in hand, at the door of his cabinet shop in the basement of 34 Hudson Avenue, and when McDermott came from his store, on the opposite side of the street, and turned his back to take down the shutters from his window, Meyners shot him. The noise of the shot attracted Officer Ryan to the spot, and the murderer was taken into custody; Ryan, after a struggle with a crowd

that wanted to lynch Meyners, succeeded in getting his prisoner to the station-house. On the twelfth of March, 1880, Meyners was sent to prison for life, the plea of temporary emotional insanity saving his neck from the gallows, where it properly belonged.

Another case that excited considerable interest at the time was the killing of Patrick White by William Blake, a saloon-keeper, on the night of February 1st, 1879. White died at some distance from the place he was assaulted. Detective Ennis, of the Sixth Precinct, was detailed to discover the murderer, and was successful in his work. He ascertained that a man by the name of Callahan, residing in New York, was in the company of White on the night of the assault, and that both were drunk. Callahan was found, and with the detective visited several drinking places, recognizing the one kept by Blake as the place where the fracas occurred. Witnesses were also found who saw White lying bleeding on the stoop of the saloon. Blake was arrested and his premises searched ; in his room were found concealed in the bed a bloody shirt, two loaded revolvers and a loaded gun. A large hammer, with which it was believed Blake did the killing, was found behind the bar. On the fourth of January, 1880, Detective George V. Zundt, of the Central Office, arrested Hugh Roy, who on the morning of the second instant knocked down and robbed Louis Riemenschneider at the corner of Central and Myrtle Avenues. A hat, which Roy left behind in the scuffle, led to his arrest. Early in January, 1880, Onofrio La Mattino, employed by Peter Tarrintino as a barber, at 307 Hamilton Avenue, criminally assaulted the wife of his employer during the latter's temporary absence. When Tarrintino

came home he learned of the outrage, and summoned Joseph Felice and Salvadore Dimario to assist him to punish the offender. The three attacked La Mattino with razors, and nearly succeeded in killing him. The wounded man was taken to the hospital, and his assailants arrested. Judge Moore afterwards discharged the three men.

The Eastern District officers did excellent work this year. The "Silver Gang," who were chiefly sneak-thieves and clothes-line robbers, and who apparently assumed the name because they had nothing whatsoever to do with the metal, and the "Flying Dutchmen," an organization of a dozen young German-American highwaymen, were both broken up and nearly all their members sent behind bars. The second gang was the more dangerous, as its leading spirits, Prehn, Gerloff, Schwarz and Adzert, possessed courage and intelligence more than ordinary.

Sergeant Patrick Slattery, of the Eleventh Precinct, and Samuel Duff, foreman of Engine Company No. 3, distinguished themselves at a fire at 43 President Street, on September 19, 1880, by saving, at the imminent risk of their own lives, the life of little Emma McCann, who had been left behind in the hurry of her parents.

In 1880 the Republicans were again in power. General Jourdan was retained in office, and Messrs. Pyburn and Leich were succeeded by Captain William L. B. Steers, a popular uptown citizen, and Herman Colell, a wealthy German tobacco merchant. They made a good administration, but were harassed during their term of office by reason of excise difficulties.

On the twenty-ninth of February, this year, a gang of

roughs attacked and killed Officer James M. Stone, of the Third Precinct. P. and J. Mungerford, Patrick Hanlon, Thomas Herne and Daniel Burke, alias Paddy Doyle, were arrested and charged with the crime. At the Coroner's inquest it was discovered that Burke had thrown the stone which caused the officer's death. On the seventeenth of May, 1880, Burke was sent to prison for seven years, J. Mungerford for two years, Hanlon for one year and P. Mungerford for six months. Herne was discharged. Detective Kelly and Officer Mott, of the Ninth Precinct, during the months of March and April, 1880, succeeded in breaking up a gang of burglars, whose deeds had been of the most daring kind. Charles Tice, Frederick Abell, William McMullen, Philip Peters and Edward Baisley were arrested, and eight hundred and fifty dollars worth of property, the proceeds from several burglaries, recovered. Tice was sent to prison for five and a half years, and Abell for four and a half years; Baisley and McMullen were put in the Elmira Reformatory, and Peters became an inmate of the House of Refuge. John Ostermeyer, of 114 Woodbine Street, while in a fit of delirium tremens on the night of May 19, 1880, struck his wife on the head with an axe and killed her instantly. When the officers came to take him to the station house, Ostermeyer tried to take his own life, but was not successful. He wounded himself severely, however, and was taken to St. Catherine's Hospital, where he remained until the tenth of May. On the twenty-fifth of the same month he was sentenced to imprisonment for life. On the third of August, 1880, another murder occurred. John McLaughlin, living at 493 Baltic Street, killed his mistress, Mary Blake, during

a dispute over the loss of twenty-five cents, which he claimed she had taken from his pocket while he lay asleep on the floor. He was afterwards sentenced to nine years imprisonment. In H. De Browsky's saloon, at 307 Atlantic Avenue, on the fourth of October, Thomas Jones was murdered by John J. Dwyer. Jones was playing pool with a friend named George Secomb, and refused a drink which Dwyer offered him. Dwyer, angered at the refusal, seized a billiard cue and struck Jones on the head with the butt end, causing instant death. Dwyer was tried and found guilty of manslaughter. Proving an excellent record, the Court was lenient, and sentenced him to only two years imprisonment. The Ninth Sub-Precinct deserves credit this year for their admirable work in tracing and arresting a trio of skilful burglars who had been breaking into houses along the upper part of De Kalb Avenue. After the last robbery they obtained a description of three men seen suspiciously loitering in the neighborhood at the time and found that it tallied with that of a similar trio observed at a previous burglary. Armed only with this they searched the purlieus and thieves' haunts of New York and Brooklyn, and within four days captured Moore, Patterson and Spencer, the perpetrators.

On the third of January, 1881, occurred the murder of Barbara Groventhal, by James Walsh, at the residence of Thomas F. Carlisle, 502 Willoughby Avenue. Early in the evening of the day Walsh visited Mr. Carlisle's house, and enticing her into the yard, he plunged a knife into her heart, and then escaped. Three hours and a half after the police were made cognizant of the affair, the murderer was under arrest. He was found in Gowanus

Canal, where he had jumped in order to put an end to his life. On the twentieth of January—a year later—he was hung. Detective Chambers, of the First Precinct, while attempting to arrest a burglar at 255 and 257 Fulton Street, was shot through the eye. Notwithstanding that the blood was running from the wound in a large stream, the detective seized the fellow, and brought him, unassisted, to the station. He was afterwards taken to his home in an ambulance, where he suffered for some time with great pain. His assailant, on the nineteenth of April, 1881, was sent to prison for ten years. William Johnson, on July 10, 1881, was arrested by Officer Peter Cain, of the Eleventh Precinct, for the murder of his wife. The prisoner, early in the morning, beat and choked his wife, as she lay in bed, until she was dead. He was sentenced to four years imprisonment. On the sixteenth of September, 1881, the police nabbed Charlie Becker, the noted counterfeiter. The eye of the law had for a long time been watching Becker, but his actions were such as to make people believe that he was leading an honest life, and no chance was offered for his arrest. Louis L. Coudert, a few days before Becker was taken, entered a complaint against him, charging him with counterfeiting a one thousand franc note upon the Bank of France. Detectives Edward Looney and Thomas Shaughnessy arrested Becker at his residence in Madison Street, East New York, and also secured a large lot of materials for counterfeiting. Becker, on the twenty-eight of November, 1881, was sent to prison for six and a half years. Becker was, without doubt, the greatest counterfeiter the world ever had. Besides being a splendid engraver and an artist of high rank in black and

white, he had a thorough practical knowledge of applied chemistry, photography, lithography and microscopy. His work has been repeatedly pronounced faultless by government officials and distinguished experts. It is estimated that in his busy life-time of crime, he has caused losses amounting to over two million dollars.

In 1882 Richard Lauer and Thomas T. Evans succeeded William L. B. Stears and Herman Colell as Excise Commissioners. The department over which these gentlemen are heads granted during the year two thousand seven hundred and fifty-eight licenses. On the ninth of January, 1882, Francisco Massa stabbed Ferdinand Perfetti, and two months later was sentenced to imprisonment for four years. Officer James McCloskey on March 28, 1882, distinguished himself by arresting William Wilson and Thomas Jackson, two colored burglars, whose exploits had been for the two years previous of the most daring character. While patroling his beat the officer saw two men scale a fence in the rear of 182 Halsey Street and climb over the rear extension of the house. He followed and nabbed Wilson. Jackson got away, but was caught a few moments afterwards hiding in the yard at the rear of 208 Halsey Street. In May Wilson was sentenced to five years and Jackson to ten. On the twenty-sixth of June, 1882, Officer Thomas Early was shot in two parts of his body while attempting to arrest Richard McCullough, a desperado of Montreal, Canada. McCullough took some fruit from the stand owned by Luigi Acarino, at 23 Hamilton Avenue, and refused to pay for it. Officer Early attempted to stop him from walking away, whereupon McCullough drew a pistol and fired at the officer, striking him in the elbow.

The men clinched, and during the struggle for supremacy the thief fired a second shot, this time the ball entering the officer's back. Detective Connors came to Early's assistance and succeeded in wresting the weapon from McCullough. The wounded officer was confined in the hospital for a length of time, and upon his recovery his assailant was sent to prison for eight years. In the afternoon of August 31, 1882, four-year-old Lizzie Selden, the only daughter of William H. Selden, was kidnapped from in front of her parents' residence, 226 Carlton Avenue. The police were notified of the occurrence by the distracted father, but a thorough search failed to throw any light on the case. Some time afterwards Charles McNally, alias McLaughlin, gave information to the detectives that eventually led to the arrest of Margaret Keppel, of 122 Park Avenue, and the restoration of Lizzie to her parents. With the exception of the Charlie Ross abduction case, the affair caused more excitement among the Hill people than any crime for five years back. In the same month Francis G. Salmon, a lawyer, defrauded his clients out of twenty thousand dollars and "skipped" to Florida, where he was arrested by Detective George V. Zundt and brought back to Brooklyn. In September he was sent to prison for five years. George Thompson, residing in a tenement at 362 Hicks Street, on the night of September 25, 1882, murdered Michael Connors, with whom he was drinking, in his own apartments. The murderer fled from the city under a disguise, but was captured in New York a few hours later by Detectives Daniel Daly, Edward Looney and Officer John Doran, of the Third Sub-Precinct. On the second of February, 1883, he was sent to prison for

life. On the twenty-fourth of October, 1882, occurred the murder of John Lennon, a car driver, by John Kenny, a bill poster. The affair caused a sensation at the time, as it was well known that Kenny had a host of political friends, and it was a popular belief that he would get clear of all punishment. Lennon was found by Officer John H. Burns, of the First Precinct, at two o'clock in the morning, lying on Duffield Street with several pistol shots in his head. A letter was found on the ground near the body addressed to John Kenny, which led to the latter's arrest. A jury found Kenny guilty, but while he was in Raymond Street Jail awaiting sentence an unknown friend succeeded in handing him a pistol unnoticed, with which, soon afterwards, he committed suicide. Another arrest for murder was made on the twenty-third of December, 1882. This time the murderer was Alexander Johnson, a colored man.

The Police Department in the beginning of 1883-4 numbered six hundred and sixty five men, four hundred and eighty nine of which number were patrolmen. Of the many crimes committed during the year, five were for murder. The first was on the seventeenth of April, 1884, and the victim was Diedrich Steffens. Steffens was paying attentions to a niece of Diedrich Wahnken, but the latter misconstrued his intentions and suspected that Steffens was his wife's paramour. Wahnken brooded on his suspicions until it made him deranged and one day while Steffens was passing his store, he shot him from his doorway. Wahnken was subsequently sent to the State Lunatic Asylum. On October 6, 1884, George Mills, while under the influence of liquor, killed his wife with a knife at 146 North Sixth Street, and de-

livered himself up to the police. During a street fracas that occurred on the fourteenth of October, 1884, Charles Miller stabbed and killed Casper Schittig, and was arrested. On the twenty-fourth of the same month, 1884, Thomas J. Young killed his wife by shooting her through the head with a pistol ball, and on November 30th, 1884, Joseph Guidice was arrested for shooting and instantly killing Maggiovini, a baker in the employ of Mary Dassories, at 22 Union Street.

On the Seventeenth of February, 1885, Detectives Edward Looney and Patrick Corr, were severely wounded in attempting to arrest Paul Hogan, alias Harrington, alias Preston, a bail jumper, on First Avenue, New York. At the corner of Sixty-fifth Street and Second Avenue, the detectives saw the man they were looking for. Going up to him, Looney placed his right hand on his shoulder and said "I want you;" immediately Hogan turned, and without the slightest warning shot the detective in the neck. He then sprang behind a column of the elevated railroad and fired two shots at Corr, both of which took effect in his neck. The would-be murderer was chased half a mile, but was not captured. Detective Michael Hickey, of the New York Headquarters, had the wounded officers removed to the Mount Sinai Hospital, where they speedily recovered from the injuries that at first had seemed to be fatal.

CHAPTER V.

From 1884 to 1887.

Gen. Jourdan Retires from Municipal Service.—His Splendid Record as Soldier, Militiaman, Official, Politician and Man of Affairs.—Col. Partridge Succeeds Him.—Francis L. Dallon made Deputy Commissioner.—Lauer and Evans Continued as Excise Commissioners.—A New Sub-precinct, the Sixth.—Clara Groblenski Poisoned.—An Insane Borgia.—The Herrick Murder.—McDonald Scissored to Death by a Mad Italian.—A Homicidal Husband.—The 1885 Election.—The Difficulties of the Newly-elected Administration.—Police and Excise.—The Latter's Unpopularity.—Liquor Business.—The Gordian Knot Cut. Hon. Thomas Carroll, One of Brooklyn's Best Men, made Police Commissioner.—Dallon Retained.—New Excise Commissioners.—Criminal Events.—Arrest of George Meyer, who Worked Bogus Cheques.—George Potter, Boarding House Fiend, Collared.—Miller, a Scientific Burglar, Taken Care Of.—McPartland Bamboozles the Police.—Michael Mahady, the Uxoricide.—Florence May Barton Sault, the Unexcelled Liar.——Increased Timidity of Out-of-Town and Domestic Thieves.—Detective Chambers on the Alert.—Capt. Campbell Bounces a Pickpocket.—Favors to Thieves.—Their Abject Subjugation.

NEW year's day, 1884, marked the retirement of General Jourdan from the Police Commissionership of this city. He had so distinguished himself in the position, and so won the admiration and esteem of all the citizens of Brooklyn, that the step taken excited universal curiosity and regret. Equal successes in other fields have combined to make him one of the great Brooklynites of the century. Starting in poverty, and with no influential protectors to assist him, his ambition knew no obstacle. He utilized every possible educational opportu-

nity, and supplemented this by educating himself. 1852 found him a young man already successful in trade, and with every promise of a brilliant future. In 1854 he joined the Fourteenth Regiment, then to be afterwards known as the "Fighting Fourteenth," and was enrolled under Captain Horace A. Sprague. He displayed from the outset a strong liking for military art, and soon was recognized by his companions as an authority upon its questions, details and law. At the breaking out of the civil war, he was among the first to volunteer his services in the cause of the Union. His ability and knowledge were immediately called into full use, and were so warmly appreciated by the authorities, that he was promoted to a higher position, and left Brooklyn for the front with the rank of major. As an officer, he displayed all the qualities of high generalship, and was rapidly moved upwards on the scale of rank. The men under his command were not only thoroughly drilled and disciplined, but were also so carefully watched and cared for, that their moral and physical condition was always at the best. Though strict to a degree in matters of duty, he was equally kind, thoughtful, affectionate and generous. In December of the same year (1861), he was transferred to the Fifty-sixth Regiment, New York Volunteers, as lieutenant-colonel. In the following six months, he had made for himself so superb a record for ability, courage and faithfulness, that in September, 1862, he was assigned to the command of the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Regiment, New York Volunteers.

In 1863 he was again promoted, this time to the rank of General, and the First Brigade, First Division of the Eighteenth Army Corps, was placed under his charge.

He was brevetted Brigadier-General on the twenty-ninth of September, 1864, in reward for his gallant services on the field. He reached the height of war glory when in April, 1865, he was made Major-General. General Jourdan served throughout the war, and was at the first battle of Bull Run, the battle of Williamsburg, siege of Yorktown, the fight at Warwick Creek, the passage of the Chickahoming, the battles of Fair Oaks, White Oak Swamp, Savage Station and Glendale Church, and the attack on Suffolk and Malvern Hill. In North Carolina he participated in the passage of the Neuse River, the attack at Deep Creek and Jacksonville, the repulse of the enemy at Newbern, an attack on Kingston, a reconnoissance on Fort Fisher, a fight at Wilmington, sharp encounters at White Oak Creek, the battle of the Big North Eastern Swamp, and many other engagements of lesser importance. Subsequently he was transferred with his brigade to Bermuda Hundred. Here he participated in the attack and capture of Fort Harrison on the James River. He repulsed the attacks at Spring Hill and Signal Hill in front of Richmond, and took part in the battle at Battery Field.

The war over, he returned to Brooklyn and entered public life. His feats were known to all his fellow-citizens, with whom he was one of their most distinguished heroes. It was felt that the city should avail itself of his military skill and experience. Accordingly in August, 1866, he was elected Colonel of the Thirteenth Regiment of Brooklyn. He commanded the Regiment for a short time, when, owing to the pressure of other duties, he resigned. In January, 1872, he was re-elected Colonel, and when General Dakin was promoted from the

command of the Fifth Brigade to the position of Major-General, commanding the Second Division, Jourdan was elected to fill the vacancy thereby occasioned. This position he held until the death of General Dakin on May 13, 1878, when, by the right of seniority, he took command of the Division. When Governor Robinson was elected, he applied the political axe to military matters in Brooklyn, and in June, 1879, he reduced General Jourdan to the command of the Fifth Brigade and wiped out the Second Division Headquarters with a stroke of the pen. One of the first acts of Governor Cornell, after he took his seat of office in 1880, was to restore the General to his old position in command of the Division.

General Jourdan's connection with the Police Department of Brooklyn began in 1872, May 21st, when he was appointed a Police Commissioner and made President of the Board, but was succeeded in 1875 by Daniel Briggs. On the death of Mr. Briggs, July 4th, 1876, General Jourdan was reappointed President of the Police Commissioners. He served the city in this capacity until 1884, when he was succeeded by Col. John N. Partridge.

In politics, he has been a staunch Unionist and Republican, from the outbreak of the rebellion to the present time. His executive ability and popularity have made him prominent in local politics. With General Benjamin Tracy and Hon. Silas B. Dutcher, he became one of the three great Republican leaders. They were facetiously known to those interested in polities as the "Three Graces" of Brooklyn. As such he became a member of the State Committee, and a power in the councils of his party, in both State and nation. He served as delegate to many conventions, both State and National, and was

active in nearly all the great campaigns. In party management he displayed shrewdness and ability. By the selection of judicious candidates and the thorough organization of all the party-forces, he was largely instrumental in enabling the Republican minority to control Brooklyn and Kings County and in bringing forward such successful candidates as ex-Mayors Frederick A. Schroeder, and Seth Low, ex-Comptroller William G. Steinmetz, ex-District Attorney Isaac S. Catlin, ex-Sheriffs Aras G. Williams, Albert Daggett and Lewis R. Stegman, and ex-Registers Carl Schurig and Samuel Richards. During the long period in which corruption extensively prevailed in municipal circles and extravagance was the order of the day, he was unsmirched and ever in opposition to the forces by which the city was being despoiled. Though frequently urged by his friends and the leaders of his party to accept nomination for high elective offices, he never was a candidate for any position. Of him it may be said that he is one of the few politicians who, always sincere and honest, manage to hold unimpaired the public esteem and affection with which they start their career. In the business world General Jourdan has been very successful. His first enterprises of any moment were in real estate. He early perceived the great future value of land in Brooklyn and invested accordingly. All, or nearly all of these transactions were very remunerative. A second noteworthy business operation was the organization and successful management of the Fulton Municipal Gaslight Company. Prior to 1876 Brooklyn was illuminated by gas manufactured by a few close corporations. They had divided the city into districts and distributed these among themselves. They

feared no competition, charging high prices, supplying an inferior gas and making no use of the inventions and discoveries which have revolutionized gas-making. The public mind was bitterly hostile to these companies but saw no hope of amelioration. General Jourdan saw the opportunity. He first secured local rights of all the more valuable gas patents for the city and then interested a number of capitalists in the project. Up to this point the matter had been kept quiet. The secret leaked out and the old companies began to feel uneasy and make opposition. The common council next gave the permission required by the statute to perfect the charter and open and use the streets, and the victory was half won. The opposition became formidable, the companies invoking the press and courts in their behalf. The struggle, though a determined one, ended in General Jourdan's favor. The new company prospered from the first. It produced a gas of high illuminating power which it sold at very low figures. It cut into the business done by the old companies until these humbled themselves and rearranged their management ; in some cases buying their gas wholesale from the new concern ; in others, leasing patent rights from it, and in still others, re-equipping their works to conform to modern ideas. The Fulton was a complete success, rewarding its organizers, including General Jourdan, with comfortable fortunes. Since that time he has been actively engaged in many enterprises, and is to day as influential in business and financial circles as he formerly was in political and municipal. In January, 1884, General Jourdan's place as Police Commissioner was filled by Mayor Low by the appointment of Colonel John N. Partridge, Francis L. Dallon be-

coming Deputy Commissioner to succeed Edward Langford. Richard Lauer and Thomas T. Evans were continued as Commissioners of Excise. This year is marked by the application of "civil service" rules to all the municipal departments and the practical prohibition of Republican office-holders from taking any active part in local politics. The criminal record is singularly free from grave offences.

No change was made in the heads of the department during the following year (1855), but eighty-six men were added to the general force, making the total number eight hundred and four. On the twelfth of October a new sub-precinct, embracing portions of the Sixth and Seventh Precincts, and known as the Sixth Sub, was established at 437 Graham Avenue, and the eighteenth of the following month the new police launch, the "Judge Moore," went into commission. The most important crime of the year was the poisoning of Clara Groblenski by her husband, Joseph, in the early part of the month of July, for which he was sentenced to be hanged. Subsequently, upon a thorough examination by expert alienists, he was pronounced by them to be insane and was sent to the State Asylum. The horror of the case was intensified by the fact of the discovery that he had murdered his first wife in a similar manner. Both bodies were exhumed by order of the District Attorney and delivered to distinguished chemists for chemical analysis, and in both was found enough arsenic to kill a dozen people.

Next in importance was the killing of Albert P. Herrick by his twenty year old step-son, Thomas J. Armstrong. The police were a long time in fixing the crime

upon young Armstrong, but finally succeeded, and the murderer finding the meshes of the law were gathering closely around him, confessed that he performed the killing, but only in self-defence. Considerable public interest was manifested in the trial on account of the shocking exposure of family scandals, and but little surprise was exhibited when the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. Charles Sheridan, an ex-convict, on the twenty-fifth of September stabbed and killed Thomas Farrel. He hid from the authorities after the murder, but was found by Detective Price five hours afterwards secreted in a patch of weeds in the yard at the rear of 137 North Elliot Place. Found guilty by the jury of murder in the second degree, on the fifth of December, Sheridan was sent to Sing Sing for life. On October 16, George McDonald and Givanero Martingelo engaged in a fracas in front of the barber shop of Rafello Carbone, 272 North Second Street. Carbone, an interested spectator of the fight, seeing that his friend Martingelo was getting decidedly the worst of the affair, rushed from his place of observation, and with a pair of scissors effectually settled things by stabbing McDonald to death. The murderer was arrested, and paid the penalty of his crime.

A curious case of troubled conscience came to light in the morning of the twenty-ninth of June, 1885. Officer Michael Gilligan of the Third Precinct, while patrolling his beat was approached by a wildish looking man, who fell on his knees as soon as he perceived the blue coat, and begged the latter to arrest him as he had killed his wife. The officer did not know whether to believe the story or not, but acting on the information given by the

self-accused murderer, he went to the apartments at 559 Court Street, where he discovered that the tale was no fiction. The man, who gave his name as Thomas O'Shea was tried and sentenced to life imprisonment. Joseph Quallinguero, alias Woertz, was, on the thirty-first of May, arrested in Jersey City, by Detective Michael Campbell, and brought back to Brooklyn to answer for the killing of John Rose, the night previous. He was tried, convicted, and sent to the Sing Sing prison for fifteen years. Another case of murder occurred on the fifteenth of August, when Fritz Green, a sailor on the bark "Mozart" took the life of a companion, named Julius Wolf. Green, in the fracas which took place in the ship was also severely wounded. He was taken to the hospital where he died five days afterwards.

In the autumn of 1885, dissensions rent the Republican ranks. They named two candidates for the mayoralty, while the great Democratic organization, harmonious and united, selected one of its best representatives, Daniel D. Whitney, as its standard-bearer. The choice proved eminently wise, Mr. Whitney receiving more votes than the other two together. As the charter amendments had made a one-man-power government, and as nearly all the municipal departments were filled with Republicans, the grave political duty devolved upon the mayor-elect of appointing successors who should be representative Democrats, and at the same time thoroughly qualified and capable for the important offices to be filled. How well this was done is already a matter of local history. Nowhere were better appointments made than in the Departments of Police and Excise. In regard

to the latter, much was at stake. Messrs. Lauer and Evans, in their interpretation of the law upon the statute, had construed it strictly against the liquor trade. Besides, they had wisely or unwisely determined to grant no new licenses, and so had made no allowance for the growth of the city or the new demands caused by changes in the population. Thus, for example, in 1883, when there was no travel over the bridge and Fulton Ferry carried tens of thousands daily, there were over thirty saloons in the neighborhood of the latter and but four in that of the former. The opening of the bridge reversed the condition of affairs. The great viaduct received at least a half of the inter-urban traffic, while Fulton Ferry fell to one-third of its former importance. Under the rule referred to, the Commissioners refused to license new saloons near the bridge terminus. Men who had leased or bought property for hotel or saloon purposes in the vicinity were unable to do business, and as the Supreme Court declared itself powerless to afford redress in the premises, found themselves saddled with losing and even ruinous bargains. They naturally denounced both the rule and the two Commissioners, its authors. On the other side, the Maine law men received this action as but one step toward reform, and like most reformers who want either the world or nothing, were incensed at what they called "parleying with sin and gin," "a truce with Satan," "surrendering to the rum hells," and the like, and anathematized the Commissioners accordingly. Despite the fact that they were guided by the strictest honesty and sense of duty, the Excise Board incurred the hostility of the prohibitionists on the



DANIEL D. WHITNEY.
Mayor of Brooklyn.

one hand, and of the liquor dealers and brewers on the other.

The appointments of the three Commissioners of Police and Excise were, therefore, waited for with great anxiety by the entire city. The new Mayor allayed all fears, and gave universal satisfaction by naming ex-Register Thomas Carroll for Commissioner of Police, and John Cunningham and John Schliemann as the two Commissioners of Excise. The appointees took office February 1, 1886.

It was some time after 1886 had put in an appearance that any arrests of importance were made. On February 11th George Meyer, a very clever swindler, was captured by Sergeant Nelson and Policeman King, of the Twelfth Precinct. Meyer had been passing bogus cheques on the shopkeepers in the neighborhood of Fulton and Tompkins Avenues. When he was arrested, several cheques amounting to over a thousand dollars were found on him, all of which were drawn on the First National Bank of Brooklyn. He was finally brought to trial and sentenced to a term of years in the Penitentiary.

On May 12, George Potter, the notorious boarding-house thief, was run down by Detective Thomas Holland of the Clymer Street Station, and sent to States Prison for a long series of robberies committed in boarding-houses in both the Eastern and Western Districts.

For over a month the residents of the Nineteenth Ward were troubled by constant housebreaking. The mysterious burglar, who baffled the police on every side, was at last captured on the night of June 13th and taken to the Clymer Street Precinct. He gave the name

of Johnson, but was known to the police by the name of Miller. He worked very cleverly, and often entered four or five houses in one night. His modus operandi was to cut the putty from a pane of glass in the parlor or basement window, remove the glass noiselessly, and then raise the sash and enter the house. He had made his nefarious calling a regular business. Among the ingenious tools he had invented or obtained from more clever operators, were a pane-holder, consisting of a rubber disc from which the air could be drawn. This, applied against a pane, holds it with enough force to resist the pressure of the diamond employed to cut a space through which to insert the hand; a cutting instrument which separates the putty from the wooden sill without shattering the glass; a knife-edge fine-steel saw which will cut through an ordinary window-catch in a minute and a half, and a door-fastener to bar the way against an aroused and armed householder or an intrusive policeman.

Early on the morning of March 20, 1886, Detective Edward Rorke arrested Miles McPartland, alias Thompson, just as he was leaving No. 330 Atlantic Avenue with a considerable quantity of stolen goods. McPartland had committed the burglary with his usual skill, and succeeded in carrying away everything valuable in the house without disturbing one of its occupants. When Rorke made the arrest he at first thought he had only caught an ordinary burglar, but before the second lamp-post had been passed he discovered he had arrested a man for whom he had been looking for months. He hurriedly put his prisoner behind the bars and had the satisfaction of seeing him tried and convicted of a series

of thefts and house-breaking exploits. Mc Partland had for many years been operating in Brooklyn and was well known to the police. In 1865 he committed the Luqueer robbery, and made name and fame for himself, after having been arrested, by gaining his liberty in a most skilful manner. He was at the time confined in a precinct station house, where he underwent the usual "pumping" process by the detectives and officials. After admitting having stolen the goods they named to him, he said he would get a large quantity of silverware (one of the most important articles) and hand it over to the authorities if they would take him to a certain house on State Street, where he had it concealed. The captain consented, and two officers were detailed to accompany him. When they arrived at the house he led the way upstairs into a bedroom, wherein he said the property was concealed under the bed. The two officers folded their arms while he crawled beneath the bed and waited patiently for him to come out with the silverware. Three, four and five minutes passed without his reappearance. Then the puzzled guardians of the peace got down on their knees and gazed at the spring mattress and wall, but no McPartland could be found. They became alarmed and, drawing away the bed, examined the floor where they found a trap door, though which their prisoner had escaped, not to be caught again until he ran against Detective Rorke as described.

The arrest of Michael Mahady for killing his wife on the night of February 20th was much talked about at the time. Mahady, while drunk, gave his wife, Mary, such a beating with a bed slat and the leg of a stove

that she died from the effects of it shortly afterward at the house of a friend.

The family had just moved into new apartments at No. 203 Hudson Avenue, and Mahady, returning home after his day's work, found the rooms in great disorder. Instead of attempting to straighten matters, he chastised his wife. She seized her three children and rushed from the house, while her husband, crazed with drink, followed her down the stairs, raining blows on her head and shoulders until she reached the street, while the blood, dripping from her many wounds, made an unbroken trail along the sidewalk to the house of her friend, where she died.

The most interesting arrest of the year was made by Captain Kaiser and Detective Ennis, of the Sixth Precinct Station, on Stagg Street, in the Sixteenth Ward, better known as "Dutch Town." The person deprived of liberty this time was Mrs. Florence May Barton Sault, a beautiful German girl, sixteen years of age. She was charged with murdering her lover, Frederick Pfister.

On the morning of July 26th, Pfister was found dead in a wagon at the head of Scholes Street. His death had been caused by a bullet wound, fired by whom, at the time, the police could not ascertain.

When the murder was made known by the afternoon papers, the public took an unusual interest in it, which never diminished until the trial was ended.

As near as could be learned, the murder was committed in the following manner: Florence, who was gay and indiscreet, had been married but two months, when she left her husband and spent her leisure time with young Pfister, who took her to the picnics and excur-

sions for which "Dutch Town" is famous. The night before Pfister was found dead, the lovers were out walking, when the husband met them and a quarrel ensued, resulting in the murder in question.

When Mrs. Sault was arrested, she made a full confession of the crime, which at first was believed. She averred that she had fired the fatal shot in cold blood at the instigation of her husband, who had been arrested and lodged in Raymond Street Jail. Shortly afterwards the "child wife" made a statement in which she denied being the guilty party, and accused her husband. The police then weighed well her stories, which they found very conflicting in many details, and decided to give no credence to her statements.

Column upon column was devoted to the case by the daily press, and the girl, confined in the woman's prison of the same jail where her husband had been placed, became sick and so nervous that she would break into hysterics while talking of the affair to the matron, Miss Cunningham. Mrs. Sault was finally acquitted of the charge of murder and given her liberty.

This as well as the preceding year is marked by the increased aversion of criminals and crooks toward visiting Brooklyn. Once they were certain of being detected, now they are almost equally certain of being recognized the moment they cross the bridge and of being sent back to New York, or of being locked up by Captain Eason or Campbell.

It is one of the boasts of the detectives that they are personally acquainted with all the professional criminals in or near town. The results of this acquaintance are often peculiar. You are talking with Detective Cham-

bers, a few feet from the door of the Clarendon Hotel, and he sees a young dandy halt a few feet away.

"Better keep right on," he says to the dandy; "hurry up, now."

"Oh, good morning," says the dandy; "I'm only going to set my watch."

That is Harry Ashton, chief of the bunco men, and the detective will not allow him to stop in front of the hotel. You are pushing your way into Leibman's or Wechsler & Abraham's store, and a little ladylike body is just ahead of you. Suddenly some one steps up to her and orders her to "get out at once." "Certainly, sir," she says meekly; "I was only going to match a piece of silk."

She lies. She is a shoplifter, and the man who orders her out is Detective Corwin.

Perhaps you are at a Sængerbund ball, with its five thousand dancers and lookers-on. You walk in the lobby for a breath of fresh air and meet Captain Campbell, alert and handsome as an eagle. He darts from your side and stands in front of a stout elderly gentleman so as to oppose his progress.

"What do you mean by coming here?" The man answers boldly, "My wife is here and I have come to take her home."

"That'll do now," says the captain; "There's the door, now get," and as Artemus Ward used to say, "he got." The man is a pickpocket.

It has always been a favorite method of Captain Campbell's to say to rascals of various sorts: "If you ever put your foot in my precinct again, I'll send you up." This may not be according to law, but it's accord-

ing to fact, and they give that precinct a wide berth. Pickpockets like the Allen Brothers and Maggie Jordan have a hard time of it. No matter how much they may want to see a play or a ball game, or attend a meeting, there is apt to be some one to stop them at the entrance with a "right-about face now. You can't get in here." It is a common thing to see a pickpocket hustled along like a bit of down in the wind, from one block to another, while apparently an innocent spectator of a street parade.

This constant vigilance on the part of the police, especially those who guard the approaches from New York, makes it an exceedingly difficult matter for a non-resident criminal to enter the city of Brooklyn. Even when such an one has legitimate business there he must satisfactorily explain his appearance and move about with the knowledge that he is under constant police surveillance.

A neatly dressed, rather substantial-looking man of middle age sends in his card to Superintendent Campbell at Police Headquarters. The name on the card is that of a burglar, better known as "Red Leary," for instance.

"Well, what do you want?" Mr. Campbell asks.

"I would like to go to the jail for fifteen minutes tomorrow," says the burglar. "I want to see a friend about a personal matter."

"Here's an order," says the Chief, and the burglar answers, "Thank you," for it is a favor to such men to be allowed to approach the jail, which action, without permission, means for him to be arrested and locked up.

The criminal who would attempt to deceive the Super-

intendent in a matter of this kind would have but a sorry time of it. His long service and vast experience make him an accurate judge of character, and it is all but impossible to impose upon him. Under his personal direction this constant espionage of the dangerous classes becomes as near an exact science as ingenuity can make it, and no better system for the prevention of crime could be devised. To punish the detected wrong-doer is comparatively easy, but to so hedge him round and circumscribe his action as to leave him the smallest possible opportunity for the commission of crime is the *ne plus ultra* of police art.

CHAPTER VI.

The Present Status of the Organization.

The Muster Roll.—The Headquarters.—Where the Offices are Situated.—One Man Power.—The Commissioner, His Powers and Duties.—His Annual Report.—The Deputy Commissioner.—His Duties.—The Superintendent.—His Duties and vast Business.—Where He is.—His Watch-dog.—Cranks who Worry Him.—The Way he does Business.—Two Swindlers Cross-Examined.—The Property-clerk and the Property-rooms.—What he does.—His Curiosity-shop.—The Fire Marshal.—An odd Combination of Duties.—The Inspectors.—Captains and Commanding sergeants.—Lines not thrown in easy Places.—Multifarious work.—Roundsmen.—A Patrolman's lot is not a happy one.—What He does.—His Offences.—How to be a Policeman.—What he must Measure and Weigh, Know and Say.—The Board of Excise.—Its Jurisdiction and Duties.—The Licenses and the License fees.—The ratio of saloons to the Population.—Some Organizations.

THE Brooklyn Police Department to-day amounts to nine hundred and seventy two men all told, and consists of a Commissioner, Deputy-Commissioner, Superintendent, Property-clerk, Superintendent-clerk, Fire-Marshal, four Clerks, three Inspectors, seventeen Captains and Commanding-Sergeants, seventy-two Sergeants, forty-four Detectives, thirty-eight Roundsmen, seven hundred and seven Patrolmen and thirty-eight doormen, five Police-Surgeons, Telegraph Superintendent, six Telegraph operators and two linemen, Superintendent of boiler inspection, one Clerk and five Inspectors, fourteen bridge-keepers, a Counsel, one Messenger, and one searcher.

The heart of the Police system, of course, is centered at

"Headquarters," which is located in the Municipal building on Joralemon Street, just in the rear of the City Hall.

Here are the offices of the Commissioner and his deputy, the Property Clerk, the Board of Police Surgeons, the Accountant to the Department, the Superintendent and his three Inspectors, the Central Office squad of Detectives, the Central Office squad of Patrolmen, who are detailed to Police Courts and other extra work, the Fire Marshal, the Telegraph Bureau and the steam Engineers and Boiler Inspection Bureau, which is under the control of the Police Department.

Under the beneficent system of Home Rule, which now characterizes the government of Brooklyn, and which offers so happy a contrast to the former custom of doing municipal work by means of cumbrous, irresponsible Bureaus and commissions, the Commissioner of Police is appointed by the Mayor, and holds his position during the latter's term of office.

The Commissioner is removable by the Mayor for misfeasance or non-feasance of office, subject to the confirmation of the government of the State, and probably to the appellate judgment of the higher courts. He appoints members of the force from the lists prepared by examiners of successful candidates, entertains and tries all charges against the officers of his department, punishes all offenders found guilty, makes transfers and changes of his own act, or at the suggestion of the Superintendent, attends to improvements and extensions of his administration, and generally supervises the working of the police system. He makes an annual report to the Mayor of everything pertaining to his department, which is incorporated in the Mayor's annual message. The deputy-Commissioner

takes the Commissioner's place in the latter's absence, sickness or disability, with the same jurisdiction and authority. He then has power to perform all the ordinary duties of the Commissioner, excepting only the power to make appointments, which is specially reserved to the Commissioner. When the Commissioner is present the deputy acts under his orders as his chief subordinate. Besides this, the deputy attends to nearly all the clerical and mechanical duties of the Commissioner's office. The offices of the Commissioner and deputy are situated on the third floor of the Municipal Building.

The Superintendent is one of the hardest-worked men of the force—that is, if he does his duty. And it may be said here that the two gentlemen who have filled the position since its organization have been intelligent and indefatigable workers. He receives all official communications from the precincts and the special bureaus under his command, oversees the conduct and police transactions of his inferiors, corresponds with similar departments in the great cities of the New World and Old, is in personal command of the Central Office detectives and the Central Office squad, and attends to nearly all the special business between the force and private citizens, and the general business between it, the courts and the District Attorney's office.

The office of the Superintendent of Police is situated on the second floor of the building, and consists of a suite of three spacious rooms, one of which is used as a private office, another to transact the bulk of the business, while a third is reserved for his clerk. The Superintendent is not by any means difficult of access, although visitors are closely scrutinized by a messenger

in the outer office, who does all in his power to keep any person out who would prove a disagreeable visitor. Persons who are not posted as to the routine of business at Police Headquarters can have no idea of the number of callers on the Chief daily. Citizens drop in upon him with all sorts of grievances, while once and a while an interesting crank will make things lively for a while around the offices.

One day a well-dressed and distinguished looking gentleman visited the Superintendent and asked him to detail a squad of men to capture a crowd of small boys who continually followed him shouting names not belonging to a gentleman. The man turned out to be a lunatic. He imagined that a crowd of boys followed him, no matter where he might go. The Superintendent told the visitor that he would put his detectives on the case at once. He then departed happy. On another occasion a woman excitedly remarked that the telegraph companies had laid wires all over her house, which were drawing blood from her children's bodies. The Superintendent of the telegraph bureau was immediately summoned, and instructed to have the wires removed. This satisfied the woman, who left showering expressions of gratitude upon the Chief.

Besides attending to the complaints of all kinds of visitors, the Superintendent every morning receives the returns and all special reports from each police station in the city, each Captain making a personal call. His office is connected by telephone and telegraph with all the precincts, the Fire Department, District Attorney's office, the hospitals that receive police cases, and the New York Police Department.

Whenever any prisoner who has been arrested for any offence which necessitates the possession of his picture in the Rogue's Gallery has been taken from the station house to the Police Court his next step is to Police Headquarters, where he is taken before Superintendent Campbell for his examination. Men and women who have committed larcenies of any description, burglars, swindlers, sneak thieves, and the like, all find their way to the Superintendent's private office, where they are put through a course of interrogatory sprouts by that wily and experienced official. It is surprising how easy it is to lie and how hard it is to maintain the falsehood. Some of the interviews which the Superintendent has with wrongdoers are amusing. On one occasion there were two men taken before him. One was about fifty years old, gray-haired, slightly bald and wore a mustache and goatee. He was of genteel appearance, and would have passed for an honest man anywhere. The other was rather swarthy, with jet black hair and considerably younger than his companion. He too was well dressed, but there was something about him which was liable to create suspicion. He had a nervous and sneaky manner and restless eyes. These two men were arrested for attempted swindling. They had a paper with a printed head which represented that they were authorized to collect money for the Relief Fund of the Fire Department. This paper they had printed themselves, and it is not known how many people they swindled, because when they were arrested the elder of the two either destroyed or threw the document away; at any rate the police never got it. Of all places in the world to go to get money, this precious pair of knaves went to the

house of the Little Sisters of the Poor in Eighth Avenue near Sixteenth Street, South Brooklyn. It was when they were leaving this institution that they were arrested. When they were ushered in before the Superintendent the latter asked one of the officers what they were arrested for, and was informed. The superintendent simulated surprise that such respectable-looking men could be guilty of any offence at all.

"What is your name, sir, please?" he said to the youngest in a tone of almost fatherly interest.

"Charles Johnson."

"Where do you reside?"

"In Washington Street."

"Brooklyn?"

"Yes."

"What number in Washington Street?"

"I think it is No. 108, but I am not sure."

"What street is it near?"

"I can't tell; I don't know Brooklyn very well."

"How long have you lived in Brooklyn, Mr. Johnson?"

"About two weeks."

"And you are not sure of the number of the house you live in or near what street it is?"

"Well, I'm a stranger here."

"How did you come to be mixed up in this trouble?"

"I had nothing to do with it, sir. This man showed me a paper and asked me to go with him, and I went. Then we were arrested."

"What was on the paper?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't you see it?"

"Only the outside.

"Didn't he tell you what it was?"

"No."

"So you went with him on the strength of a paper which you knew nothing about, and on an errand which you were ignorant of, is that it?"

"Well, he didn't tell me anything about it."

"What is your business, Mr. Johnson?"

"I'm an agent."

"For what?"

"Oh, books and light articles."

"Canvassing now?"

"Yes, sir."

"What for?"

Mr. Johnson couldn't tell, neither could he tell by whom he was employed, and was so clearly broken up that the Superintendent released him, and turning his smiling face to the elder man said: "And what is your name?"

"William Richards."

"Do you live in Brooklyn?"

"No; but on account of my family I do not want to give my address."

"Certainly, that is entirely your business; you are not compelled to answer my questions if you don't want to. Now about this charge made against you; have you anything to say?"

"No, sir," he replied with almost Chesterfieldian grace, "and I desire you to understand that I refuse to do this not because of your official position, but because my counsel has advised me, enjoined me in fact, to say nothing about my case."

"That is perfectly correct, Mr. Richards," said the Superintendent, "your counsel has your case in hand and he does not want you to spoil any chances of success. Well, gentlemen, that's all. Good afternoon."

The men returned the Superintendent's salutation and walked out. They were an accomplished pair of swindlers, and the gray-haired Chesterfield by far the more dangerous of the two. Both of them were indicted and convicted.

The property-clérk has charge of all the station supplies of the department, and of lost or stolen property found by the police. The importance of the position may be ascertained from the fact that since it was organized, it has received about two million dollars worth of property of this class, of which one million eight hundred thousand dollars worth has been returned to rightful owners. Property left unclaimed after a time set by law, is sold at public auction, and the proceeds covered into the city treasury. The shelves of the property-room are so covered with different objects as to make a veritable curiosity-shop. Here is a sword and belt left in a bar-room by a tipsy soldier, and there a lot of stolen silverware recovered from a pawnshop. Here are diamonds and jewelry taken from the person of a burglar, and there a vast bundle of linen dropped by a clothes line thief; packages of books dropped by an absent-minded book-worm; a coat thrown away by a fugitive thief; revolvers confiscated by the police from youths who had read dime novels, and had determined to become highwaymen, pirates or Indian fighters; clocks and bric-a-brac left by the owner in a deserted dwelling; pictures rescued from a burning building, or

personal effects found in the rooms of the solitary dead.

The position of fire-marshal is anomalous. He is a curious hybrid of policeman, fireman, insurance agent, detective, recorder and magistrate. His duties are to attend fires within the city limits; assist and supervise in the protection and rescuing of life and property; to investigate the causes of a fire; to recommend judicial action and take proceedings where there is evidence of arson; to ascertain losses and insurances; to keep a record of all fires; and to report misconduct on the part of policemen or firemen to their respective departments. The fire-marshal is nearly always an insurance agent, and has every incentive to prevent and extinguish fires and to save all that is salvable from the flames. The position, while good from a business standpoint, has many disagreeable elements. It brings the official into unpleasant relations with many of his fellow-officials, and into constant collisions with that large class of people who, whenever they suffer from a fire, endeavor to distort and magnify their losses in order to obtain as much money as is possible from the insurance companies from which they have policies.

The inspectors are practically deputy-superintendents, and serve to relieve their chief of much clerical labor. They also attend to the drilling and technical training of the force, and visit constantly every station-house and all parts of the city to see that the discipline is maintained and that police work is properly performed.

The inspectors are appointed from the ranks of the captains, the three present incumbents being no exception to the rule. In the absence of the superintendent, they take his place by turns. In their outside work,

each confines himself to one district, made up of several precincts, the city being divided for this purpose into three inspectoral districts. In very busy seasons, when the superintendent is unable to receive all who call upon him on business and attend to other duties of his at the same time, they are called upon to assist him in both regards.

The Captains and commanding Sergeants govern the precincts and sub-precincts. They supervise the work of the men beneath them, attend to all special cases, keep in constant communication with Headquarters, and make a daily report of everything that has occurred in the precinct during the preceding twenty-four hours. They are responsible for the appearance of their men and the condition of the station-house of which they are in charge. They investigate all applications for licenses for liquor stores, including the character and reputation of the applicant and the place and the condition of the neighborhood, and report thereon to the Commissioners of Excise.

They also inquire into all cases of contagious and infectious diseases, public nuisances, unwholesome food, and everything detrimental to public health, and report thereupon to the Board of Health. Evasions and violations of the fire and building laws they report, and of the statutes as to the sale of combustibles and explosives, to the appropriate departments, and of the ordinances to the Corporation Counsel's office.

The roundsman is but a patrolman of a higher grade. They number thirty-eight, being two apiece to each of the precincts and sub-precincts. He performs the same duties as the latter, to a large extent. He also acts as a

policeman upon the police, seeing that they do their work and violate no rule nor regulation. He enjoys greater liberty than his inferior, but enjoys no less onerous position.

The average citizen has, at the best, but a vague idea of the variety and character of the work done by the policemen of Brooklyn. He sees an officer, stout, robust and warmly clad, lounging along the sidewalk, and involuntarily makes the mental comment that a policeman's life must be one of the easiest in the world. He does not consider that the officer contemplated may be a conscientious roundsman or sergeant following at a patrolman's heel to detect any bad habits the latter may have in violation of the rules, which may cost the poor fellow four or five days' pay. If an officer stops a few minutes to talk with a citizen on the street, and cannot prove, if brought before Commissioner Carroll, that he was speaking on official business, he is amenable to discipline, or if on some cold winter night he drops into some warm bakehouse or slides through a convenient side door for an inside protection against the cold, he is liable, if caught, to make an involuntary contribution to the Widows and Orphans' Fund. The policeman has no easy time of it when he conscientiously does what he is called upon to do. In all seasons he has to keep on post without a break, from the hour of going on duty until he is relieved by his follower. He must be at his relieving point exactly at the time when his relief is expected. He must try all the doors on his post on each round, and take a note of the location of such gas lamps on his post as are unlighted, of those which burn imperfectly, and the ones blown out by the wind. He must preserve

peace at all hazards on his tour, and must hold himself in readiness to grapple, at a moment's notice, with a reckless burglar, a mad dog or a dangerous lunatic.

If a timid citizen hears a noise in his cellar, the policeman, if called, must go into that cellar and investigate the matter thoroughly. He is supposed to do his best to stop runaway horses, to send for an ambulance in case of an accident, or the dead wagon when he hears of an unattended death on his post. He must rescue persons who have fallen into the river, if his patrol should happen to be along the water front, assist at fires, direct strangers, and civilly answer any ridiculous questions that may be put to him. He must act as arbiter in family disputes, prevent any street obstruction, see that no taxable occupations are carried on without a license, take lost children to the station-house, and keep his post clear of drunken people. Besides this, in summer time, he has to make a census of all dogs on his tour, make out a list of persons carrying on a taxable business, and in winter, make complaints in cases where merchants and housekeepers do not keep their sidewalk clear of ice and slush. He is supposed to prevent bonfires, keep the pavement clear of corner loafers, have an eye on all suspicious characters, report violations of the ash gatherers and garbage contractors' obligations to the city, make a note of dirty streets, report all dangerous structures, guard vacant houses, and, finally, keep his uniform in good order, his shoes polished, and preserve a generally neat appearance.

A policeman who is found violating any of the rules or regulations, or guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer, is notified to appear before the Commissioner on

the next trial, and defend himself against a complaint embodying his fault. He is tried and punished in the same manner as before a judicial tribunal.

A man to become a policeman must have certain physical and mental qualifications. He must be a citizen of the United States, and have been a resident of the City of Brooklyn four years prior to his application. He must be not less than twenty-six, nor more than thirty years of age, and must be not less than five feet eight inches in height, nor more than six feet three inches. He must exceed a minimum weight of one hundred and forty pounds to one hundred and seventy-five pounds, according to his height and a chest measure of not less than thirty-four inches. He must also be in good physical condition. He is required to know all the streets, wards and precincts, the horse car and railroad routes, the ferries, and leading buildings and places in the city. The physical requirements are passed upon by the Board of Police Surgeons, and the mental by the Civil Service Commissioners of Brooklyn.

Large men are not considered as available as medium-sized for police purposes. In a conversation with Inspector Mackellar, the subject fell upon a big policeman who was close to the seven feet mark, and who chanced to pass by. His stride was enormous, his smile self-satisfied, and his long coat-tails flapped in the breeze. He swung a stick that looked like a toothpick in his ham-like right hand. Pedestrians could not help casting an admiring glance at the majestic figure, and many turned, after passing, to take a rear view. "Isn't he magnificent?" said a blushing girl to her companion, as she opened her eyes wide to take in all of the command-

ing figure at once. This remark brought a smile to the face of the gallant but somewhat cynical inspector.

"The majority of people," he said, as the big fellow went out of sight, "seem to have an idea that size is all that is necessary in a policeman, and the larger the man the better officer he will make. No one has more admiration for a fine specimen of physical development than I have, but I know from observation that men of extraordinary size, while they may be pleasing to the eye and give the timid citizen a sense of security that is gratifying, do not make the best records for service in the Police Department as a rule. It is a common wish and one that I have often heard expressed, that it would be a splendid thing if the policemen of this city were all as large as the giants who made up the pet command of Frederick the Great. If this could be brought about I am satisfied that the efficiency of the department would be diminished at least one half. Such a band of men would frighten a mob, and make them law-abiding citizens by their appearance, but mobs do not form every day. What is needed in an officer is the capacity to stand the humdrum service of every-day life. Just take the record of the department for a moment. I will wager it will show that fully seventy-five per cent. of the men on the sick list are, as a rule, the biggest men in the various precincts. These big fellows look hardy and as if they could stand everything. What they lack is endurance. They carry around a big weight usually, and their feet give out. They seem to be subject to ailments that smaller men escape, and complain almost constantly of pains all over their body.

"It is my experience that men about five feet and nine

inches in height stand the wear and tear of police life the best. The big men are slow and awkward, while men of the height mentioned are active, alert and vigorous, and more than make up in agility what they lack in strength. Size, if everything else were equal, could be made a safe standard of judgment, but as the human frame is put together it is the big man for a short tussle and the smaller one for a steady strain, and the latter is what a policeman must be fitted for."

The Board of Excise.

The Board of Excise, which is a valuable adjunct to the police, and a source of revenue to the city, is composed of three members, the Commissioner of Police and two Commissioners of Excise. The latter are appointed by the Mayor in the same manner and subject to the same conditions as the former. Their jurisdiction comprises the issuing of licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors, the entertaining, hearing and determination of complaints against licensed dealers, the revocation of licenses, the collection of excise fees, the prosecution of forfeited bonds and their transfer to the city treasury. As the statute requires that a dealer must be a person of good moral character, they must satisfy themselves upon this point before taking action. They entertain complaints against licensed dealers for selling in illegal hours or on Sunday, for keeping a disorderly house and for false impersonation in making applications. The only penalty the law allows them to inflict is the revocation of the license. As this is a very severe punishment, they modify it in practice by a reprimand to the dealer, putting a place under police surveillance and requiring a

proprietor to keep the interior of his saloon visible from the street during prohibited times, with a suspension of judgment. They grant four kinds of licenses, viz.: hotel, taverns, storekeepers and beer licenses.

In 1887 there were about 3,100 licensed places in Brooklyn, whose license fees aggregated over $300,000. The number increases steadily from year to year, but bears even to-day a much smaller ratio to the population than obtains in the other great cities of the United States. For their information the Commissioners depend chiefly upon the Police Force, although they obtain considerable knowledge from their own subordinates, from private citizens and from liquor dealers and Prohibition Societies, the first of the two latter being organized into the Eastern District Liquor Dealers' Protective Union, the Western District Liquor Dealers' Protective Association and the Brewers' Union, and the second into quite a number of small but active associations.

CHAPTER VII.

The Heads of Police and Excise.

The Official Head of Police.—Commissioner Thomas Carroll—His Birth and Early Career.—His Youth in Williamsburgh.—An Apprentice Cooper.—A Boss.—A Tobacco-sampler—His Prosperity and Business-career.—A Born Politician—Delegate and Leader.—His Political Work.—The Secret of his Popularity.—The Head of the Force.—Superintendent Patrick Campbell.—His Daily Life.—A Boy in the Eagle Office.—From "Devil" to Foreman.—A Politician.—Collector.—Sheriff—Chief.—His Superb Management.—He Protects Vacant Homes.—Drives out Sneak Thieves.—Closes Disorderly Places. His Detective Genius.—Searching a whole City.—His Personality.—The Twin Heads of Excise.—"Honest John Cunningham" and John Schliemann.—Brief Story of their Lives.

SIXTY years ago, on next November 25th, in a little Irish village called Mount Mellick, a future Police Commissioner of the city of Brooklyn was ushered into the world. There were many Carrolls of Queens County in the neighborhood, and the addition of Thomas to their ranks, for so he was named, only served to increase their number, already too many to live under the pressure of high rents, heartless laws, bad harvests and no hope. In this picturesque but poverty-stricken country, young Thomas Carroll spent the first years of his life. In early boyhood he began to evince the qualities which in after life were to make him successful in business and public affairs. Impetuous, enthusiastic, generous, quick, nervous, genial and intelligent, he was even at this time a loved leader

among his playmates. Here he learned the rudiments of education and struggled with the bête noir of all boyhood, the three R's.

The success of the Irish emigrant in the United States was bearing fruit in his far-away home. A great exodus had begun which was to last for the remainder of the century. It extended to the smallest towns in the interior of the island, and made itself felt in Mount Mellick. The Carrolls, and many of them, yielded and joined the ceaseless procession that was moving across the ocean. With them was Thomas Carroll, who in September, 1836, arrived in New York City. Here he resided in Eldridge Street, in the Tenth Ward, two years, and then removed to Williamsburgh, at that time a young, lively and growing city, but soon to be incorporated with its larger neighbor, Brooklyn.

Between 1836 and 1843 he received a good common-school education. He possessed a taste for reading and conversation with older and wiser people, so that when in the year last mentioned he commenced his business career, he started with a well-trained and informed mind and with the natural and acquired aptitudes which generally guarantee success in life.

In those days the ambition of youth was not toward the clerk's desk and the dry-goods counter as it is in the present time, but looked forward to prominence in some skilled trade. Apprenticeships were still in vogue. Men "served their time" before being allowed to undertake any job involving skilful labor. The cheap botch-work, the stereotyped products of labor-saving machinery and the untrained toilers, so characteristic of to-day, were then almost unknown. Carroll entered a large cooper-



THOMAS CARROLL,
Commissioner of Police.

shop, and there served his time of five years. He was a rapid learner, and soon earned good wages. He was temperate, intelligent and capable, and so won the esteem of his superiors that, when his apprenticeship ended, he was promoted to the foremanship of the shop. He remained in this position two years, satisfying at the same time his employers and the numerous employees whom he superintended. During this period he saw that his trade, though a good one, was not as remunerative as he desired, and that the same ability and energy applied in mercantile life would be productive of far greater results. He looked about for an opportunity and concluded that he could do best in the tobacco industry. Situations were few and far between, but to obtain a start, he accepted a position of porter and barrelman with the then prominent Front Street house of Patterson & Dortic. He was a porter but two months, and was then promoted to be a sampler. At the end of the first year he was again put forward and made the shipping and receiving clerk. Within another few months his employers again advanced him, this time to the position of general salesman. He remained with the firm until 1861, when, its members having accumulated as much money as they desired and retired from trade, it went into liquidation. He had done well in the eleven years of service, and had saved his surplus earnings until, at the time of the dissolution, he found himself the owner of a moderate capital. Not wasting his time in useless delay, he immediately formed a partnership and opened mercantile life on his own account as a member of the firm of Hawkins & Carroll. It dealt chiefly in Ameri-

can tobaccos, and from the start did a good business and stood well in the market.

After two prosperous years, it admitted John G. Guthrie, a leading manufacturer, of Petersburgh, Virginia, and extended its business to far greater proportions. It established a large manufactory in Water Street, near Pearl, in this city, and employed a regiment of operatives. This was the second great tobacco factory started in Brooklyn, and was an important step in the process which has since changed the water-front from a neighborhood of small dwelling-houses, tenements and stores into a wealthy manufacturing district. The business prospered and continued till 1865, when the three partners were induced by flattering offers from third parties to amicably dissolve and enter new relations. The factory and assets were converted into cash, yielding each member of the firm a handsome amount.

Immediately upon the dissolution Mr. Carroll entered into partnership with Michael J. Dohan, of Philadelphia, and Alexander Forman, a wealthy merchant of the First Ward of Brooklyn, under the firm-name of Dohan, Carroll & Co. The new firm was notably successful. Its credit at an early date was marked A. 1. and its profits were very great. It continued until 1880, when it dissolved, the members of the firm retiring from active business life with large fortunes, that of Mr. Dohan being estimated at several millions. On the first of January this year Mr. Carroll took the position of Register of Kings County, to which he had been elected the previous November. He has never since returned to mercantile life.

Even before reaching his majority, he took a deep in-

terest in political affairs. He was naturally a Democrat, instinctively siding with the masses against the classes and receiving a strong bias from the days when he and his were the special aversion of the proscriptive and un-American Know-Nothing party. During his business career, although he resolutely refused all nominations whatever, he ever took an active part in local affairs. His time, executive ability and his purse were always at the disposal of his party organization. Within its ranks he received every honor that a man can achieve, chairman and secretary time and time again of clubs, ward associations, conventions, general, executive and campaign committees and delegate to Ward, Assembly, City, County, Senatorial, Congressional, State and National Conventions. In the Sixties and Seventies when extravagance and corruption were but too prevalent in Brooklyn, numerous opportunities were presented to him whereby he could have dishonestly gained large amounts of money without the fear of any consequence or the slightest notoriety. To his credit, he refused each and all, and never in that period received one cent from the city treasury. Of the men who were prominent in those days, and especially of those who fattened upon the public purse, hardly one wields the slightest power to-day or is any longer an influence in the councils of the party he once took part in governing. Carroll and a few others, whose sole course was honesty and right, are, if possible, more popular and influential now than they were at that time. For the past thirteen years he has been treasurer of the Democratic General Committee of Kings County, and is the only treasurer of that and any other political body who can truthfully

make the proud boast that his committee owes nothing and is not and never was insolvent during his administration. In 1879 he received and accepted his first nomination for the office of Register of Kings County. At the time this was the most valuable gift in the hands of the party. Despite a superbly-organized Republican opposition and the treachery of many members of his own political faith, he was elected by a triumphant majority and filled the office three years. During the period of his administration he increased the efficiency of his office in many ways. He enlarged his clerical force and had the new libers ready for use in less time than ever before; he caused the ancient libers and indices to be carefully examined and repaired whenever found necessary; he extended the patent indices and shortened the time of official searching. When he retired at the expiration of his term it was with the sincere regret of the Brooklyn bar and the many people whose vocations call them to the Register's office. In 1884 he was elected a delegate to the National Democratic Convention, and was one of the famous bodyguard which so earnestly and successfully combatted the opposition led by Tammany Hall to, then, Governor Cleveland and made the latter's nomination for President an assured fact. In this long and eventful political career Mr. Carroll's fame and friendship have long since crossed the boundaries of the city for far wider horizons. In the long list of men in whose careers he has been a factor and whose friendship he gained may be mentioned Horatio Seymour, George B. McClellan, Horace Greeley, Samuel J. Tilden, Winfield S. Hancock, Grover Cleveland, Lucius Robinson, John McKeon, John Kelly,

David B. Hill and a score more of almost equal national reputation.

In 1886 Mr. Carroll was appointed Commissioner of Police to succeed Colonel Partridge. On entering the office he was, like all men who have patronage at their bestowal, beset with applications for positions. The department had been under Republican control for many years and also seemed an adjunct to that party. The few available places and the salaries attached were magnified by public report until it seemed as if there were a thousand positions to be filled and millions to be spent by the city in payment for official services. Under such trying circumstances Mr. Carroll's course was wise and just. He continued the good features of the administration bequeathed to him and changed the bad, and in carrying out his plans appointed a set of subordinates so well known for ability, efficiency and trustworthiness as to elicit the praise of friend and foe alike. In person Mr. Carroll is a large, vigorous and handsome man, whose youthful appearance belies his years. He is genial and generous almost to a fault. His ex-partner said of him in this regard: "If I had the moneys Tom Carroll contributed to the war, the sanitary commission, and the countless soldier funds; that he has given and daily gives to the orphan asylums and other great charities of the two cities, and that he has squandered upon men whose only claim upon him was a pretended friendship or a sham story of suffering, I would be a millionaire."

His courtesy and tact are proverbial. He has the rare power of so using a few happy words as to cool rage in an individual, to stop a quarrel between irate men and

to calm an angry convention with equal ease. Unlike those who mount to public favor on some wave of sudden enthusiasm and who are forgotten on its ebb, his popularity is based upon the recognition of all the qualities which cause men to be esteemed and loved.

Patrick Campbell, a short, thick-set and muscular man, bright eyed, gray-haired and bearded, enters headquarters every morning. He exchanges a pleasant word with every one he passes, for every one apparently knows him, and quickly disappears into a handsome room, on whose door are the significant words, "Superintendent's Office." From now until dark the chamber is a bee-hive. Captains and patrolmen, surgeons and reporters, distracted mothers who have lost children, and irate wives whose husbands have temporarily disappeared, ministers and thieves, "cranks" and "crooks," make up the motley throng that consumes his time and attention. Telegraph and telephone messages hurry in unending; the mail-carrier brings in loads of letters from everywhere; the police departments of the great cities of the land are applying for his assistance and advice; subordinates enter to report and receive further orders; clerks present voluminous documents for his approval and signature.

When night comes the desk is clear, the room empty, and all the day's business—business enough for the greatest merchant—has been put through smoothly and completely. He leaves the headquarters for new scenes of duty, many of them self-imposed. If you are a dramatic critic, you will see him at the Academy, Col. Sinn's, Miner's or the Grand Opera House as you make your rounds. If a religious devotee, you may run



PATRICK CAMPBELL,
Superintendent of the Brooklyn Police.

across him in the Catholic Cathedral, some Protestant church, or Jewish synagogue. Lecocq's motto, "Never Sleeps," may be truthfully applied to him.

This tireless human machine is Patrick Campbell, the distinguished superintendent of the Brooklyn police. He comes from a family that has made itself prominent by ability and achievement. His father was a leader in Irish politics in the early part of the century; his brother, the Hon. Felix Campbell, is a Congressman from this city, and one of its most successful and influential citizens.

He was born sixty years ago on January 12, in the City of Charleston, S. C., but at an early age his parents removed to Brooklyn, which has ever since been his home, and with the wonderful progress of which he has for nearly half a century been prominently identified. After receiving a common school education, which he supplemented by assiduous study in the night schools, he entered at an early age that practical college from which so many great men have graduated—the printing office. When he took service with the Brooklyn *Eagle* it was at the foot of the ladder. But he kept his eye fixed on the top, and climbed for nearly twenty years, until he became superintendent of the office in which he began at the case. Political life early had charms for him, and his progress in the party with which he was affiliated, was so marked indeed, that during the administration of Pierce, he was rewarded by an appointment as inspector of customs. He continued to hold that office under Buchanan and during a part of the term of President Lincoln. In 1866 he was elected by the Democratic party Sheriff of Kings County, a position which

he filled with honor to himself, and satisfaction to the people.

In 1870, the notorious law which created the Metropolitan Police was repealed and a charter amendment passed restoring Home Rule to Brooklyn and establishing a Municipal Police. So strong and wide an influence was brought to bear upon the authorities, that upon organizing upon the new system, Mr. Campbell was, June 1, 1870, appointed Chief of Police, and by a subsequent change in the Charter of the City was relieved from duty, August 2d, 1873, the office of Chief of Police being abolished.

On the 12th of August, 1875, he was appointed to the position which he now holds, that of Superintendent of Police, and has held the same ever since. Despite the various changes that have occurred in the Commission he has remained undisturbed.

Upon assuming the duties of superintendent, Mr. Campbell at once began to enforce discipline with a firm persistency that soon put an end to any weakness from that point, and he impressed upon his officers the absolute necessity of keeping the force perfect in this respect. Having got the command well in hand the Superintendent began to deal with the various problems that constantly arose. Brooklyn, before his administration, was infested by numerous gangs of thieves, many of whom made regular raids from New York and found a rich harvest in going through unoccupied houses. To counteract this source of annoyance Superintendent Campbell gave public notice through the press counselling all owners of houses which were temporarily vacated to give notice to the police of their respective districts. Every

officer and the precinct detectives were thus informed of the numerous points where burglarious attacks might be expected, and the result was a large number of arrests of thieves who had theretofore raided unoccupied dwellings with comparative security. This plan the Superintendent has kept up year after year, and now, instead of there being hundreds of such houses robbed, as in former years, the annual report shows that, during 1885, two thousand three hundred and seventy-three vacant houses were reported to the police for guard, and of this number only *five* were entered.

In ten years over twenty thousand houses were reported as temporarily vacant, and of this vast number only one-quarter of one per cent. were broken into by depradators of all classes.

In 1877, in his report, he called attention to the careless manner of storekeepers leaving their wares on the sidewalks exposed to theft, and to the insecurity of cellar gratings. This, in connection with a stricter enforcement of the ordinance against incumbrances, had the desired effect of lessening the number of "sneak robberies" from in front of stores. He has made a special feature of breaking up disorderly places and houses of ill-fame. A few of these sprung up from time to time in unexpected places, while the majority result from the immigration of loose characters from New York. These, seeing and knowing the immense population and wealth of Brooklyn, regard it as a field peculiarly rich for their nefarious calling. They pick out an available house in what they regard as a good neighborhood for their business, generally Adams, Washington or Atlantic Street, Fulton or Carlton Avenue, and throw their doors wide

open. Infrequently a raid is the immediate reply of the vigilant Captain. More often the Captain or Superintendent details a man to stand in front of the house and notify all who enter and depart of its character and of the probability of a police raid that day. The women who frequent such places are, in the main, not degraded, and have some social position to lose; the men are respectable, and dread notoriety and arrest. Such a warning deters them from going in if about to enter, and from returning if when departing. In either case the infamous traffic is ruined, and the proprietor or proprietress, "a sadder and a wiser man," soon shakes the dust of Brooklyn off their feet.

The detective squad of the City of Brooklyn, a department which is now admitted to be the equal of any in the country, and which can show a record of work accomplished which would be a credit to any force in the world, is under the immediate personal direction of the Superintendent, and its efficiency and ability is a subject to which he has always given the closest attention. During his term of service, Brooklyn has been the scene of some very remarkable crimes, and the manner in which they were unearthed, the skill with which the details were uncovered, and the success which attended the efforts to bring the criminals to justice, have all combined to give the department a national reputation, and to make the name of Superintendent Campbell famous as one of the most skilful criminal officers of the age. His management in one celebrated criminal case was remarkable, that of the murder of Sara Alexander by her cousin, Pesach N. Rubenstein, on December 12, 1875. The body of the murdered girl was found in a cornfield,

and after a time identified. It was known that she was shy of male society, one of her friends being Rabbi Rubenstein. Rubenstein was arrested on suspicion, and taken before the Chief. He was about to be locked up, when suddenly Superintendent Campbell said: "Take off your shoes." They were examined and found to contain mud and corn-stalks on the soles, and on examination further, one of the shoes was found to fit exactly an imprint near the scene of the crime. Rubenstein was convicted and sentenced to be hung, but died a few days before the time of his execution, having deliberately starved himself to death.

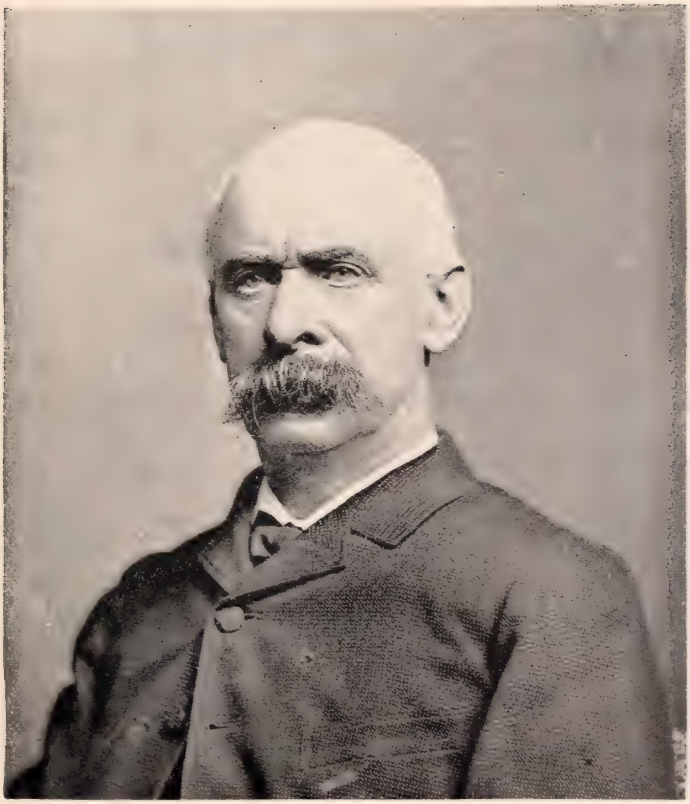
Another notable case was that of the murder of William W. Simmons, on January 27, 1876, by Andreas Fuchs, a case in which Superintendent Campbell sat for eight hours at the telegraph instrument directing the movements of his force until the arrest of the murderer was effected.

The arrest of John H. Wright for the murder of Feron, the junkman; of Welsh, the murderer of Barbara Groventhal, and in scores of other cases, all evidence the high detective skill of Superintendent Campbell in directing the movements of his men.

In no matter was his detective ability and intelligence put to more successful proof than in the Kate Stoddart-Goodrich murder, a case which at the time excited widespread interest, both here and in Europe, and in which he succeeded in effecting the identification of the murderess after it seemed a hopeless task. Charles Goodrich, the murdered man, was a brother of Hon. W. W. Goodrich, who owned a row of handsome brown-stone front houses in a fashionable neighborhood in this city. The brother,

Charles, was allowed to occupy one of them, alone as was supposed, but, as it turned out, a woman was frequently seen at the house. She afterwards proved to be a Miss Lizzie King, alias Kate Stoddard.

On a certain morning in the winter of 1872, Mr. W. W. Goodrich called to see his brother, and finding no one to reply to his rappings, gained the roof of an adjoining house and entered his own. Upon the basement floor he found the body of his dead brother shot through the temple. Suspicion was directed toward Kate Stoddard. A search throughout the United States was made for the presumed murderess. A former acquaintance of Kate Stoddard (a Miss Mary Handley) was employed by the Superintendent to assist. The search continued till the following summer, when it was found that a woman answering Kate Stoddard's description was answering personals through a branch post-office in New York City. It was when Mary Handley was on her way to the post-office that she recognized the woman Stoddard about going on a ferry-boat to New York. She informed an officer at the ferry, who took Kate to the station-house. She stoutly denied her identity to every person, and refused to give her residence. After being kept in the station-house for three days, and still refusing to give the desired information, the Superintendent gathered his detectives about him. He asked them what was to be done in the business. They replied "they did not know." He soon hit upon a successful ruse. He sent out an alarm ordering the entire force on duty, with instructions to visit every house in the city and enquire if any female had been missing for several days. This extreme measure, somewhat unparalleled in the history of police work



JOHN CUNNINGHAM,
Excise Commissioner.

in the great cities, put many families into a state of alarm. It is estimated that two hundred and fifty households who had a wife, daughter, servant or friend absent for the time were greatly exercised. But the result was accomplished. Kate Stoddard's hiding place was found, and the evidence of her guilt obtained in the pistol with which she committed the murder, and the picture of the murdered man and other proofs. She was pronounced insane, and is now an inmate in the Asylum for Insane Criminals, at Utica, in this State.

Mr. Campbell is a model official. He is an admirable master of all the numberless details of his important office. Although firm and determined, he is just and equitable, and no man on the force ever suffered undeservedly at his hands. Advancing years have caused no lessening of the keenness of intellect, the heartiness of manner or the possession of the genial qualities which have made him beloved by his friends and respected by all. Rich and poor alike have access to his presence, and there is no citizen of Brooklyn who does not feel a personal pride in the popular and justly esteemed Superintendent.

Excise Commissioner John Cunningham was born in Ireland forty-eight years ago. He emigrated to this country in 1850, and engaged in the carpenter's trade in New York City. He remained there until 1859 when he came to this city and connected himself with the new horse railroad on Atlantic Avenue. He was one of a body of forty men that left the Navy Yard in 1862, to form a repair station for the blockaders in Key West. After remaining eight or nine months at Key West, Mr. Cunningham returned to Brooklyn, and again became

interested in the railroad interests of the city and by his high probity and executive ability earned the nickname of "Honest John Cunningham." In July, 1863, he helped to organize the Van Brunt Street and Erie Basin Railroad, and was made its Superintendent and later its President, which office he holds at the present time. He was also President of the South Brooklyn Central Railroad for fifteen years. In 1870 Mayor Powell appointed him a member of the Board of Education, in which position he remained until 1882, when Mayor Low selected Mr. Joseph C. Hendrix as his successor. In 1873 he was elected a Commissioner of Charities and served the city in that capacity for three years. He is a member of the St. Patrick's Society, the Emerald Association and The Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum. He has achieved the same success in his present office as in his other callings, and has satisfied the authorities, the liquor dealers, police and press, four horses that few Excise Commissioners were ever heretofore able to ride. In private life he is very popular, and regarded as an "available man" by all organizations in the City.

Excise Commissioner John Schliemann is thirty-eight years of age, and was born in Oldenburgh, Prussia. Leaving his parents, he came to this country alone when but sixteen years of age. He started mercantile life as a clerk in the grocery business upon his arrival in this country but found it hard work. In 1866 he started in the business for himself, at the corner of Grand and Myrtle Avenue. Later, he removed his business to the store at 533 Myrtle Avenue, corner of Steuben Street, which place he now occupies. Mr. Schliemann is an active member of the Retail Grocer's Association, and also



JOHN SCHLIEMANN,
Excise Commissioner.

of Zeradatha Lodge, F. and A. M. He has taken little or no part in politics or public affairs and was, when he entered office, a new and unknown man. Since his installment, he has displayed good judgment, sound common sense and a keen appreciation of the wants of the city. On the one hand, he has granted licenses for all first-class saloons and hotels that were demanded by the changes in population and the growth and extension of the city ; on the other hand, he has resolutely refused any favor to establishments that were disorderly and disreputable in character. The present relations of the Board of Excise and the public are amicable and pleasant, far more so than they were in the preceding six years.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Chief Subordinates of the Department.

Francis L. Dallon, the Deputy-Commissioner of Police.—Starting Life a Lawyer.—His Legal Ability Makes Him a Magistrate.—An Ornament to the Bench.—An Important Official Career.—Inspector John Mackellar.—A Man Whose Humor Has Made Him Famous.—His Life-Work.—From Fighting Rioters When a Youth, to Governing a Great District When a Matured Man.—His Views on Crooked People.—Inspector Edward Reilly.—A Splendid Soldier in the Sixties.—Equally Successful as a Guardian of the Peace.—Inspector McLaughlin.—A Soldier Who Sees Service in the Shenandoah Under Sheridan and Returns With Laurels.—A Natural Detective.—Features of Drilling.

FRANCIS L. DALLON, the popular and efficient Deputy Commissioner of Police is essentially an old Brooklynite. Although not "to the manor born," yet all his business life and official career have been passed in the City of Churches. In the year 1850 he commenced the study of law in the office of Crooke & Campbell, and was admitted to practice in July 1855. His ability and popularity soon gained him a good practice and a widespread reputation for probity and success. In the spring of 1857 he was elected Justice of the Peace in the county, which office he held during two successive terms and resigned in 1866 to take up his residence in Brooklyn. As a magistrate he proved a signal success, displaying judicial talent of a high order, broad common sense and knowledge of



FRANCIS L. DALLON,
Deputy Commissioner of Police.

human nature. During the years 1861 to 1863 he held a position in the sheriff's office under Honorable Anthony F. Campbell, and did much in the admirable management of that office. In 1864 and 1865 he was under Sheriff John McNamee, resigning the same to accept the position of Deputy United States Marshal of the Eastern District of New York, just then established. Upon the resignation of the then Marshal, President Johnson, upon the general request of the best citizens of Brooklyn, New York, and Queens County, at once appointed Mr. Dallon to the position, which he held until the expiration of the term in 1871. His legal and judicial knowledge and experience proved invaluable, and secured the confidence and praise of the national administration. In 1879 he was invited by Sheriff Thomas M. Riley to take charge of the equity department of the office and accepted the offer to the satisfaction of the Brooklyn bar and subsequently he was asked to assume the duties of under Sheriff in addition, and during the remainder of Riley's term was the brains of the department. Under the administration of Mayor Seth Low, Col. John W. Partridge, having been appointed Commissioner of Police and Excise, at once secured the assistance of Mr. Dallon in administering the affairs of the department, an example which was followed by the present incumbent Colonel Thomas Carroll. The New York Record commenting upon this section well-expressed public opinion in Brooklyn when it said,—

"Col. Thomas Carroll on taking charge as Commissioner of the Police Department of Brooklyn, has fully met the expectation of his party friends and the citizens generally. Thus far in filling the appointments in his

Department he has had sole regard to the fitness of the appointee and the faithful enforcement of the laws and rules governing this branch of the city government.

"One of his first official acts was to name Mr. FRANCIS L. DALLON as Deputy Commissioner and Chief Clerk. This is a re-appointment, Mr. Dallon having given abundant proof of his qualifications for the place and his prior practical experience will be of advantage to all who have business with the office. The many persons included in the government of this Department and the varied and intricate questions constantly arising, together with the vast amount of clerical work required, demand on the part of the Deputy Commissioner executive ability of a high order and a familiarity with its duties which Mr. Dallon possesses in an eminent degree.

"Under the new regime the Police Department and all its office affairs will maintain its present high character and as improvements may be suggested by current events doubtless they will be adopted."

Mr. Dallon is now in his fifty-fifth year, hale, hearty and active, and from present indications, able and willing to serve his friends and the public for an indefinite period. In business and official work he is notable for his methodical habits, indefatigable industry, and courtesy to subordinates and the public at large. Dignified, thoughtful and full of the wisdom gained in a long and busy career he is eminently qualified for the position he holds.

A tall, slender and thoughtful man of suave manners and pleasant demeanor, is the first person the visitor meets who enters the Inspector's room. It is John Mackellar, one of the famous members of the force. A



PATRICK H. McLAUGHLIN,
Inspector.

wit and humorist himself, he naturally gravitates toward people of the same type and so has been for years a *bon compagnon* of the bright men of the press. Their jokes upon him have generally been grotesque allusions to his slenderness, describing captures by his sliding into a house through the chimney-flue, a gas-pipe or a broken pane of glass. His retorts have never been printed by the unfortunates who had provoked him. On one occasion, he is said to have sent a message to a reportorial friend, "Run-over accident by horse-car No. 303 of Flatbush Avenue line at 4:30 P. M. Body in station-house—driver Thomas Mullins, escapes—inquest at 9 A. M. to-morrow." The reporter confided the news to but one friend, but inside of a half-hour a dozen irate newspaper men were looking at the body of a dog which had been run over and which lay in solemn state in the station-house yard.

Inspector Mackellar was born in New York City on March 4th, 1842. He moved in 1845 to Brooklyn which has ever since been his home. He was a plucky fireman in the old days of the Volunteer Fire Department. He entered military and police life together in July 1863, when he joined the special force called to suppress the great draft-riots in New York. He was actively engaged during the terrible week they lasted and was bruised and injured in many encounters with the mob. This over, he was transferred to the "Atlantic Dock Squad," a body of first-class men organized to protect the vast and valuable store-houses in that neighborhood from Southern incendiaries, thieves and mobs. In June, 1864, he had made so good a record as to be appointed patrolman by the authorities. He began duty in the forty-

eighth, now the eighth Precinct and remained six months, when he was promoted to acting sergeant. In June, 1872, he was appointed captain. In 1878 he was assigned to the tenth Precinct where he remained five years. He was then advanced to his present position of inspector.

In private life Mackellar is quiet, thoughtful and retiring. He has a vast fund of information and anecdote and can be extremely entertaining. In official life, he is "business to the core." He is always on time and leaves nothing unattended to. He is thoroughly conversant with the duties of the police and the numberless subjects on which information is requisite to make a thorough officer.

Inspector Mackellar knows a good deal about crooked people, and this is the way he talks about them :

"When you feel yourself being hustled, look out for your watch. When your hat gets tipped over your eyes, don't stop to put it back till you have put your hand to your watch pocket." He ought to know what he is talking about, for no man in Brooklyn has seen more of the tricks of the pickpockets. He has been studying them for years, and knows all their ins and outs. Despite the high position he holds in the force, he still keeps his eyes open for the rogues, and catching shoplifters in and about our large retail stores. "It is right by the door of a great dry-goods establishment that we catch a good many of them. These shoplifters work where they can get out easily. Often they work in pairs, one woman standing by the door while the other goes down the aisle ; she comes back and the first one tries her hand at it. They all come dressed for it. That woman's circular, for

instance, makes a handy thing for hiding lifted goods. Generally the shoplifter carries a bag with straps going round her waist, into which she can easily drop anything she can get hold of. I saw a woman once drop some feathers in at the waist. I arrested her. But when we got her to the office not a bag did she have. That woman had fixed her dress so that the whole front of it, from waist to bottom, made a bag, and then piled in round her feet were the feathers and lots of things. One woman played it on us nicely. She put her hands behind her waist, while we were taking her to the office, untied the straps, and dropped the bag, and what could we do about it? She was a professional."

"Do we get many professionals now?"

"Not so many as we used to. They don't like to come to Brooklyn any more. One day we saw a woman throw her shawl over a whole roll of cloth, as she leaned over to examine a piece, and then she walked off with the whole thing under her arm. Another time we saw a little girl by that pile of books sliding one slowly under her shawl. One look was enough to stop her. A muff is a handy thing for shoplifters. The woman puts her muff on a pile of handkerchiefs, and while she examines something with one hand, she quietly pulls handkerchiefs into the muff with the other. We have found muffs jam full of handkerchiefs, ribbons and such things.

These wire screens you see here on the edge of the counter have stopped that thing a good deal. "Once one of my men saw a woman take an umbrella. Then she walked down to a pawn shop. Coming back she took another. And so on till he had seen her take more than a half a dozen. Of course she only took one at a

time, for with two umbrellas she would have been suspected."

"Are shoplifters well-dressed?"

"Yes, many of them are. Some of them are kleptomaniacs, taking little things at first, and, if not detected, keeping it up till they have a regular passion for it. Pickpockets usually dress well, and many of them look like real tony fellows. Often we catch little children just learning the trade. Last week we caught a little girl taking a pocketbook. Three had been stolen within an hour, and thefts had been reported for several days. She said there was no one with her, but I think there was."

"I suppose you have to remember a great many faces?"

"No, we don't have to, though of course we learn the faces of a great many professionals. Most of the people we catch here are strangers to us. You see if we know them they know us, and get out of our sight pretty quick. Then the only way to catch them is to watch from a window or a doorway. Brooklyn crooks, you see, work other cities, and the crooks of other cities come here. So we have to tell them by their actions and looks. A pickpocket will give himself away every time. He will look around to see if anybody is following him, and will do other things to betray himself."

"Pickpockets seldom take the watch, chain and all. They twist the watch off its ring. That's what we call ringing a watch. Then they leave the chain dangling or stick the end back in the pocket so that the man doesn't know his watch is gone till he happens to want to know what time it is. When a pickpocket goes into

a crowd he will begin tapping gently on the outside of pockets to see what is in them. If he finds a purse, he will pull it out so skillfully the victim hasn't any suspicion of what is going on. The women are very clever at opening hand-bags and taking the contents."

Inspector Edward Reilly is a man of fine appearance and Herculean figure. He was born in New York City on June 9th, 1842. He removed with his parents to Brooklyn when a child. On May 4th, 1861, he enlisted in Company G. Ninth New York Volunteers (Hawkin's Zouaves) for two years. He took part in the battle at Big Bethel, and subsequently accompanied Butler's expedition to Cape Hatteras,—participating in the capture of Fort Clarke and Fort Hatteras. He accompanied Burnside's expedition to Roanoke Island and took part in the final charge and capture of the masked batteries.

His regiment had an engagement at South Mills, where they captured the town and took several prisoners, and lost in killed and wounded about a hundred men. They were attached to the Ninth Army Corps. He afterwards participated in the Battles of South Mountain and Antietam. At the latter place, he fought bravely to rashness and was wounded in the thigh and afterwards in the knee. He was confined in the hospital for about six weeks. Previous to and during the battle of Fredericksburg, his company (G) formed Burnside's body guard, and Mr. Reilly took part in both days' fight. His regiment went from Fredericksburg to Suffolk where it was mustered out of service and Mr. Reilly returned home. He re-enlisted in the same regiment after its reorganization and was commissioned second Lieutenant.

He took part in the suppression of the New York riots, and distinguished himself here for coolness and courage, and soon after resigned. On June 9th, 1867, he was appointed patrolman in the Brooklyn Police Department.

He was promoted to Sergeant on June 11th, 1870, and during 1871-2-3 was acting captain of the third Sub-Precinct. This was afterwards made the Eleventh Precinct and he was appointed Captain on September 4th, 1875.

As Captain he made a splendid record for himself. The district he commanded contained many thieves and disorderly characters. It was also the home of stevedores and boatmen. Men of this class are strong, self-assertive and addicted to drink. When intoxicated, they frequently quarrel and are then very dangerous. In such cases brute force, and strength joined with courage, are the only things by which they can be controlled. Here Inspector Reilly proved a power for good, where small or weak men would have been of no value whatever. His tremendous frame, long experience and fearlessness made him the master of the situation whenever he came upon a fight, however large. Remarkable stories are told in this regard. On one occasion he ran across two burly six-footers fighting. He intervened and was immediately assaulted. Nothing daunted he thrashed both single-handed and brought them into submission and the station-house, with hardly a mark to make witness to the encounter.

Captain Reilly became Inspector Reilly July 7th, 1886. His promotion was deserved in every respect and gave universal satisfaction. He is very popular, being noted for his tact and courtesy. In all events of great interest or excitement, he has done so many favors to press and



EDWARD REILLY,
Inspector.

public alike, and has gone so far out of his way to be of assistance to friends, acquaintances and even strangers as to gain the good-will and gratitude of thousands. He possesses a vast fund of interesting information upon crimes and criminals and upon the work of his office.

That private office of the Inspector's would show some strange things, if all the scenes that have been there could be reflected from the walls again. Of course the Inspector's methods are his own, and he does not talk about them. A leader of a gang was held here for murder, which was cruel and cold-blooded; but they were close-mouthed. To prevent them from making any combine that would interfere with the work of getting evidence, they were all arrested on charges that were easily enough found, and locked up where they were safe and separate. The Inspector got the web woven about the murderer, but he wanted to fix it beyond all chance of failure by getting a confession. It is not an easy thing to make a man put a halter round his own neck, but it has to be done.

Inspector Patrick H. McLaughlin is about medium height, powerfully built, and dark-complexioned. He is quiet, modest and good-natured, always happy to assist a friend or make himself remembered by a chance acquaintance by some good deed or word. He was made Police Inspector in July, 1886, since which time the entire corps at Police Headquarters have become very much attached to him, for he never interferes with any one until they call themselves to notice by some mistake or willful negligence of their daily duty. This trait places the men on their honor, which is, with scarcely an exception, never damaged. Forty-five years ago, on the 8th of August, In-

spector McLaughlin first saw the light of day in the city of Brooklyn. As a boy he always led his companions in their games ; and while at school he was bright, learned his lessons quickly and always permanently retained the knowledge which he had gained.

After leaving school he learned the trade of iron moulding, at which he became a proficient workman. He followed it until 1861, when the war of the rebellion broke out. He enlisted in the 173d Regiment New York State Volunteers as a private, and went to the front. He served his country for over three years, during which time he saw more than his share of active service. He was with General Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley, with General Banks in the Gulf, and saw many bloody battles in Louisiana. He was at Port Hudson, and New Orleans when it was captured by the Northern forces. He was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant for bravery in the Shenandoah Valley with Sheridan, and was often complimented by his superior officers. After the war was over he returned to Brooklyn, and January 11th, 1866, he was appointed on the police force and assigned as a patrolman to duty in the Fifth Precinct. While in the Fifth Precinct he distinguished himself by many important arrests. He always could, and can to this day, detect a man who is a crook, and not a few of his captures have been made on suspicion, which often terminated in the conviction of some criminal of great importance who was wanted for daring burglaries or a bloody murder.

He was made roundsman in 1869, and assigned to the Third Sub-Precinct. A few weeks later in the year he was made sergeant, and in July he became captain of the



JOHN MACKELLAR,
Inspector.

Eighth Precinct. Four months later he was transferred to the Ninth Precinct, where he remained and continued to add to his excellent record until 1886, when he was appointed Inspector.

He devotes much of his time to drilling and instructing new-comers, this being auxiliary to the technical training they receive elsewhere.

At an appointed time in the week the officers of the "awkward squad" assemble in the instruction room. Each man has his buttons and the buckles on his belt well polished, and his whole uniform in excellent order, although the assemblage is not for the dress parade. It is the regular meeting for instruction in the duties which devolve upon a policeman.

The object of the instruction is to prepare the officers for prompt and intelligent action under any circumstances which may arise. The inexperienced men are instructed how to guard property and detect criminals, and the habits and methods of the burglar and sneak-thief are made the subject of lectures by the superior officers.

Certain evenings are set apart for the answering of questions propounded by the pupils with the desire of getting information. The new men puzzle the older heads with interrogatories as to whether they have a right to break open the door of a house when they hear a woman scream, or how much noise a man may make on the street late at night in order to justify his arrest. How much "sass" must a policeman take from a prisoner before he uses his club, was one of the questions propounded recently by a patrolman. Ambitious newcomers frequently make remarkable progress. In one

case a young man in the class was found to have learned Dr. Stiles' History of Brooklyn by heart.

Many of the raw recruits are very unsophisticated and at times afford considerable amusement to the Inspectors. McLaughlin tells in this regard the following story :

"I was breaking in a new member of the force. At roll call a number of general alarms from Police Headquarters were read out to the men. The new man acted as if worried about something. When he got outside, the puzzled look had not yet left his face : he asked a friend who had acted as instructor:

" 'Look here, Patrick, what am I to do ? They read out so many of those alarms that I could not catch them all. I remember the description of that gray-headed old codger that is wanted for bunco steering ; and the kid that's missing and has probably gone West to shoot Indians with a rusty revolver and a capital of a nickel ; and the young tough that's wanted for nearly killing his mother because she would not give him money to buy beer with, I suppose ; but what was that last alarm the Sergeant read off about somebody missing from home ?'

" 'Aw' yees listened ter all that, did yees ?' queried his instructor. 'Well, oi didn't an' whin you've been in ther bizness a little longer you won't be listhening ter thim alarums. We niver pay ther least attintion ter him.'"

CHAPTER IX.

THE CHIEF SUBORDINATES OF THE DEPARTMENT.
(*Continued.*)

FREDERICK L. JENKINS, CLERK OF THE SUPERINTENDENT.—A BORN STUDENT, STATISTICIAN AND SCIENTIST.—HIS LIFE-WORK BRIEFLY CONSIDERED.—HIS CONTRIBUTIONS TO POLICE LITERATURE AND GENERAL SERVICE:—WILLIAM H. MULDOON, PROPERTY-CLERK.—A FAMOUS JOURNALIST, WIT AND HUMORIST.—A CAREFUL OFFICIAL.—HIS DUTIES.—THOMAS CARROLL, JR., CLERK OF THE COMMISSIONER.—A ST. JOHNS' COLLEGE MAN WHO IS DOING WELL.—A HARD WORKER.—WILLIAM D. LOHMAN, CASHIER OF EXCISE.—A TYPICAL GERMAN.—THE SUCCESS AND POPULARITY OF A TAMMANY GRADUATE.—ALMET F. JENKS.—CORPORATION COUNSEL.—A FEW LINES UPON A DISTINGUISHED LAWYER.

FREDERICK L. JENKINS, the distinguished clerk of the Superintendent of Police, was born in the Tenth Ward, of the city of New York, on July 8th, 1844. His father, a prominent member of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, died when he was but three months old, leaving the care of a large family to the mother. Necessity compelled him to begin the battle of life at the early age of ten, with but a trifling amount of education. He was ambitious of intellectual power, even at that time, and devoted his evenings, Sabbaths and holidays to reading and study. He learned the type-founding trade, and from that passed into the employ of the Cromwell line of steamships. The war drew him into its service, and work of the hardest. During its four years, he was either supercargo or clerk on the valuable transports which supplied the Union troops on the Southern sea-

board with the necessaries of war and of life. He was one of the officers of the schooner Sam Colt, the first vessel that ascended the James River to Richmond after the close of the war. He remained in the steamship business until December 5, 1870, when he was appointed clerk to the Superintendent by the then incumbent, Patrick Campbell, a position he has ever since retained, despite the changes in the administration of the city and the personal heads of the police department.

The steadiness of habits acquired in early youth, and pursued to maturity, became second nature, and mark Mr. Jenkins to-day as much as in the years when he was a poor boy, endeavoring to assist a widowed mother by the hardest work. By degrees, he ranged alongside of those who had enjoyed all the advantages of life, and then passed them by in the race of intellectual power. In 1874, the fruits of his study were made manifest in an able monograph on Sociology and Herbert Spencer, that appeared in the Eagle.

The ability and originality of the article attracted more than ephemeral attention. It was editorially criticised in the journal where it appeared, was quoted by many periodicals of high standing, and disclosed the author in a new light to his friends, and especially to his fellow officials. From that time till to-day, he has been an indefatigable literary and philosophical writer, and has made many valuable additions to statistics, sociology, penology and kindred sciences. Among his many contributions to local and general literature may be mentioned: "Sociology," Eagle, Sept. 14, 1874; "Excise Statistics and Comparative Tables," Eagle, Aug. 13, 1877; "An Introduction to Criminal Statistics in the Tenth U.S.



FREDERICK L. JENKINS.

Census;" "Statistics of Indigency for Kings County," in the same; "History of the Census," New York Tribune, Nov. 28, 1879; "Police and Criminal Statistics," Brooklyn Magazine, Dec., 1878; "Police and Criminal Statistics," New York Sentinel, Feby. 28, 1880, and March 6, 1880; "Our Moral Status," Eagle, Aug. 2, 1880; "Juvenile Crime," Eagle, June 26, and July 3, 1881; "On a Juvenile Reformatory," Eagle, Union and Times, May 14, 1882, Herald, Aug. 5, 1882; statistics in article in Princeton Review, January, 1883, entitled "Disfranchisement for Crime," by Prof. Colby; annual Police Reports of Department for past fourteen years.

The ability and originality of thought in these articles, the masterly manner of handling statistics, the admirable style and lucid treatment have made the author known and respected by the scientific and philanthropic world.

The National Conference of Charities and Correction in 1884 appointed the following committee on Police System and Administration: F. L. Jenkins, Chairman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; General Thomas H. Taylor, Louisville, Ky.; Elmer Washburn, Chicago, Ill.; Hon. John W. Andrews, Columbus, Ohio; Hon. J. K. Barney, Providence, R. I.

At this Conference, as Chairman, he contributed a paper, entitled "The Police and Juvenile Crime," which was favorably commented upon, and went through the press with favorable consideration, and was treated to some flattering editorials.

The arrangements made by him of the blanks used in the preparation of the Annual Report have simplified matters to a remarkable degree. The designation of the

various offences under the proper head was endorsed by the District Attorney's office.

Mr. Jenkins' office is of great importance. A person, to properly make himself useful to the public in this position, should be at all times ready to give, on the instant, any information requested concerning the duties performed by the Police ; the Ordinances of the Cityand the Laws of the State he should at all times be familiar with. Much time, study and attention to business are required. He may not always receive the credit due him, but is somewhat repaid with the consciousness of duty well performed.

His duties are to keep the correspondence of the Superintendent's office, issue all orders to the force, record violations and forward same to the proper departments, issue permits for processions and parades, also permits for masquerades.

His duties require him to arrive early and stay longer than any other clerk employed by the city. He is not allowed the same short hours afforded other clerks during the summer season, and is paid a small salary compared to the kind and amount of work required of him.

On January 1st, 1885, The Brooklyn Police Mutual Aid Association was organized, and he was appointed Treasurer, and has since been re-elected.

The Association started with 621 members, and now (April 1, 1887,) has a membership of 782, out of a force of 902. No other similar police association, where the payment is voluntary, can present so large a percentage of the force.

William H. Muldoon, the property clerk, has a national reputation as a writer and all-around journalist. He



WILLIAM H. MULDOON.

was born in New York City, June 24, 1848, and there resided until 20 years of age. He received a good education, and at an early age evinced a strong leaning toward literary pleasures. He began his journalistic career at the lowest step—the printer's case. Here, in the employ of Major Prall, he gained so thorough a knowledge of the art of Caxton, that when twenty years of age he could set type, "make up" a paper, and run an 8-cylinder press. This hard training was invaluable to him in after years, making him an acquisition of the best type to any newspaper where emergencies are liable to occur. In 1867, he started reporting for the Brooklyn *Union*. His wit and satire, humor and delightful descriptive power were immediately recognized by his employers, who promoted him step by step, until he had filled the positions of Albany correspondent, assistant city editor, city editor, and assistant managing editor. He became rapidly known to the press as a forcible and ready writer, an able editor, and a first-class correspondent. He was welcome at every office, and always found a position ready for him wherever he applied. In this wise he has filled responsible places upon the *Eagle*, and *Sunday Sun*, of Brooklyn; the *Tribune*, *Star*, *Morning Journal* and *Truth* of New York, and many other newspapers and periodicals. As a writer he excels in many respects. In humor he equals Bob Burdette, Bill Nye and Max Adler. His Coney Island Sketches in *Truth* and the *Morning Journal* were so whimsical and grotesque as to be republished in hundreds of papers the world over, and to elicit laughter in England and Australia as well as in the twin cities of the East River. His burlesques on the politicians of Brooklyn were the best features of the *Sun-*

day Journal and N. Y. *Star*, and gave these journals a large part of their circulation. His fund of wit and humor was so inexhaustible, that it was utilized by his friends and reappeared in many odd burlesques by formerly famous knights of the pen. His descriptive power is excellent *per se*, but gains a strength peculiar to Muldoon in his marvelous power of epigram. Beneath his fun there are always sound common sense and a good purpose. In all his works he has, in one way or another, attacked shams and wrongs, and done much, as reporter, correspondent and editor, to destroy political ills and advance the best interests of the city.

He first held office under Commissioners Briggs, Pylum and Hurd, when he was property clerk. He made so praiseworthy a record then, that when the department again became Democratic in 1886, he was immediately chosen to fill his old place.

Thomas Carroll, Jr. the Clerk of the Police Department, is a son of the Commissioner, and resembles him in appearance and expression. He was born in Staten Island, N. Y., July 13th, 1854. He was educated in the public schools of Brooklyn, in which city he has resided nearly all his life, and afterwards entered St. John's College, whence he was graduated in the class of 1873. After graduation he entered the house of Dohan, Carroll & Co., of which his father was one of the partners, and was employed there for many years. As a student, he was assiduous, faithful and capable, standing well in his class and graduating with honorable distinction. As a clerk in mercantile life, he displayed the same characteristics and earned the esteem of his superiors. He was appointed to his present place in February, 1886, and has



THOMAS CARROLL, Jr.

proved himself a careful, trustworthy and efficient official. In the keeping of the Department books, the arrangement of official documents, the classification of papers and the superintendence of the large epistolary work of the office, he has displayed considerable ability. His office, however much a sinecure it may have been to any predecessor, finds in him an active and ever working occupant.

The face of William D. Lohmann, the Cashier of the Board of Excise, is very familiar to the citizens of Brooklyn and New York. He was born of German parentage, in the latter city, April 11th, 1845, and received a superior education in both English and German. Until 1886 he never held any political office, but was engaged in different business concerns. He took an interest in political matters at an early age, and on account of his popularity with the voters of both the nationalities named, as well as his familiarity with the two tongues, soon occupied a prominent position in the party organization. He thus became a leading member of Tammany Hall, and long enjoyed the friendship and esteem of its sachems and warriors. He turned his face southward in 1877, and left Gotham for Brooklyn, where he has ever since been domiciled. In the latter city he was as active as in his former home, and in a short time was a foremost member in the Saengerbund—Brooklyn's largest German musical and social organization—as well as a valued worker in the Democratic ranks. He was a friend of ex-Comptroller Ludwig Semler, Anton Weber, John Schliemann and other representative Democrats. Upon the appointment of Carroll, Schliemann and Cunningham, as Commissioners of

Excise of Brooklyn, he was selected to fill the important post of Cashier. The responsibility of the office may be estimated from the fact that each year it issues over 3,000 licenses to sell ales, wines and liquors, and receives in fees over three hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Lohmann has shown himself a capable, diligent and reliable custodian of the public funds.

Corporation Counsel Almet F. Jenks is a son of the late Hon. Granville T. Jenks, one of the most brilliant forensic orators that Brooklyn ever possessed. He is thirty-three years of age, and for a long time served in the office of the District Attorney. He is a gentleman well versed in law, a fluent speaker and graceful writer. During three years he was one of the most industrious assistants in the office of the Prosecuting Counsel. Mr. Jenks is a graduate of Yale College, Class of 1875, and of the Columbia Law School, Class of 1877. In social circles he has a large acquaintance, and is a member of both the Brooklyn and Hamilton Clubs. Much of the credit in working up the Groblewski and Herrick murder cases is due to Mr. Jenks, who gave the police a great deal of assistance in the course of their investigations. He is a son-in-law of Bishop Littlejohn, and is a member of the Episcopal Church. He was never identified with any party organization, but has been, and is, a typical Independent. In his present capacity he is the legal adviser of the city, as well as of the Police Department, and has already been of invaluable service to both. His legal opinions are based on thorough study and research, are elegantly and intelligibly expressed, and thus far have been approved by the Superior Court in every case. Excepting the Hon. William C. Dewitt, he has had no equal in the office in very many years.

CHAPTER X.

Special Features of the Police Department.

THE POLICE TELEGRAPH.

When Started.—Its Early Equipment.—George H. Flanley and His Work.—Where Situated.—Early Way of Working.—The Staff in Those Days.—The Telephone.—The Present Force.—The 1887 Statute.—Difficulties Under the Civil Service.—The "Three Trains."—Home for Reporters.

THE PATROL WAGON.

When Started.—Its First Job.—How it Works.—The Patrol-Wagoneers.—Paddy Dowd and the Bridge.—A Drunken Virago.—A Heavy Load.

THE PATROL BOXES.

Begun in 1886.—Gamewell the Inventor.—Description of Box.—How it is Worked.—The Calls and Answers.—Telephone vs. Pearson and Jones.—A Watch Upon Watchmen.—The Expansion of the System.

THE DEODANDS.

The Deodands.—What They Are.—A Curious Word.—Groblewski's Poison.—Homicidal Knives.—A Bloody Bed-slat.—A Deadly Hammer.—A Fatal Cart-rung.—A Historic Axe.—Dark Lantern and Mask.—Pistols and Counterfeits.

THE BUREAU OF BOILER INSPECTION.

When Organized.—Its Personnel.—Where to Get Your Boiler Mended.—Why it is Necessary.—William A. Powers, the Superintendent.—His Heroic Record.—The Inspectors.—The Superintendent's Duties.—Boilers at Large.—Engineers.—The Four Degrees in Their Freemasonry.—Misdemeanors.—Mr. Buck Falls Up Against the Law and Gets the Worst of it.—The Law a Beneficial One.—The Jewells' Flour Mills Explosion.—The Greenpoint Foundry Blown up.—Public School Boilers.—As Innocent as Kittens.

THE AMBULANCE SERVICE.

A Modern Idea Started in 1878.—Who Controls and Has Custody of the Wagons.—Who Pays for the Luxury.—The Ambulance Surgeons all First-class Men.—How Appointed.—The Horses.—How the Machine Works.—Rules and Regulations.—Relations with the Police.—How They Treat the Injured.—The Different Districts.—The Kinds of Patients.—Additions to Come.—The Good Work Accomplished.

The Police Telegraph.

ONE OF the most important and useful adjuncts to the police force is the Telegraph Bureau, which for years has been rated as one of the best managed and equipped in the world. When it was first established in 1854, with its headquarters in the basement of the City Hall, it boasted of just one Robinson dial instrument, with its slow method of transmitting orders and messages from one station to another by electric bells. One continuous circuit connected the ten precincts then existing in Brooklyn, and for some months after the first communication flashed over the wire, detectives detailed from the several precincts and headquarters had charge of the operating under George H. Flanley's superintendence.

The present Bureau is located in the Municipal Building, with Frank C. Mason as its superintendent, George H. Flanley having resigned three years ago, after thirty years of faithful duty. Mason is a thorough electrician, and keeps the system in such a condition, that a break lasting more than five minutes is almost an impossibility. Two bright, well-furnished rooms constitute the suites of offices, while all about the walls the electric paraphernalia show the extent of the work done by the force of men at present constituting the corps of operators.

For a number of years after the bureau was established, the facilities for the transmission of messages were extremely small. Now and then when a new precinct or sub-precinct was added to the original ten, another dial would be placed in position at headquarters. When the building on the corner of Livingston and Court Streets was occupied by the department, the force of operators was increased. The complete staff was then composed of William Gear, Thomas Williams, and William J. McKelvey, all well up in police duties, besides being experts in the Code Manual, used in the transmission of messages.

In those days, when an order was to be sent to a precinct, the operator would call it up by so many taps on the dial, which would be responded to; and then followed the long method of so many bells, meaning some word or sentence. If it was a general order, by means of manipulating the plugs in the switch-board, all the stations were communicated with at once. If one precinct desired another, it was obtained by joining two circuits together. This placed eight or ten precincts on the same line, and kept up a continual clanging of a gong in all the station-houses, enough to disturb the sergeant on duty and the prisoners calmly sleeping in the cells below. Even in the present day the old dial system is occasionally used in the transmission of some general order or a fire alarm.

In the fall of 1883 the telephone found its way into the police work. It consisted of a line between Police Headquarters in New York City and Brooklyn. It was found to work so well that a new wire was run separate from headquarters to each precinct in the city. In October a

new switch board was placed in position, and another line, making three in all, built to every station. It worked admirably, and shortened the time consumed in giving orders from nine to two minutes, which, in cases requiring despatch, has often resulted in the capture of some important criminal or shortened the worryment of some mother, wife or sister, whose child, husband or brother, having fallen sick, or into the hands of miscreants, were kept from their homes.

Of the present force, naught can be said but praise of their ability and efficiency in rendering aid to the police. Their work not only extends over the field of criminals and crime, but accident and misfortune is treated even with more despatch than the usual report. The staff now includes Frank C. Mason, Superintendent ; William R. Gear, Thomas Williams, Thomas J. Cornell, James Keenan, James Campbell, John Maloy, operators ; and Augustine Manee and William McConnell, linemen ; all of whom, excepting Gear and Cornell, served apprenticeships as clerks before they were appointed to their present positions. The duties of the position require a complete knowledge of the entire department. To become perfectly proficient the operators must have done precinct duty. Gear was in the Second Precinct, Williams saw service in the Third, Cornell in the First and Eleventh, the latter of which he was at one time Captain. Keenan spent many years in the South Brooklyn precincts, Maloy was at the Twelfth and Thirteenth, while Campbell acquired his extensive knowledge of police matters at the Twelfth. The linemen's only duty is to attend to breaks in the wires. The building of

new lines and the care of the batteries, is a branch done by third parties, as the linemen have spent almost a score of years in their present positions, and have a complete knowledge of police subjects in general.

Until the second of May, 1887, the telegraph deputies were not legally connected with the police force, but on that day a bill was signed by Governor Hill, which not only brings them within the protection of the civil service law, but entitles them to be retired on a pension, as are the regular members of the force. An examination for a position as operator in the civil service routine, is one of the most difficult on the list. No one but an experienced police official can answer the first questions regarding the routine police duties, and only a good telegraph operator has a knowledge of the telephone, telegraph and switch-board workings. The corps of operators is divided into three sections, each working eight hours. The squad on duty from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon is called the "Day Accommodation." The next section is on duty from four in the afternoon until midnight, and is known as the "Evening Express." The "Owl Train" whistles "off brakes" at midnight, and connects with the "Day Accommodation" at eight in the morning. The men on these trains are never employed on the same work two weeks in succession, but change about from the switch-board to the record book, and thence to the daily blotter, in which is kept a full detailed account of everything happening in the existing twenty-four hours.

The telegraph bureau is the resort of all the reporters, for whose benefit little slips containing a brief statement of every event are hung upon easily accessible wires.

Large numbers of citizens daily seek information, and receive it, as far as is known, from the operators on duty.

The Patrol Wagon.

In November, 1886, the Police Commissioners put the first police patrol wagon into commission, and stabled it in Union Alley, near Myrtle Avenue. The system, though new to Brooklyn, had been tried with great success in both Philadelphia and Chicago. The wagon had not been in commission two hours before it received a telephone call from the First Precinct, to hurry to the corner of Gold Street and Myrtle Avenue. The distance, over five blocks, was covered in less than three minutes. On the corner lay a man beastly intoxicated. The system used to get the unconscious man into the wagon, was applied on this occasion. In the first place, the officer in the wagon hooks his fingers into the prisoner's collar and lifts him into the wagon, where he is laid at full length on the floor. This manœuvre does not take more than a minute, and before the tail-board is again placed into position, the wagon starts for the station-house, while the clang, clang of the big gong, manipulated by the driver's foot, warns the pedestrians and vehicles ahead to move out of the way.

The entire force employed on the patrol wagon are: William Dunham and J. F. Burnes, and George Campbell and Michael J. Ambro, alternate crews. All four were appointed from the regular force. They like the work better than post duty, and tell some very interesting and humorous stories relating to the arrests made

since the wagon's advent, especially during the first two or three weeks of active service.

It seems that one night in December, "Paddy" Dowd, a Fifth Ward politician, got into a row, and having done too much homage to Bacchus, fell into the sheltering arms of a First Precinct policeman. The patrol wagon was sent to bring in the intoxicated "Paddy," who, thinking it a new feature in the spree, climbed in and asked to be taken to the Bridge. When he arrived at the station-house, he refused to get out, saying he wanted to go to the Bridge, and offered to pay his fare. "I'm a sucker," he ejaculated, as he fumbled for a stray nickle. Of course, force was used, and as he screamed for help, the officers dropped him over the tail-board.

About six o'clock another morning, Dunham and Burnes were sitting in the stable trying to keep awake, when the telephone rang. It was a call to the most distant box in the precinct, Hudson Avenue and Nassau Street. The morning was bitter cold, and the snow creaked beneath the wheels of the wagon, as it hurried along. On the corner in question was found a woman, lying full length in the snow, drunk and almost nude. She refused to dress. Nothing could persuade her, and she howled and yelled at the top of her voice, arousing the entire neighborhood. Dunham hurried the horse, and in about nine minutes the party arrived at the station-house. The woman was carried inside, and Burnes says he could have taken the whole affair as a good joke and thought nothing more about it if she had not perspired to such an extent that big beads of the fluid stood out upon her forehead and all over her body.

About the heaviest load the wagon carried was one

morning when seven officers captured eight burglars in a Fifth Ward cellar. The entire party was brought to the station-house without any uncomfortable crowding. "But the best joke of all," says Driver Dunham, "is when we capture four or five drunks on one trip. It just makes me think of a can of worms when you go fishing, to see them all on the floor of the wagon, squirming about to get in a comfortable position."

The Patrol Boxes.

For years the Police Authorities of Brooklyn have fully recognized the importance of providing some means of instant communication between the station houses and officers on post.

In the early part of the summer of 1886, the work of constructing patrol boxes in the First Precinct was commenced and when the first day of August arrived, sixteen were put in working order. The system in use is the Gamewell, the same as is employed in Chicago. It consists of a circular iron box about three feet in diameter, and seven feet high, painted green. Inside this box can be found a telephone and a dial box, similar to the ones in use by the American District Telegraph Company only on a much larger scale and with a bell on top. This is used to inform the officer on post that his signal has been heard by the roundsman in the station house. At the latter place sits a roundsman always on duty, calmly enjoying the warmth of a glowing stove in the winter, or a cool, refreshing breeze during the sultry summer months. The dials in the iron boxes are faced with block rubber on which is printed the several calls. A lever projects from the right of the dial, which on

being pressed down and then released prints on a tape at the station house, the number of the box from which the call is sent. This informs the roundsman that the officer has made an arrest and wants the patrol wagon. The roundsman then presses a button on his desk which rings the bell before mentioned. That done, he telephones to the stable, from whence the wagon goes direct to the box in question. In case the officer wishes to use the telephone, an indicator on the dial is pushed one point to the left and the lever pressed as before. The ticker then registers the number of the box, with one dash following. Take for instance, box No. 27 at the corner of Washington and Nassau Streets. If the policeman wishes to quell a riot or disturbance of any magnitude, he moves the indicator another point to the left and the call is printed 27 – —. The next point is for an ambulance. It registers 27 — — —. Fire, 27 — — — — and a test call 27 – — — — —. If any further information is desired or wished to be transmitted to the station, the telephone is used.

The patrol boxes can only be used by the officers of the Precinct who carry the keys. If a citizen discovers a fire or any other disturbance requiring police assistance, he must find an officer, who communicates with the station house.

A question as to whether the telephone system was better than the one devised by Messrs. Pearson & Jones, at present used in New York, which is worked on the signaling plan exclusively, received considerable notice at the time the boxes were in course of construction and for some weeks after they were put in use ; but it was decided that although the New York system transmitted the

messages secretly, it was slower. Aside from this, it is less explicit, and the half of the conversation heard by an outsider would not impart enough knowledge to interfere with the plans ,of the police. On the other hand, the patrolman is shut up in the box through which very little if any sound can be heard outside.

Each patrolman is required to report hourly from the box on his post. If there are two, he must send in his "O. K." first from one and then the other. This breaks up the old way of an officer taking a quiet doze in some convenient stable or saloon and keeps him constantly, though at times unwillingly on the alert for lawbreakers. He is given ten minutes grace in making his report. If it is exceeded, an account must be rendered to the Sergeant at the desk when the officers' rounds are ended.

The telephone system is a necessary prelude to the adoption of the patrol wagon which is now in use and described elsewhere; the consummation of this great improvement is hailed with satisfaction by everybody connected with the Police Department. It has already greatly improved the efficiency of the force and rendered the way of the transgressor even harder than it is proverbially supposed to be.

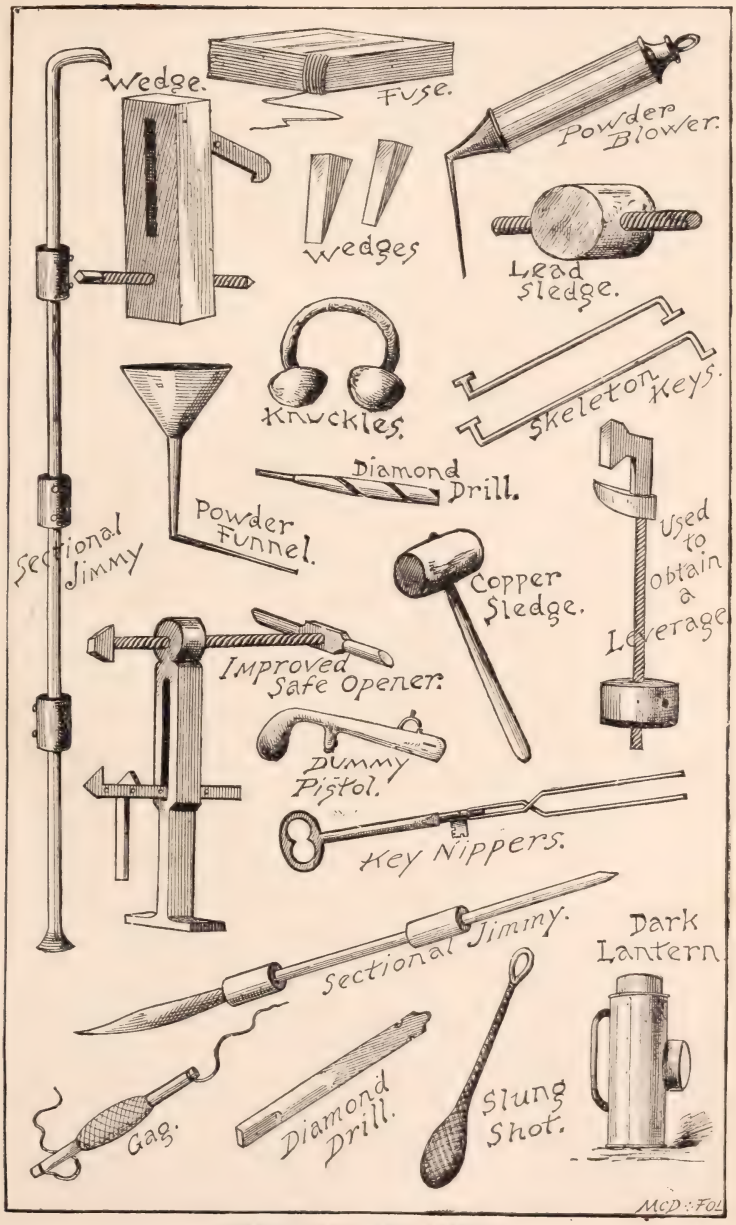
The system will be extended throughout the entire city as soon as the proper arrangements can be made for the erection of the wires and boxes. Already a few boxes have been placed in position in the Fourth Precinct, but as yet, have not been used, as no patrol wagons are in readiness to work with them. The roundsmen all look eagerly forward to the time when patrol

duty will be a thing of the past, except a short time during the afternoon of every third day.

The Deodands.

In the office of the District Attorney is kept a collection of miscellaneous articles taken from criminals since 1850. The group is known as the deodands. This word is a curious survival of the middle ages. In the days when ecclesiasticism was a preponderating power in European civilization, the church made a claim that everything whereby a man met his death should be given to God (that is, itself). This was acceded to by the feudal authorities, the crown and the people. The name, giving to God (Deo-dandus) was applied to the donor, and thence to the thing given. It was broadly construed, and included the bull, ox or cow that gored, the horse that kicked or bucked, the boar or sow that bit, and the weapon that inflicted the fatal blow. It proving a fruitful source of revenue to the lords-abbott, the custom was extended to all articles with which crimes were committed. With the decadence of the church and the substitution of the king for the pope as the head of the ecclesiastical organization by Henry VIII, the custom was continued, and proved very remunerative to the crown. It became a part of the common law, and prevailed in that shape in this country until the revolution. The people then took the place of the king, and the police and District Attorney became the custodians of the articles forfeited. To-day it is confined to weapons, burglar's tools, illegal goods, and many objects related or belonging to crimes and criminals.

The deodands comprise over fifteen hundred burglar tools and instruments of destruction. The articles are contained in a handsome cabinet, and are interesting though ghastly. They are numbered to correspond with the pages of a catalogue, in which the facts of the crimes are related. Directly in the centre of the cabinet are hung fine pieces of white card-board, on which are strung thirty queer-looking glass tubes. These tubes are discolored, as though burned, but the black spots are small particles of arsenic found by means of these tubes in the stomachs of the two wives of Groblewski, who is now in the lunatic asylum for his insane act. To the right of the card-boards are two photographs of Gonzales and Pellicer, who on the night of November 23, 1865, killed their companion, Don Jose Garcia Otero, in City Park, near the Navy Yard, and robbed him of nearly twenty-five thousand dollars. The murderers were afterwards captured, and on October 12, 1866, hung in Raymond Street Jail. In another part of the collection are a group of knives, used by Andreas Fuchs, in the performance of one of the most dastardly crimes ever committed. On the twenty-eight of January, 1876, some children playing among the piles of lumber in the yard of Englis & Son, ship-builders, found between one of the piles and the fence, a bloody human head, wrapped in the fragments of a German newspaper. The police were notified, and an investigation was immediately begun. The head was identified as belonging to William Simmons, an axle maker, who had worked in the foundry of Messrs. Jones & Henry, in Greenpoint. Inquiry revealed the fact that Simmons had a friend named Andreas Fuchs, whom he had been in the habit of visiting at 92 North Third Street.



BANK BURGLARS' OUTFIT.

Fuchs was arrested, and the detectives went to his apartment in the hope of discovering some evidence of his guilt. The result of the search was most revolting. In various portions of the room occupied by Fuchs were found pieces of human flesh and dismembered portions of a human body. A trunk was also found filled with the ghastly particles. The murderer confessed that he had killed Simmons, but it was after he had discovered that the latter was having improper relations with his wife. On the eleventh of April, Fuchs was found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be hanged. His sentence was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life. After a short stay in prison he became violently insane, and was removed to the State Asylum. A blood-stained bed slat rests in one corner of the cabinet. With this instrument, James Flaherty killed his drunken wife in the rear of 96 North Fifth Street, on the eighteenth of September, 1882. He was arrested, found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sent to Sing Sing for life. Number one hundred and sixty-one is an innocent-looking hammer, but upon investigation it turns out to be the instrument used by John M. Wright in the killing of Bernard Feron, a junkman. For this crime Wright got a life sentence. Immediately below hangs, suspended by a cord, an object, one would suppose to be the bone of some animal, but which in the book of facts is said to be a part of Feron's skull. Another interesting relic is the cart-rung used by Henry Rogers, a member of the "Battle Row Gang," in the murder of Officer John Donohue, on the seventh of July, 1872. The blow must have been a terrific one, as the weapon is split in four places. Attached to the rung is a telegram from Governor Hoff-

man denying a respite for Rogers, who was hung on December 6, 1872.

At the top of the collection is a knife, the sight of which is enough to cause an observer to shiver. The blade is about thirteen inches long, and one and a quarter wide. With it Eschardt Schneider, an Eastern District butcher, successfully put an end to the career of Jacob Jolger, of 169 Throop Avenue. A long-handled axe, numbered one hundred and sixty four, was used by John Oysterman to kill his wife, Caroline, and a knife placed to the right was the instrument with which Oysterman endeavored to take his own life when the officers came to arrest him. He was sent to Sing Sing for life. Number one hundred and sixty-five is the cap and club worn by Officer Stone, when he was stoned to death on Atlantic Street, near Columbia, in the latter part of 1879, by a number of roughs. A cut in the top of the hat shows where the instrument of final destruction struck. Daniel Burke was found guilty of the murder, and sent to the Penitentiary for seven years. The gun with which Michael Myners shot and killed Patrick McDermott on the seventeenth of July, 1879, at 34 Hudson Street, occupies a prominent place in the collection. An old-fashioned daguerreotype, number one hundred and sixteen, is placed away down in the right corner of the cabinet, almost as to be unperceivable. It represents the features of Ignatz Ratsky, the murderer of Sigismund Zillner, who was sent to Sing Sing for life, and was afterwards pardoned. The dark lantern, cap, false face and tools found upon the person of John Montgomery, a burglar, on his arrest in 1868, form a separate group in the upper left hand corner of the collection. Other relics of inter-

est are the pistol used by Thomas Armstrong in the murder of his step-father, William A. Herrick, in 1885; the knife with which Mike Kenney killed John Roamsburg; the knife that Thomas McKeon used to kill John Connolly; the pocket knife that caused the death of Mrs. John Mills at the hands of her husband; a lamp Patrick Kenney threw at his wife, thereby causing her death; the razor with which William H. Skidmore cut his throat while in jail awaiting trial for the murder of Jacob Carr; the pistol Thomas Yates used to kill Officer Curran in 1864; counterfeit plates of notes on the Westfield Bank, taken from Jeremiah Cowsdon, a clever counterfeiter at Verona Place; and the cowhide Thomas Burke used to whip his wife to death.

Mr. Joseph Bagnarello, interpreter for the District Attorney's office, has had charge of the deodands for four years. He is a walking encyclopædia of criminal history, and is a valuable help to visitors athirst for knowledge.

The Bureau of Boiler Inspection.

With the organization of the police department, provision was made for the testing and inspection of boilers, the examination and license of engineers in all that pertains to the management of steam engines, and the prohibition of unlicensed engineers from employment within the city limits. From its inception therefore, the Bureau of Boiler Inspection has been a portion of the police department. It consists of a Superintendent, clerk and five inspectors, and its office is on the fourth floor of the Municipal Department Building. Besides performing the

work mentioned in respect to testing and examining boilers and graduating engineers, it is the duty of the inspectors, as well of the police, to report forthwith any boiler in use that has not been officially approved, and any engineer, at work, who has not been licensed.

The existence of the Bureau is an unpleasant commentary upon human nature. In every community are careless or avaricious men who, despite the knowledge of the risk to property and the danger to life and limb that surrounds the use of steam as a motive power, are willing, and even sometimes eager, to use worn-out boilers and employ cheap, ignorant labor in their management in order to save a few dollars and to increase the net profits of business. This is why each boiler is tested at a pressure one-third greater than what it is allowed to use; why all failing to comply with the test, and those that have grown weak with use, are condemned; and why only intelligent and experienced men are allowed to become engineers.

The present Superintendent of the Bureau is William A. Powers, who has held the office since January, 1887, and who was an inspector theretofore. He succeeded his brother, Thomas F. Powers, who held the position for twenty-four years, and who can boast that not one accident occurred during his term of office. The inspectors are John Dolan, William O'Donnell, Richard Fox, Jacob Rueger and Patrick Coffy, and the clerk of the department is Hugh Reed.

The present Superintendent is a man of great experience in steam engineering, and at the time of his appointment was considered to be one of the best experts in the country. On May 15th, 1862, he became third

engineer on the United States man-of-war Seminole, at that time at Norfolk, Va., in charge of the captured city. Two months later the vessel returned to the Brooklyn Navy Yard for repairs. Powers being the only machinist on board, was assigned to special duty, and took full charge. He was promoted July 4th, 1864, when he became second assistant engineer of the United States steamship Shawmut. He was afterwards attached to the United States steamship Winioski, and resigned from the navy at the close of the war. Since then he was engaged in the manufacture and sale of engines in Brooklyn, thus acquiring a thorough knowledge of the business portions of the city, which, in his present position, is invaluable. He has also invented several attachments to the steam boiler and engine, of which his steam piston packing is probably the best known.

The duties of the Superintendent are to pass upon the work of the inspectors, and advise them in complicated or perplexing cases. He examines all the engineers in the city once a year, as well as when they qualify for their license at the start. He must be personally conversant with the industries of the city, as well as being responsible for the capability of every engineer at work in connection with a licensed boiler. Should any accident happen, he alone stands the blame, as the Police Commissioners know nothing of his men, and entrust to him the exclusive management of his bureau.

The duty of the inspectors is to cover an allotted territory and report at intervals the condition of every boiler therein, the removal of old and the introduction of new ones and the employment of unlicensed engineers.

The number of boilers in the City of Brooklyn from year to year will average about three thousand, ranging from three or four, to two hundred horse power. Havermeyer and Elder, the sugar refiners, alone have eighty-two constantly in use.

The engineers in the city number about twenty-five hundred including the four separate grades for which they are licensed. If, in the examination before mentioned, an engineer shows the required amount of extra knowledge over his previous test, he is promoted to the next higher grade. The green seal is the lowest grade, and is awarded to the Fire Department engineers. The blue comes next in order and is required by the men who take charge of stationary engine boilers. The red seal goes to the man who can do both while the gold seal is only obtained by the engineer who is fully informed on mechanics of all kinds.

To use a boiler for which the license has been refused or revoked, is a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine or imprisonment, or both. It is an equal breach of the law if an unlicensed engineer is employed in his capacity as such.

Some fifteen years ago, Superintendent Buck, of the Bay State Shoe and Leather Company in charge of the work-shops at the Kings County Penitentiary, employed a convict named Mills, as engineer, who had been sentenced to that institution for killing his wife. He had previously been employed at The Brooklyn Eagle, but lost his license when convicted. The police authorities were made aware of the fact of his being employed in the boiler room. Superintendent Buck was arrested and sentenced to pay a fine of fifty dollars. Mills was placed

at work in another department and a free man with a license employed to do the work.

Owing to the extreme severity with which the law regarding the licensing of both boilers and engineers is enforced, the number of explosions have been few and far between ; and as before stated, only happened out of the boiler inspectors jurisdiction.

The terrific explosion which took place at Jewells Flour Mills at Fulton Ferry, was the result of using the boilers after they had been condemned by the inspectors.

At the Greenpoint Foundry, an explosion was caused by a new boiler not being properly put together. The authorities had not been notified of its existence, and consequently were not responsible for the accident. And so it is with every case. If the owners of boilers would attend to their legal duty, an accident would be almost an impossibility.

The public schools, fitted out with steam boilers, do not come under the care of city inspectors, but are looked after by the Board of Education, which provides a competent janitor to attend to all the necessary work and inspection. These boilers are not used for motive or other power, but merely to supply heat. As constructed to-day, it would require considerable ingenuity to explode them, their avowed object being a mechanism which can be safely run by a child.

The Ambulance Service.

The Ambulance service is comparatively a new feature in Brooklyn, having been established by the Board of Health in 1878. It is under the joint jurisdiction of

the Board of Health and the police, but is largely controlled by the hospitals to which the wagons are assigned.

The service was organized with two ambulance wagons stationed, one at Long Island College Hospital on Henry and Pacific Street and the other at the Eastern District Hospital at No. 108 South Third Street. On January 1st, 1882, the board of Trustees of St. Mary's Hospital, corner of St. Mark's and Rochester Avenues, increased the number of wagons to three, and three years later the Homeopathic Hospital on Cumberland Street, near Myrtle Avenue, placed a fourth at the disposal of the city.

The first two wagons are supported by the municipality. The driver's wages, the expense of boarding the surgeon at the hospital and every other outlay except the stabling of the horse are lumped in a round sum and paid to the lowest bidder for the contract. Besides this, the board of the horse and the rent of the stable is paid separately to the hospital at which the wagon is stationed.

With the Homeopathic and St. Mary's Hospitals, the system is different, and costs the city less. One hundred dollars a month is paid to each of the hospitals which furnish in return all the required paraphernalia. The Ambulance surgeon is one of the house staff of the hospital with which the ambulance is connected. They are four in number namely, Dr. William H. Sheppard, at the Long Island Hospital, Dr. P. M. Cook at the Homeopathic, Dr. J. E. Walsh at St. Mary's and Dr. J. W. Atkinson at the Eastern District. All are men of great promise, fine attainments and sterling worth. Their professional position is deemed of great value to the young medical graduate, who has to pass a very difficult examination before the Board of Health and the hospital staff

before he can be appointed. This examination is annually attempted by a number of young M. D's ; the one obtaining the highest percentage being appointed. The surgeon sleeps and eats in the hospital and is always ready for active duty.

The ambulance service affords relief to many kinds of sufferers. Among these are the victims of highway men, who are injured enough to be made helpless. In such case, any citizen who is kind enough, will hasten to the nearest telephone, call Police Headquarters, and inform the operator there where the wounded man is lying. This message is immediately repeated to the hospital in the district where the accident has occurred. It is then sent to the stable. The horse, as well trained as those in the Fire Department, is hurriedly placed in position and the Ambulance starts for the scene, picking up the surgeon at the hospital on the way. If by two cases in the same district being reported at the same time, the ambulance is out, the one in the nearest outside district is called. If that is out, the next nearest is summoned, and so on. It is very seldom however, that more than two are out at the same time except in summer. Then the hot weather increases the number of cases over one hundred per cent. The average ambulance surgeon likes the summer season best, because he is anxious to increase his knowledge obtained at college, and as the term of office only lasts one year, he longs to see his number of cases swell as high as possible.

When the ambulance arrives at the scene of action, the surgeon after performing any necessary preliminary work and placing his patient in a comfortable position, telephones or sends word to the nearest police station if

an officer has not already arrived. If the latter has arrived he ascertains the facts concerning the accident, which are telephoned to Police Headquarters. The surgeon only delivers his charge at the hospital and reports to the house surgeon, who in turn, sends word to the Police Headquarters that the ambulance has returned and is ready for another call. The matter is then checked off at Headquarters as being complete. In many cases the patient is only injured slightly, and after having his wounds properly attended to, goes home on a street car. If, however, the wounded person so desires, the ambulance will convey him to his destination; but the great majority of injured people who have a home or friends, would rather keep the ambulance as far away from the sight of their family and intimates as is possible.

The ambulance in use to-day is constructed with great care from the finest materials. Though light in appearance, it is strong enough to resist a collision with a powerful truck and inflict more injury than it receives. The springs of the wagon are very large and yield to the slightest jar. Their cost amounts to over seven hundred dollars, exclusive of the equipments, which consist of a complete set of surgical instruments, medicines, blankets, splints, a stretcher and all other articles required to properly care for a male or female, no matter how injured, in all weathers.

Of the four districts, the Western is the most thickly populated, and gives the largest number of cases to the hospitals. During July and August, the district along the water front from Red Hook Point to the Navy Yard, which is covered by the Long Island Hospital, averages

five cases daily, most of which are longshoremen, overcome by the heat. In the Eastern District, the number of female patients exceeds that of the males. Its total falls below that of the Western, notwithstanding the fact that a greater portion of the former precinct is inhabited by the lower and middle classes, which are more liable to require the aid of an ambulance than the wealthy. Now and then the ambulance will be called to attend a patient who dies before its arrival. In a case of this kind the surgeon merely views the body, returns to the hospital and reports the death to the coroner and the Police Headquarters.

St. Catherine's Hospital in the Sixteenth Ward, is now arranging to place a fifth ambulance in commission. The wagon is already nearing completion. When it is finished and placed in service, it will greatly lighten the duties of the Eastern District Hospital which now has to run from its station on South Third Street to Greenpoint, and in case of the wagon at St. Mary's being out, far into the upper Wards of the Western District, a distance of almost three miles.

The ambulance-service in its brief history, has already saved over fifty lives and afforded invaluable relief in more than a thousand cases. Estimating the value of a man's life at the figures arbitrarily set by the laws of the State of New York (five thousand dollars), it will be seen that the service has paid for itself more than three times over. With the extension of the patrol-box system, it promises to become one of the most salient features of daily life in the City of Brooklyn.

CHAPTER XI.

Special Features of the Police Department.

(*Continued.*)

THE MOUNTED SQUAD.

When and by Whom Established.—The Thoroughfares it Protects.—Its Gallant Commander Sergeant John H. Johnson.—His Services.—The Headquarters.—The Stables.—The Squad.—Its Duties.—Inefficiency of Foot-Policemen to Stop Fast Driving.—The Mounted Squad.—Their Influence.—Runaways.—"Fighters."—Panic-Stricken Horses —These are a Minority.—Hunting Robbers.—Wealthy Residences.—Prospect Heights.—Area-Thieves.—How They are Chased.—Cross Country Work on the Hill.—The Horses.—Their Intelligence.—Their Tricks and Knowledge.—The Record of the Years.

THE MORGUE.

Where the Dead-House is Located.—Keeper Patrick Maguire.—A Description of the Place.—How Bodies are Preserved.—Strange Cases.—Maguire's Story.—Trying to Obtain a Fortune by Falsely Identifying a Corpse.

THE SANITARY SQUAD.

When Organized.—Its Causes.—Its Work.—Dirty Italians.—Its Re-organization and Present Status.—Small-Pox Cases.—Disinfecting Dives.—Mediterranean Prejudices.—Its Present Composition.

THE CENTRAL OFFICE SQUAD.

When it Started.—Its Purpose.—Where to Find It.—Sergeant M. T. Holbrook.—His Heroic War-Record.—Eventful Changes.—The Officers.—Their Duties.—Messenger Boys.—Protecting Marines.—The Salvation Army.—Invalids Wanted.—A Quiet Life.—Court Officers.—Mass-Meetings No Good.—Weddings and Balls Popular.—Arrests Made by Multitudes.—Judge Walsh Helps to Swell the List.

THE ROGUE'S GALLERY.

WHERE IT IS KEPT.—WHAT IT COMPRISES.—THE ROGUE'S RECORD.—YEARS OF CRIME ILLUSTRATED.—THE OHIO ASSASSINS.—HISTORICAL HOMICIDES.—DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS IN LARCENY.—LIZZIE LEONARD THE HERMAPHRODITE.—ARTFUL MRS. PECK-PIOUS WADSWORTH.—REPENTANT ROGUES.—REMOVAL OF PORTRAITS.

THE MOUNTED SQUAD.

The police army which protects Brooklyn from the organized hosts of wrong-doers has its cavalry as well as infantry. This is the mounted squad. It was established by Commisioner Jourdan in 1875 and, beginning active service April 3rd of that year, has continued its good work ever since. It patrols the great thoroughfares on which fashion drives, Bedford Avenue, Clinton and Schermerhorn Streets, Sixth and Seventh Avenues up to the very gates of Prospect Park, where the equestrian, horse and vehicle pass from the municipal to the Park jurisdiction. The mounted squad is commanded by Sergeant John H. Johnson who has held the position since its creation.

Sergeant Johnson, though popular with both the public and the police, is a strict disciplinarian. His men and horses are always in splendid appearance and condition, while his stable and yard are cleaner and neater than thousands of homes in the city of churches. The commander of brave men, he has set a good example of bravery to them in his own conduct. In the discharge of his duties he has been repeatedly hurt and bruised, and on one occasion, when stopping a runaway and saving life could be accomplished at the risk of his own, he accepted the situation and succeeded, but at the ex-



JOHN H. JOHNSON,
Sergeant.

pense of a terrible fall and a triple fracture of the bones of the leg.

The Squad makes its headquarters at the the 10th precinct station-house on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Bergen Street, just off Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn's favorite road to the Park, Coney Island and Sheepshead Bay. The stables are situated next door on Sixth Avenue. They are fronted by a well-paved and exquisitely clean yard, and consist of a handsome two-story brick building trimmed with brown stone. The floor is flush with the level of the street, so that the horses can go and come without any step or incline to stumble over. The ground floor is one large room and contains a small office in front and stalls on either side. A wide alley between allows free movement to all the inmates. In summer it is cool, well-ventilated and pleasant. In winter the accommodations are inadequate, there being insufficient space for the men and horses. This will soon be remedied by an extension of the present building.

The squad is composed of ten patrolmen and as many horses. They make two rounds a day and none at night, the driving at that time being so small as to be insignificant. Their chief duties are to prevent rapid driving and racing in the streets, and when necessary to arrest the offenders, to stop runaways and to assist the injured and protect property when collisions or accidents occur. These are special duties beyond the regular ones which they perform in common with the rest of the force. The thoroughfares mentioned are handsome, breezy streets on which the temptation to race and run is very strong for both man and beast. Before the squad was estab-

lished, a foot-policeman can do but little to stop reckless driving. If he tried to run a culprit down, a touch of the drivers' whip soon sent the latter out of his sight. Butcher boys', young bloods and sporting men were guilty of the offense so often that pedestrianism upon the streets named became fraught with serious danger, and the streets in warm weather were changed into first-class race-courses. All this has been changed by putting the policeman on a horse, which, being unencumbered by a wagon, can easily overtake the latter and arrest the driver. So universally recognized is the fact, that when a mounted squadman turns in his saddle and raises his hand to a passing vehicle, both horse and driver stop as if instinctively. Even tipsy drivers who like a "quiet spurt" rein up at the first glance of the guardian of the peace.

Runaways are a much more serious trouble. Many panic-stricken horses if approached become infuriated, and will attack a man who tries to interfere with them in a manner more like a wild beast than a domesticated animal. Others seem to have their fear increased and changed into a frenzy by the endeavor of anyone to check their mad course. They will plunge fiercely against a post, fence or wall, and madly dash themselves out of life rather than submit to capture. Such horses are temporarily insane.

Fortunately the majority of runaways are not of these classes. A few minutes hard running or a strong hand on the rein or bridle, or a man threatening them destroys their panic and brings them back to their sober senses. Yet in the few minutes of panic is as much danger as with the utterly reckless minority.

Another duty equally exciting but containing little or no danger is the pursuit of robbers and especially sneak-thieves. The houses along the driving thoroughfares or in their neighborhood, are usually the homes of well-to-do people. Especially is this the case with Prospect Heights the large district which borders the Park. The sneak-thief finds such vicinities a fine harvest-field and is constantly on the look-out for a favorable opportunity. The mounted officer is equally on the alert for the thief. It often happens that the latter has just succeeded in pilfering from some area or basement when the alarm is given and the officer notices it a few blocks off. The spur and whip are called upon and in a second the law is galloping toward the poor devil of a violator. If it be in the built-up districts, he is run down in the street or on the sidewalk. If it be on the more sparsely settled hill, the thief, by some odd fatality generally takes to the open lots, hoping that the horse can not or will not follow. Vain hope! Steed and rider accustomed to the work dash over the sidewalk, down or up the hill, and after a brief cross-country rush come up with the now breathless and nerveless criminal.

Some fine work is done this way. Officers Webb and Watson have frequently set chase to a thief who had a thousand feet start and who tried to escape by running across the rough and horrible hollow between Sixth and Seventh Avenues near Garfield Place. In every instance they ran their man down before he reached the sidewalk for which he was heading.

A mounted-squad is a modern centaur, half-horse and half-man. The horses deserve more than casual notice. From their peculiar mode of life, being with one man all

the time,—a man who washes and grooms them, who nurses them when sick, who plays with them in leisure moments, who is on their back or walking at their head, they develop a degree of intelligence truly remarkable. They come to know the names of themselves and the other horses, their owners and those of all the squad ; they learn all sorts of tricks and comical ways ; they will see or hear a runaway as soon as their rider and sometimes even before he does ; they appreciate the dangers and duties of their position and are extremely careful as to both themselves and their rider in approaching and extremely excited when pursuing a thief. Sergeant Johnson speaking of them said : "If my horses could only talk, they'd make much better policemen than many men who come here and bore us with their ignorance."

The record made by the mounted police in their brief career is an excellent one. Over one thousand runaways stopped and four thousand arrests made are large figures which, while they show the amount of work, convey no idea of the faithfulness, courage and intelligence of Brooklyn's mounted policemen. They do explain however, the popularity of the squad and the admiring awe with which they are contemplated by all the little folks, whom they have so often befriended and protected.

The Morgue.

Located on Willoughby Street immediately back of Raymond Street jail is the morgue, a plain two-story brick building resembling a second-rate dwelling more than a dead-house The morgue is a county institution,

receiving bodies from the four county-towns, Gravesend, New Utrecht, Flatlands and Flatbush as well as this city, and was founded in 1868. Mr. John Leavey was appointed the first keeper, but only retained the position a year, being succeeded by Mr. Patrick Maguire, who is at the present time in charge of the place. The lower part of the building is divided into five rooms, the first of which is immediately to the right of the main entrance and is utilized by Keeper Maguire as a reception room. Two large doors open from the hallway into a large room divided by a glass partition into two apartments. This is where the dead are placed for identification, the visitors being able to view the body through the glass partition.

From this apartment a door leads into a smaller room, in the centre of which is a large marble slab tilted slightly at one end. The doctors in this place hold their post-mortems. Back of this is the washing room, used by the doctors in cleansing themselves after their work. The surgical instruments are kept in a cabinet in one corner of the room. Last but not least, is the receiving apartment, the door from which opens into a court-yard, and makes a passage for the dead-house wagon's ghastly load. The corpse upon its reception is placed in a closet, the floor of which is movable, and by the aid of machinery descends with its load to a vault below, where once hidden it can be kept for months. The atmosphere in this underground apartment is so cold that in the warmest days of Summer one who enters it must wear a heavy overcoat to feel comfortable. The upper portion of the building is divided into sleeping rooms for those employed about the place.

Many strange things have happened at the morgue,

and the bodies of some noted criminals have found shelter beneath its roof. "Several years ago," said Keeper Maguire, "the bodies of Mosher and Douglass, two thieves, were brought in here riddled with buckshot. They had attempted to rob the house of William Van Brunt, a brother of Judge Van Brunt of New York, at Bay Ridge, but were discovered in the midst of their work by Mr. Van Brunt who shot at them. Mosher was killed outright, but Douglass did not die for several minutes after. When he found that his end was approaching he started to divulge the whereabouts of Charlie Ross, whom his "pal" had helped to spirit away. He did not speak a dozen words on the subject when he died, and thus passed away forever the last chance of clearing up one of the most mysterious cases of disappearance that ever happened in this city.

Another case worthy of notice was one in which a clique of persons endeavored to obtain a fortune by identifying a dead body as that of a wealthy relation, who had mysteriously disappeared. The body they all swore was that of a Mrs. Naegle who had lived on South Portland Avenue. Keeper Maguire, who is naturally shrewd, suspected something was wrong, and made a search for the missing Mrs. Naegle. He found her and brought her to the morgue leaving her in a room upstairs, until the proper moment should arrive for her appearance down stairs. While the conspirators were in the midst of signing their affidavits in the case the keeper gave the signal agreed upon by Mrs. Naegle and himself, and to the consternation of the rogues the missing body appeared before them. Without many words they gathered up their hats and coats and left the building. Mrs. Naegle

and Keeper Maguire had a good laugh over the affair after the baffled scoundrels had gone.

The Sanitary Squad.

Toward 1860, the city received large accessions of ignorant immigrants. They brought with them that singular hatred and horror of doctors which still obtains in Spain and Italy. At times they proved so serious an obstacle to the Board of Health, that the latter called upon the Metropolitan Board of Police, to detail a squad of men to preserve order and assist the officials of the former in their work of preventing and remedying disease. The squad was in such constant use that it became known as the Sanitary Squad and finally was detached and put under the sole control of the Health authorities. At one time it consisted of eight men and was then frequently over-worked in the discharge of its duties. Education, association, the appeals of press and pulpit, and the non-concurrence of neighbors rapidly worked a change in the opinions of these new-comers and to a large extent eradicated the prejudice described. The work grew smaller and the squad was reduced accordingly in size. With the re-organization of the police-department, the squad was deprived of self-government and put under the joint control of the Central Office and the Board of Health. The routine work done to-day by the Sanitary Squad is so insignificant that Sergeant Holbrook frequently details its members to duties belonging to the Central Office. There are times, however, when their best efforts are needed in aiding the physicians. There are many uneducated and prejudiced foreigners

who are opposed to vaccination. When a case of small-pox breaks out and the Board-physicians are sent down to inoculate inmates of the same building as the sufferer, they would meet with violence at the hands of such people, were it not for the police-escort. Italians and other people of the South of Europe, share the belief that one of the chief objects of all physicians is to obtain bodies for dissection and that when the natural supply runs short of the demand, the profession increase it to adequate limits by drugs or the knife. Under such a belief their reception of a physician is never cordial,—not even when under police protection. The chief opposition and danger are found among the inmates of cellars, dives and cheap tenements. These people, besides being poor, are vicious to a certain degree. Their habits are so filthy that their homes are always hotbeds of disease. They regard the suggestion of cleanliness as an insult and resent the intrusion by Health-officer or policemen in that regard as a gross outrage. The attempts that must be at times made to preserve the public health by cleaning out and disinfecting these places and by ejecting the inmates and condemning the building always produce intense excitement and rage in the breasts of these poor wretches. Without the Sanitary Squad to preserve the peace, a health-officer in such a case would be assaulted and possibly killed in the performance of his duty. The squad now consists of four officers, but can be increased indefinitely in a few minutes upon requisition by the Board of Health upon the chief of police.

The Central Office Squad

The Central Office Squad was organized in 1865, to relieve the constantly increasing demand on the regular police force, to supply patrolmen for special duty. It is now composed of thirty-three men and one sergeant, with its headquarters located on the fourth floor of the municipal building.

Sergeant M. T. Holbrook, the present commander of the squad, is one of the oldest and most experienced members of the force. He was appointed to active duty in 1854, under Mayor Lambert, and detailed as health warden; an office since done away with. He remained in that department until 1857 during which time the Yellow Fever ravaged the city. He was constantly exposed to the disease, but escaped any injury. In February, 1858, he was appointed to do patrol duty on the Metropolitan Police by Commissioner Stranahan, and in the following year was promoted to the office of Sergeant in the Forty-third Precinct, now the Third. Hardly a year passed before he was again promoted, this time, to the command of the precinct, where he remained until the war broke out.

Having considerable knowledge of military manoeuvres, he enlisted in the One-hundred and Seventy-third Regiment, New York Volunteers, and went to the front in command of a company. He served the government until the close of the war, and received his discharge with the rank of brevet Lieutenant-Colonel. When the Central Office Squad was organized, he was placed at its head, where he remained until May 1866, when he

was appointed captain of a Staten Island Precinct. Holbrook returned to Brooklyn in 1870, and was again left without a position. This was at the breaking up of the old Metropolitan Police Force, and the political situation at the time had considerable to do with his removal from police duty.

For the next five years, he was unable to obtain an appointment, but in 1875 found a place as Sergeant of the Ninth Sub- Precinct, whence he was promoted to the Ninth Precinct. In 1881, after faithfully serving the city for twenty-seven years, he was again appointed to the command of the Central Office Squad, where he still remains.

The number of changes in Sergeant Holbrook's career, is unequalled by those of any other member of the force.

The officers of the Central Office Squad are detailed for duty at the courts, license-bureau, theatres, weddings, churches, and all other places where there are large crowds. They are also employed as messengers by the Mayor, Police Commissioners and Superintendent. They do duty as doormen and watchmen, in the city public buildings. One is stationed at the Navy Yard to keep small boys from pelting the marines with stones while they are on duty, to which failing a large majority of the youngsters in that portion of the city had become addicted before the policemen put in an appearance. They knew the marines dare not fire at them nor could they leave their post of duty, so the boys amused themselves with stone-throwing by the hour.

There is an officer detailed to each of the Salvation Army headquarters nightly. The members of the squad are patrolmen who have reported sick at the precinct



MELLON T. HOLBROOK,
Sergeant.

where they belong, but not being ill enough to be confined to their homes are temporarily placed in the Central Office Squad. There are, however, a number made permanently incompetent for patrol duty by accident or a long siege of illness. They are retained in Sergeant Holbrook's command for the remainder of their lives and draw full pay. There is no chance of advancement however, and although the life led by all is easy, quiet and devoid of danger, the younger men are always anxious to go back to post duty.

A number of court officers, not connected with the Central Office Squad, come under Sergeant Holbrook's jurisdiction at night when they are detailed at some theatre, mass-meeting or other public assemblage. Mass-meetings are the bete noire of the squad. In the heat of the campaign men's passions become ungovernable and quarrels, brawls and fights are of constant occurrence. Weddings and balls are the very opposite. The duties are trifling ; supper, wine and cigars find their way to the officer on duty and not infrequently a douceur in the shape of a crisp note is offered to,—even if not accepted by him.

The arrests made by the Central Office Squad are as numerous as those made by any of the precincts. This arises from the fact that all the arrests made upon warrants or commitments from the police-courts and executed by the officers detailed at each are credited not to the courts but to the Central Office. Courts, such as Justice Walsh's, do an immense criminal business and in the course of a year issue hundreds of mandates against the bodies of offenders or recalcitrant witnesses. Aside from this court-business, the arrests are few, as,

with the exception of now and then a pickpocket at a public place or a disorderly person, the officers find little to relieve the monotony of their duty. Arrests of importance are almost unknown in the squad, except those made by court officers on a judicial warrant.

The Rogues' Gallery.

The Rogues' Gallery, one of the most important features of the Police Department is in the detectives' room and under the direction of Detective William D. Strong. It is not open to the public, and may be seen only by permission of the superintendent. The collection of photographs numbers over three thousand. All the pictures in the possession of the department taken prior to November 20, 1877, are kept in large albums, of which there are over a dozen, and those taken since that date are exhibited in a large cabinet, the patent of Detective Thomas Adams of New York. It is constructed of black walnut and is composed of six large wooden leaves, about an inch and a half in thickness, each leaf having receptacles for two hundred pictures, so that the cabinet is arranged to contain twelve hundred photographs. Attached to the cabinet are record books with numbers corresponding to those inscribed under each picture. These contain the name, age, record and disposition of case and are kept in drawers in the lower part of the cabinet. Every grade of criminal from the murderer to the petty sneak-thief has a representative in the collection.

The first picture in the cabinet is that of John Owens, a petty thief, who was sentenced to imprisonment for six

months and the last No. 1200 represents Victor Von Bulon, a good-looking youth about fifteen years old, who four years ago was sent to the Elmira Reformatory for stealing money from a firm where he was employed as a messenger. Two of the most hardened-looking criminals in the collection are "Eddie" Guerin and "Billy" Connors, each of whom are known under a dozen different names. They are still at large, but when once secured they will be arraigned and charged with the murder of Detective Hulligan, of Cleveland, Ohio, two months ago. Police Captain Hoehn had arrested Connors and was taking him from Allegheny City, Pennsylvania on an express train when three of his friends boarded the car and effected his release. In the struggle which ensued Guerin hit Hulligan on the head with a coupling-pin, killing him instantly, and Captain Hoehn was severely injured. Rewards of eleven thousand dollars have been offered for their apprehension and as the men are known to have connections in this city, it is thought that there is some chance of their capture. Number one hundred and fifty-six is a picture that would naturally attract your attention. It is that of John M. Wright, the murderer of old Barney Feron, the Red-Hook boatman. The photograph represents a light-haired youth, with good features, a low narrow forehead and a small nose and thin lips, the last person one would suspect of being a cold-blooded murderer. The most repulsive features exhibited in the cabinet are those of William B. Dayton, number five hundred and twenty-nine, who was arrested for burglary several years ago and sentenced to imprisonment for one year. When the time came for Dayton to have his picture taken, the authorities found that

they had a tough job on hand. He strenously objected to undergo the operation, and twisted and squirmed in every direction. An officer finally got hold of his ears and forcing him down in the chair held him while the photographer uncovered his camera. Dayton seeing that he had to be taken, determined that no one would recognize in the portrait a likeness of him; by twisting his mouth, and rolling up his eyes until nothing but the whites were visible, he accomplished his purpose. The photograph, when finished, looked as much like the photographer as it did the thief, and Dayton was happy. "Billy" Flynn, the notorious burglar who was arrested five years ago as he was about to rob the Greenpoint Savings Bank on the corner of Greenpoint Avenue and Franklin street, is represented in picture No. 1180. He is supposed to be the man who assisted "Jimmy" Burnes the Post-Office robber to escape from Raymond Street jail. Flynn served out his sentence and then went to England where he was joined by Burnes, Langford, Connelly, Williams and a number of other bank burglars, all of whom landed together and commenced a series of daring robberies. About eight months ago the authorities of Baden-Baden broke up the gang and the leaders are now in prison, where they will remain for the next twenty years. Among other conspicuous pictures are those of Rogers, Bartlett and Martin, Numbers 125, 126 and 127, who were arrested in connection with the Planet Mills robbery. There is not a more gentlemanly trio in the collection. Rogers was the only one that was acquitted, the others were found guilty and sent to prison for a number of years. Numbers 128 and 129 represent one individual, Lizzie Leonard, a noted con-

fidence operator, and opium-fiend, the latter as a woman and the former as a stylish young man, with spring overcoat derby and cane. It was in this male disguise that she was arrested in an Atlantic Avenue jewelry store, and afterwards sent to the penitentiary for one year. On being released Lizzie renewed her old tricks and masquerading as a man, plunged into dissipation. She would smoke a cigar with the gusto of an "old timer," and handle a cue at a billiard-table with remarkable skill. Lizzie was arrested several times, but as soon as she was free again she would go back to her old life. The features of another confidence woman are exhibited in picture Number 361. Her name is Mrs. Ellen Peck, and her deeds were of the boldest kind. Mrs. Peck maintained an elegant establishment on Putnam Avenue with the proceeds of her swindling operations. Her first attempt in the confidence line was upon B. T. Babbitt, the soap manufacturer. A cashier in his employ had decamped with one hundred thousand dollars; Mrs. Peck presented herself to Mr. Babbitt as a female detective, and promised to arrest the embezzler in consideration of twenty-two thousand dollars. The money was paid, but Mrs. Peck never exerted herself to secure the defaulting cashier. From O'Grady the famous diamond broker, or as he might more appropriately be termed "fence," Mrs. Peck succeeded in getting nineteen thousand dollars. Detectives Powers and Zundt of the Central Office Squad arrested the woman as she was stealing four hundred dollars worth of jewelry from dealer Johnson of the Bowery, New York. Pictures Numbers 231, 232, 233, 234 are Porter, Irving, Draper and Yost, the notorious Patchen Avenue gang of burglars, whose deeds for some

time were the talk of the city. William H. E. Byrnes, whose picture is Number 365, was a forger. He was a young man of extravagant tastes and committed the crime for one of the most urgent reasons imaginable. He wanted to get married, and, not having the necessary funds to start in the business, he forged a check in payment for his wedding outfit. The result was, he was arrested while enjoying his honeymoon in Philadelphia and brought back to this city.

Thomas O'Brien and James Flaherty, two of the most notorious basement door thieves that ever found birth in Brooklyn, are represented in pictures Numbers one-hundred and ninety-seven and one hundred and ninety-eight. Number three-hundred and twenty-seven looks like a well-to-do merchant, but it is not. It is a picture of Rube Miner, a famous confidence man, who worked the "change racket" successfully on a number of Flatbush Avenue grocers and was finally caught by Detectives Looney and Lowry of the Central Squad as he was in the act of stealing a pile of bills from a counter in the Commercial Bank. Old Wolf Goetz, alias "The Cockroach," a pickpocket seventy-one years old is shown in picture number four-hundred and fifty-two.

Goetz plied his vocation for some time without being detected but when he tried to steal seven hundred dollars from the pockets of Contractor Dibble of the Crosstown car line, he was arrested and sent to prison. One of the latest additions to the gallery is the picture of William B. Wadsworth, the gentleman swindler who defrauded a number of people out of thirty thousand dollars on a plea of using it to buy real estate at a bargain. As soon as he secured the money he left for

Canada. A Brooklyn detective met him in Clifton, Ontario, and urged him to come back to Brooklyn. Wadsworth complied with the request, and returned with the officer. He was tried and sent to the penitentiary for five years. Wadsworth was once an employee in the City Works Department and on Sundays used to go to the penitentiary and lead the convicts in prayer.

The disgrace attending having one's picture in the rogue's gallery leads to curious results. Unrepentant criminals recognize them as dangerous aids to the police when the latter are engaged in looking for the perpetrators of a crime. Reformed criminals regard them as constant witnesses of their past life. Both classes desire to destroy or remove their portraits from the collection. The practice of the department in these cases is actuated as much by mercy as by justice. When a reformed criminal has shown by an honest life that he is truly a repentant man and satisfies the superintendent of the fact, the latter will remove the portrait. Where a man has been unjustly accused and acquitted on the merits, or wrongfully convicted and afterwards pardoned by the Executive, the same practice prevails. Here the courts have jurisdiction and in several cases have commanded the removal or destruction of a photograph where the police had refused to comply with a request to that effect.

CHAPTER XII.

The Central Office Detectives.

Who and What They Are.—Their Duties and Dangers.—Present Relations of Criminals and Detectives.—At the Central Office.—Detective Wm. D. Strong.—Detective Michael F. Powers.—Detective James H. Roche.—Policy.—His Views on Poke-a-moke.—Detective Patrick Corr.—Senior in Service.—His Knowledge of Crooks.—"Marked Cards and Loaded Dice."—Detective George V. Zundt.—Detective Cornelius J. Mahoney.—Blackmailers.—Ten Thousand Dollars Demanded.—Choking a Villain.—Detective John E. Lowery.—Detective Edward Looney. — Burglars and Burglaries. — "First-class Workmen." — "The Lookout." — Early Lunches.— How Women Receive Burglars.—Detective John Rall.—Robbing a Bank.—The Clock Trick.

THE Police Detectives of Brooklyn are divided into two classes—those of the Central Office and those attached to the Precincts, the former numbering nine and the latter thirty-five. Nearly all are men of pleasant address, good appearance, great courage and fine intelligence. All have had long and eventful experiences, and are sources of endless amusement to their friends, and of interest to the general public through the intervention of the press. No column in the great dailies of the land is more fascinating than that which contains some good detective story of the present day. In this respect, the members of the Brooklyn force are as entertaining in their way as the famous French writers, Gaboriau and Boisgobey. Nor is it any wonder.

During the past forty years crime in all its branches,

as well as the modes of detection, has made many rapid strides. Each has developed into a science as complex and far-reaching as any that now engrosses the philosopher and the specialist. The detective himself has undergone a complete metamorphosis. The time was when a halo of romance was thrown around the disreputable "*mouchard*" of the Parisian *Corps detectif*—when the "Bow street runner" of London, and the "shadow" of the American police were the ideal detectives of the age in which they lived. All these have passed away, however, and to-day the American detective stands out in bold relief from all such associations. His calling has become a profession, and himself an intelligent, keen-sighted and accomplished gentleman, relying upon his own high moral character, his superior intelligence and his indefatigable energy for the success which he has attained. The reason and necessity for this advancement are evident. Crime, even, has become more and more scientific with the flight of time, and its ranks are filled by men, who, in honorable callings would have achieved both fame and fortune. Among the criminal classes to-day are to be found persons of powerful minds, of strong will and of educational advantages which, if correctly applied, would have enabled them to make their mark in the professional and business circles of the community. Unfortunately, however, their great talents are prostituted to base uses. The greed of gain, the desire to possess themselves of the property of others, without the labor acquired for honest accumulation, have led them to adopt the nature of the wild beast and to prey unscrupulously upon the community at large. One of the most vital questions which presents itself for solu-

tion to the criminal is how to accomplish an object and yet succeed in shrouding himself from detection. Success in crime which is immediately followed by detection would be but an unprofitable and unsatisfactory experiment, and hence the best energies of the intelligent criminal are devoted to the achievement of success in such a manner as to baffle the detective and secure immunity from punishment. To prevent this success, as well as to secure the offender, therefore, the detective must also be advanced. He must be possessed of a mind which is the equal and, if possible, the superior of his antagonist. He must be endowed with a clear, honest and comprehensive understanding which will enable him to fathom the depths of criminal science, and a force of will and vigor of body necessary to overcome the nature and the disposition of the men with whom he has to contend. In addition to this he must appear the careless, ordinary individual, particularly to those upon whom he has to operate, assimilating, as far as possible, with the individuals who are destined to feel the force of his authority, and by appearing to know but little, acquire all the information possible to gather from every conceivable source, and in the least curious or inquisitorial manner. Possessed of an ability to adapt himself to every association in which he may find himself, and at the same time prolific in resources, he must be prepared at all times, when emergencies arise which require quick conceptions and ready subterfuges. To-day his associates may be of the lowest orders of humanity, and to-morrow he mingles with the best. He must at all times be upon his guard, ever ready to take advantage of the most trifling circumstances, and yet, with an outward

demeanor that dispels suspicion and invites the fullest confidence. The profession of the detective is at once an honorable and highly useful one. For practical benefits few professions excel it. He is an officer of justice, and must himself be pure and above reproach. The public safety and the perfect fulfilment of his duty require all this and even more.

These suggestions apply in an eminent degree to the members of the Central Office Squad of Detectives, and will be appreciated in reading the brief sketches of their careers which follow.

William D. Strong is a son of the Hon. Demas Strong, one of the best-known citizens of the Eastern District, where he was born in 1845. In September, 1873, at the age of twenty-eight, he joined the force and did duty as patrolman. In 1885 he was appointed to the detective corps. At present Mr. Strong has charge of the Rogues' Gallery, as well as the clerical portion of the work in the detective department. He keeps a record of each criminal photographed, his pedigree in crime, physical peculiarities and distinguishing marks. But this is by no means all. Neat and careful in his attire, he is in great demand at great balls, receptions and parties. When attired in evening costume he is indistinguishable from the guests. A part of his work is in patrolling the thoroughfares which are crowded with shoppers. Here his invaluable knowledge of pickpockets and sneak-thieves, blackmailers and "crooks" is put into constant use, and serves to save the public from depredations of all sorts.

Detective Michael F. Powers is a thick-set muscular man about forty-two years of age. After some years of

service on the New York police force, he became a patrolman on the Brooklyn force in the spring of 1870. On July 26th of the same year, he received his present appointment. Powers has been connected with many celebrated cases, and it is notable that most of the criminals he arrests are convicted.

Detective Jas. H. Roche has seen forty-one summers. He became a patrolman May 12th, 1869, and was promoted to the rank of detective in July, 1871, since when he has continually served either on Precinct or Central Office duty. In connection with his associates he has closed the policy-shops of Brooklyn, which at one time were a crying evil. Years ago, their number was legion. Some were run in the guise of brokers' offices, others in cigar stores, coal and wood agencies, news venders' shops, and even bar-rooms and restaurants. The front establishment conducts a legitimate business. Behind a partition, in the rear, the policy clerk or "writer" takes your money and gives you your paper slips with your chosen numbers inscribed on them, in a lamp-lighted room, with no furniture but a battered desk, a blackboard on the wall for the winning numbers to be chalked upon, and a couple of dirty dream books in English and German, hanging by a chain. The surroundings of policy are like the game itself, mean, sordid and, to every decent sensibility, disgusting. No game of chance, however, is more extensively played in this city than policy. Faro has an army of followers, but policy players are a legion. As a rule, faro players are policy players also, especially the dealers, lookouts, cue-keepers, and others connected in the running of the game. Some of them play very heavily, but the major-

ity do not. They regard policy as an amusing plaything—something to be indulged in during the day, when their own business is dull. So the money they draw from the faro bank goes into the policy-shop; in exchange, if they make a "hit," the money invariably goes into the faro bank. Many regard policy as the negroes' game exclusively, but that is a mistake. The white devotees of the game out-number the colored, five to one. Gamblers, as a class, are very superstitious, the policy player especially so. His time is divided between trying to guess the lucky numbers and avoiding evil omens. Bad luck walks arm in arm with him under every ladder; if he forgets anything, and has to turn back, he is ruined for the day; if he accidentally lets something fall from his hand he has "dropped his luck," and if he meets a cross-eyed person, especially the first thing on Monday morning, he is plunged into despair. This latter is considered the most unfortunate circumstance that could possibly happen, as it puts bad luck on a man for a whole week. It is estimated by an old policy player that every dollar a man gets out of the game costs him at least five, without counting his time and worriment of mind. For instance, hundreds of men play the numbers four, eleven, forty-four every day regularly, and this well-known "gig" only comes out about once a year, or say once in every six hundred drawings. This is especially, the negroes' "gig." He watches for its coming day after day with fond anticipation. He would rather "ketch dat 'ar gig" for five dollars than receive a present of ten. It furnishes him with a subject of conversation and renders him a hero in "Africa." The lotteries now sold are all supposed to be

drawn in Kentucky, and pay to that State annually a certain sum, either into the school fund or for the benefit of orphans. They are really almost all made up, even without the formality of a drawing, in Brooklyn, by experts who calculate them so as to give whatever winnings are given to the least number of people who have bought certain numbers. After the drawing is transacted a list of the numbers on a "running slip," as it is called, is sent to the various policy shops. No "hits" are paid on the running slips, as some of the numbers are invariably wrong. About an hour or so after the drawings are received in Brooklyn, a printed slip is sent to every office, and then all claims are promptly settled. The managers, being in an unlawful business in this State, have the opportunity to swindle as they please. The players have no redress. Ten thousand dollar "hits" have been made, according to tradition, and "hits" of from five hundred to one thousand five hundred dollars are known of sometimes, so people say. In fact, though no very heavy prizes are ever paid if one has by accident been drawn at any office the place is shut up, and the lucky holder left to curse himself into good humor and commence over again. The most of the money spent in policy is on "gigs" and "combinations." A "gig" is composed of three numbers, and they must all come out in the same lottery to entitle the player to win. Besides "gigs" there are "saddles," "capitals," "horses," "cross-plays," and "station-numbers." "Gigs" pay one hundred dollars for one capital, "saddles" five hundred for a dollar, and "station numbers" sixty dollars.

Detective Roche, summing up the game says, "when

it is run square they rob you of all your money, and when it isn't square, they take everything you've got, even the clothes on your back."

Patrick Corr is the senior in service of the Central Office Detective Squad. He is fifty-two years of age, and has been on the force since January 13, 1857. He performed patrol duty till the spring of 1869 when he was assigned to the Fourth Precinct as Detective. In 1874 he was transferred to the Central Office where he has since remained. Discreet, close-mouthed, indefatigable and intelligent, he has earned a reputation that would do honor to the best of men. He has a large acquaintanceship among the "confidence men" of the two cities. He tells many good stories of their tricks and wiles, but none superior to the following: "I was strolling down town the other morning, and feeling hungry, dropped into a restaurant. There, large as life, was a boss crook whom I have taken in once or twice, but who generally succeeds in evading or escaping the law. I sat down at the same table and asked him what he was doing now. He smiled, winked and replied:

"'I have found honesty to be the best policy, and have gone into a legitimate business.

"'What is that?' I asked, having missed him from his usual haunts.

"'Teaching the innocent rustic and unsophisticated suburban. I average one scholar a day, and the scheme pays very well. I struck the racket last winter and have found it a picnic. How do I work it? I put a card in fifty country newspapers:

'*Fortunes Made. Gamblers Tricks Exposed. Marked Cards, Loaded Dice, Bugs and Patent Boxes for sale, with instructions. Lessons at Reasonable Rates. Address* _____

"'The rustic sees this, and in the same paper reads of a man winning $25,000 at faro. He writes me and I send him a price list. It is the same as that used by regular dealers in gambling goods, only about fifty per cent. higher in prices. If the fellow wants to buy I sell and make a decent profit. But what catches is a notice at the end.

'Having been a professional gambler twenty years, I am familiar with every trick of the trade, and guarantee to make any novice proficient in three lessons, and skillful enough to meet any blackleg on equal terms. Terms, $1 a lesson of one hour.

"'The chump reads that and comes on and calls. I have a deal with the landlord of the place I board at, and receive my pupil in the parlor. The best racket is to teach him to use loaded dice or marked cards. In an hour he's got the hang of it; but, of course he is very clumsy. We go down to the nearest barroom, and throw for drinks. My pal comes up to the bar and looks interested in the game, and asks us to let him in. I say "certainly," and give my bucolic friend the wink. My pal then loses two or three rounds, and wants to throw for a quarter a head. We accede. My pal loses, the rustic beats him, but I win. After a few throws I pull my watch out and plead an engagement, and get out. As I leave I whisper to the countryman that he has a picnic, and to work the fellow for all he is worth. I then skip. The game continues, and in fifteen minutes my pupil is cleaned out. If he kicks my pal suddenly picks up one of the loaded dice and starts a row. If the the man isn't a fighter, my pal hits him on the nose. If he is, we call on the gang that hangs around all saloons, and bounce him for a blackleg. You can bet he never comes back, and he doesn't complain to the police. Even

if he did we'd have the dead wood on him and could easily prove that he rung in loaded dice on us. The racket's just the same with marked cards, but only a little slower. What do you think of the game?"

"Ingenious; but doesn't the landlord of the boarding-house, or the saloon, object?"

"'Na-o! Don't you see we divvy up? According to how good the business is, we yield from 15 to 40 per cent. Why, I'd give 70 per cent., if I could work a first class hotel. On the proceeds I and my pal go halves. How much do we collar? Can't say. Anywhere from an X up. Old Long Island farmers and New Jersey deacons generally come to town quite well fixed, and they often yield a century. The funniest thing in the whole matter is that the rustic never tumbles to me. Three or four times I've met suckers we'd worked, and every time they came up, shook hands and treated. They'd tell me yarns how they put up jobs with the tricks I taught them, but they never spoke of their losses.

Detective George V. Zundt is forty-two years of age, dark complexioned, rather stout, very intelligent and interesting. At the age of fifteen, he enlisted in the Thirteenth Regiment New York Volunteers, and went to the seat of war. He served three months; on his return he re-entered the ranks of the Thirteenth and served another month. He then enlisted in the Fifty-fourth New York Volunteers, and fought until the war was over. Zundt became a patrolman February 6th, 1871, and served in that capacity till 1875, when he was appointed a Detective, and detailed to the Central Office. He is a member of Rankin Post No. 10, G. A. R.

Cornelius J. Mahoney is said to be the handsomest

man in the Central Office Detective Squad. He is forty-five years of age, dark complexioned and in all a model type of physical manhood. He was one of the first to enlist in the Fourteenth Regiment when the Rebellion broke out. He never received a wound, although on several occasions he was complimented for his bravery. In 1873 he joined the police force, and was detailed as patrolman in the Third Precinct. In this capacity he served two years and was then appointed a detective. He remained in the Third Precinct until January, 1887, when he was transferred to the Central Office. His experiences with malefactors have been extremely varied, including almost every form of crime. He has, among other wrong-doers, arrested many blackmailers. One case was quite out of the ordinary run. Says Mahoney:

"A short time ago I was called on professionally by a gentleman who wished my aid in getting rid of a man and woman who had pestered him grievously. He had met them at one of the fashionable hotels at the Catskills, and had carried on a flirtation with the woman, who was young and fascinating. Of course he had compromised himself, and the result was that he had been visited unexpectedly by the woman's alleged husband, who demanded, under pain of the fullest exposure, $10,000. He gave the man his check for $7,000 on one of the city banks, thinking that was the easiest way to settle the trouble, and was assured that there the matter would rest. A month later he received a letter, in which an additional sum of money was demanded. Realizing that compliance with this request would render him liable to further assessments, he placed the matter in my hands. I saw at once that he had been the victim

of blackmailers and immediately called on the outraged husband, who had come down from Garrisons that day, and was then waiting to meet my patron at a neighboring saloon. He grew highly indignant when I informed him that he would not get another dollar, and threatened to lick me when I told him I would send him to State Prison if he further annoyed the gentleman. I gave him a good choking and, I think, discolored his eyes when he became unbearably insolent, which so frightened the villain that he has not been heard of since."

John E. Lowery was born thirty years ago. In 1878 he entered the ranks as a patrolman, and for seven years did good service in that capacity. In 1880 he was made a detective, but has only been attached to the Central Office since January, 1887. Lowery is very good-natured and very popular.

Detective Edward Looney is a man forty years of age. He was appointed to the force in 1870, and served for a year as patrolman. In 1871 he was made roundsman, and in 1873, sergeant. In 1875 he assumed his present position on the Central Office Squad, and has filled it continually since. A man of great bravery, he has time and again, when duty demanded it, risked his life when death seemed inevitable.

Looney is regarded as an authority upon burglars and burglaries by his associates. He has probably had more experience with this class of criminals than most officials of the land. His description of the Knight of the Jimmy is worth repeating :

"There are fashions in the way of committing burglaries just as there are in bonnets. The really first-class

workmen, who undertake nothing but gigantic jobs, are generally English. Some men tackle nothing but banks and stores, making the opening of a safe a specialty. Dwelling-house robbery is falling into disrepute in the big cities, but is still in vogue in the country. Many of the most useful operators do nothing but plan. When they have made the line of attack out, as they would prospect the moves in a game of chess, they pass the scheme over to the workers. Burglars' tools are always constructed of the finest materials. Some of them illustrate the application of deeper principles of natural philosophy than we ever imagined in an honest work-shop, and there are iron and steel contrivances, used in opening safes, the nature and purposes of which would utterly confound a safe manufacturer. The hour selected is generally about 3 A. M., the chances being in favor of the inmates having all encamped in the pleasant land of dreams. A back shutter is pried open; a balcony is scaled, and a second story window raised; or they may go through the coal hole in the pavement and force the door at the kitchen stairs. Sometimes the job is done alone, and then again there are several engaged, one remaining outside as a sentinel. A burglar in alluding to the attempt to rob a tailor's store in Washington street, which resulted in the arrest of two young men who have since been sentenced to five years each in prison, said it was all the fault of the 'lookout.'

"A 'lookout' occupies a very responsible position, whether on board a ship or connected with a burglary. Imagine the burglar in the house. He has reached the parlor floor, and pauses to listen. The darkness, the silence, must be terrible. His own breathing seems like a mighty storm of wind. Satisfied that there is no one

in the immediate neighborhood, he produces his lantern cautiously, and in a second, as he sweeps it about, gets the lay of the land. If he is after plate, the dining-room is visited, the pantry and butler's closet forced, and the articles of silver ware piled high upon the table, ready to be done up in the table-cloth, or thrust into a less suspicious bag provided for the purpose. It is at this stage of the burglary, that, in many instances, the gentleman of the mask and 'jimmy' enjoy a little lunch. 'Some of the best eating I ever had,' a burglar said, 'was at three o'clock in the morning in a house on the Heights. There was no one present but the three of us, and as luck would have it, we found as many bottles of fizz. The family asleep up-stairs consisted of an old doctor with the gout, his wife, and a nigger cook about a hundred years of age. For a long while we were afraid to cut the wires on account of the noise made by the corks, but we finally managed. There was cold turkey, fancy pastry, and any quantity of good grub. I got three years shortly after that flyer, and when I was eating my skilly up the river I often thought of our sitting about the table, with the chandelier lit, a-carousing and a-toasting each other in dumb show. It's a dangerous racket, this drinking while on business. A friend of mine is now doing ten years for trying to carry off some swag and two bottles of brandy under his vest at the same time. They found him with his plunder in the hall, sound asleep, in the morning when the servant came down to get breakfast.'

"When the burglar has to enter a sleep-room, he takes his life in his hand. He knows that the law not only authorizes, but urges anyone belonging to the prem-

ises to shoot him down like a dog. An accidental noise, the capricious wakefulness of an inmate, the stumbling into a house where some one is sick, all these are probabilities which render a struggle necessary, and which so frequently turn planned robbery into unpremeditated, murder. 'As to that,' the burglar remarked, 'the case stands this way. You know you will get about fifteen years if detained by the man you are fighting with, inch by inch, out of the room to the hall, then to the stairs, or a window; and you also know that if you kill him there are just a few chances of escape from hanging. When John Dolan robbed Noe, the brush manufacturer, in Greenwich street, he had no idea of committing murder. He did it through reasoning the matter while fighting the old man. Same way with the Nathan case. That dog would never have been used if Mr. Nathan had not put in an appearance.'

"'How do women act when burglars surprise them?'"

'Then he told me about being one of a party that entered a cashier's house in a watering-place, a mere village, to get the keys of the bank and the combination of the safe. There were some pretty cousins stopping with the banker, and they, with all the other inmates, were hunted up and brought down into one room, all in *dishabille*, with hastily picked up shawls and wraps and tiny bare feet thrust into high-heeled shoes and slippers, and kept there under guard of my friend while the robbery was executed. The cashier had to be gagged and bound, even after he had delivered the keys, but the girls were subjected to no such indignity. They made themselves as comfortable as possible, and one or two actually seemed to enjoy the novel experience. It was

the next thing to being run away with by bandits.'"

Detective John Rall was appointed a policeman January 21, 1872; and after a number of years became a detective, and was detailed as a member of the Central Office Squad. He is a very silent man, and is not as well known as his colleagues. He has done much good work, and is in everywise a trustworthy man. He is conversant with all the ways of criminals. "Crooks have one queer feature," he said to the writer, "and that is they like to describe and exaggerate their exploits to their legal enemies—the police. I presume every officer can relate a dozen good stories thus told him by some malefactor. One a short while ago told me the following:

"'At a bank in Dayton, Ohio, I did a good job, but did not take much satisfaction in it. When you beat a sharp man, there is something to rejoice over. You have put your wits against his and come out ahead. In this case the cashier was a squirt of a fellow, about twenty-three years of age. The cashier's den was not railed off and caged up in those days as now, and they were not so careful of their piles of money. This chap seemed proud to pile up the bills and coin around him, and the moment I got a look at things I knew that he was our game. The only man to be afraid of was the book-keeper. He was a bald-headed old fellow of forty-five, and had his place next to the cashier, and what he didn't hear and see was not worth attention. The manager and collector were in the bank most of the time, but at two o'clock always went out somewhere, and were gone a full half hour. This left only the cashier and book-keeper to deal with. There were two of us in the job, and after we had piped off the bank until we knew

it, I entered the place one morning and asked to see the manager. I was the agent of a new Chicago clock company for the manufacture of bank, office and railroad clocks, and, as an advertisment for our concern, would put up a time-piece on the wall and let it remain a year free, gratis. The clock then on hand was a cheap affair, and the manager jumped at my offer. I selected the place for it, and told him it would be hung up during the afternoon. We had piped the old bald-head off several days before, and knew just how we were going to manage him. He lived at least two miles away, and just after two o'clock, when the two men were left alone in the bank, a boy came in with a note telling him that his wife had received a serious fall. He clapped on his hat and started for home, just as we had planned, and I entered the place in company with my partner. He had a clock on his arm which had cost us thirty dollars. The opinion of the smart cashier was asked on various details, and he came out in front of the counter and gave orders where the clock should be put up. While he was dancing around, some evil-minded person put nine thousand dollars in gold and bills into an old satchel, and then stood around until the clock was up. The reason he didn't clean out the bank was, because two or three outsiders dropped in to see the clock. When we went out it was to get into a hired buggy and drive away, and a few hours later we were bucking the tiger in Cincinnati. I always felt a little mean over that job. You see the cashier was a young squirt, who couldn't have held his own with a common thief, and it was no credit for us to beat him. That wasn't the last time I saw him, however. Four years later, while I was taking a va-

cation at Joliet for carrying off some diamonds belonging to a Chicago party, they put a new man at work beside me one day. He was a puzzle to me for a while, but by and by I located him as the cashier of the Dayton bank. He had secured a place in Chicago as confidential clerk to a manufacturing concern, and had gone the way of many others, and got into the clutches of the law. When I told him who I was, he had nothing but praise for the clock trick, saying that he did not miss the money until the bank closed for the day."

CHAPTER XIII.

PRECINCTS AND STATION HOUSES.

First Precinct.—Its Boundaries.—"The Heights."—Mercantile Palaces.—"Old" and "New" Quarters.—Captain James Campbell.—A Quiet Night.—The Sergeants.—Efficient Officers.—Discouraging Tramp Lodgers.—"Cheap Lodgings." A Warm-hearted Sergeant. — Roundsmen and Detectives.
Second Precinct. — Its Boundaries. — Dangerous Locality. — "The Chain Gang."—The Station House.—Noisome Cells.—Probable New Headquarters.—Captain John W. Eason.—A Veteran of the War.—Many Times Wounded.—The Sergeants. Money Easily Made.—Pinched in the Neck.—Only Vagrancy. —Roundsmen and Detectives.

THE FIRST PRECINCT.

THE First Precinct is bounded on the east by Hudson Avenue and Nevins Street, on the south by Atlantic Avenue to Henry and State Streets. On the west it is bounded by Hicks Street, to Grace Court, which also forms part of the southern boundary. The western limit is then marked by Columbia Heights, as far as Orange Street, which, with Nassau Street forms the northern boundary to Hudson Avenue. It includes a large part of the millionaire neighborhood of the Heights, and the dry goods and other mercantile palaces of Fulton Street. Its taxed valuation is far up in the millions. With the Second Precinct it contains what was once the town of Brooklyn, and before that, the village of "Breuckelen." The Station House on Adams street, near Myrtle Avenue, occupies the whole handsome new Police Court House, except the second floor. Before the

completion of this edifice, it was situated for many years on Washington Street, near Fulton, between the Post-Office and the Brooklyn Theatre. Its roll is made up of the captain, four sergeants, two roundsmen, fifty patrolmen and two doormen.

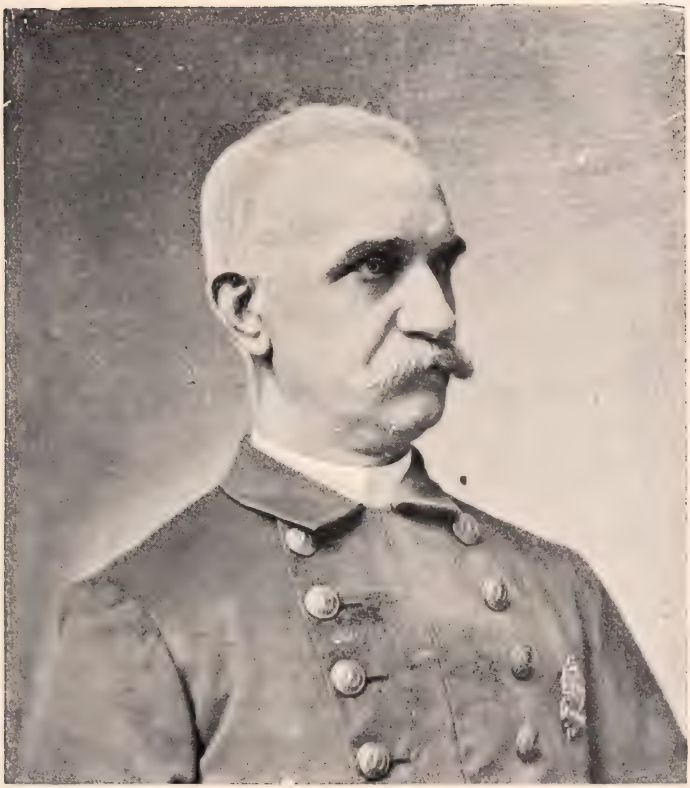
The commander of the First Precinct Police Station is known and admired by almost every Brooklynite. Captain James Campbell is a man slightly above the average height, broad shouldered and finely proportioned, about fifty years of age, and his face is honest and handsome. He wears a moustache, which, as well as his hair, is white. In uniform he looks the model type of the police official. He entered the Police Department on December 10th, 1853, and was assigned to patrol duty in the Twenty-eighth Precinct, under the old Metropolitan system. After some months, at his own request he was transferred to the Eighth Precinct which at that time was considered the worst in the city. His post was on Greene Street, where, night after night, the thieves, pickpockets, burglars and abandoned women, pursuing their low, unlawful vocation, were so defiant that arrests under the most dangerous circumstances grew to be as little thought of as the ordinary "drunk" of the present time. The captain is an entertaining conversationalist, and when not engaged in his official duty will relate stories of crime and arrests occurring in this period alongside of which Gaboriau's tales look tame.

The captain, living in Yorkville at the time, found it a long jaunt to and from the Eighth Precinct, so was detailed to serve in the Thirty-first Precinct. His first night on post was probably the hardest ever spent during his police service. He wandered

over rocks and unpaved streets, without meeting a soul from midnight until six in the morning. Two goats were all that ever disturbed the peaceful quiet of the night, which happened to be unusually dark. The contrast to his former nights of excitement and danger had a depressing effect, and when relieved in the morning he felt worse than after a night down town in the thickest of several fights.

In 1867 he requested to be changed, and was transferred to the Forty-first Precinct, which is now the First Precinct, Brooklyn. He remained there a little over a year, when he was transferred to the Eighth (then Forty-eighth) Precinct, Brooklyn, and promoted to roundsman. In the fall of 1869 he took a step higher, being made Sergeant and assigned to the Forty-fourth Precinct. He remained in the Fourth (old Forty-fourth) Precinct until the summer of 1873, when he was appointed captain, and assigned to the command of the Tenth Precinct. In 1879 he made his last change to the First Precinct, where he is liable to stay until either he or the Precinct becomes *non est.*

During the captain's duty in Brooklyn his precincts have been in the *elite* wards of the city, which fact consequently brings the number of crimes committed within his jurisdiction somewhat below the average. However, without going into details, the number of "crooks," from the expert burglar to the petty sneak thief, who choose his Precinct wherein to push their operations is exceedingly small. A large number of this class who tried the experiment are either in prison or evading some other police captain, having served their time and learned a lesson.



JAMES CAMPBELL,
Captain.

Captain Campbell knows them all, nevertheless, and makes it a strong point in his routine of duty to drive them off the streets of his precinct, thus keeping the possibility of crime at a minimum.

Sergeant David V. W. Lawson was born forty-six years ago. He is about medium height and build, and of dark complexion. In 1865 he was appointed patrolman on the Police force. In 1873 he was promoted to the station of roundsman, and in September, 1883, stepped one round higher, and threw away the patrolman's uniform to wear that of a sergeant, at which time he was detailed to the First Precinct, where he has since remained.

As an officer he is conscientious and brave, never shirking or trying to lighten his duty. He has been the hero of many important arrests, which went a long way toward ridding the community of dangerous criminals.

Sergeant Lawson, in speaking to the writer of the evils of city life said :

"We try to discourage tramp lodgers as much as we can. We find that it fosters drunkenness to give the tramp free lodgings this time of the year. There are a lot of tramps in the city who go about begging in the day time. Every one of them pick up enough to eat, and a few nickels here and there. By the time night comes they have enough money to buy a night's lodging in a cheap lodging house, but they prefer to spend their cash for stale beer and bad whiskey. When they are comfortably loaded they go to the station houses to get free lodgings. A regular tramp will not go to sleep with money in his pocket, if he can help it. In cold winter

weather I hate to turn tramps away, but from April to October it doesn't seem to hurt them to sleep in trucks and hallways. Lately I have adopted a plan to discourage station house bums. I put them under arrest, and they are sent to the work-house or penitentiary."

At this point the door opened, and a youth thinly clad entered to ask for lodgings. He did not look as if he had been drinking, and was a stranger to the sergeant.

"I have been looking for work, and haven't got enough money for a bed," he said.

"How much have you got?"

"Six cents." He took from his pocket a copy of the *Eagle*, a nickel and a cent.

"Did you buy that paper?"

"Yes. I have just been to answer an advertisement from a man near here, but the place was already filled."

He pointed out to the sergeant the advertisement for an able-bodied young man, wanted at a place not far away.

"That will do, we will give you as good lodgings as we have in the house, and here is something for your breakfast."

The sergeant added a silver coin to the stranger's six cents, and sent him back to the lodging-room. Another man, dirty and shabby, had slid into the station, and was making for the lodging-room, too, with the easy self-consciousness of a regular lodger, when the sergeant stopped him.

"Hold on a minute, Johnny. I want to talk to you. Do you remember promising me, when you were here last time, that you would stop drinking?"

"Did stop—sever(hic)al times," said the tramp.

A ring of the bell called the doorman and a policeman

in uniform. The sergeant wrote down the tramp's name, age, nationality, and the charge "intoxication," and said, "Lock him up."

Turning over the leaves of the blotter, the sergeant said: "That makes the seventh tramp in the cells to-night, and it isn't ten o'clock yet."

Sergeant John Barr is sixty-one years old, and, with one or two exceptions, has seen more years of active police duty in Brooklyn than any of his associates. He was appointed patrolman in the summer of 1852, and for thirteen years served faithfully in that capacity. In 1865 he was promoted to the rank of roundsman, and on June 24th, 1871, to his present position of sergeant. This veteran of the force is much respected by his fellow-officers, and has made an excellent record.

Sergeant Henry C. Ballow was born in 1843. When nineteen years of age he enlisted in the Sixty-third New York State Volunteers. He went to the front as a private and served all through the war. He was promoted to the rank of first sergeant for bravery. In 1865 he became a patrolman. In 1873 he was made roundsman, and in the following year he was appointed sergeant.

He has always been an officer well-liked by his associates, and, aside from his diligent watch for law breakers, has always been noted for assisting poor unfortunates, whether financially or physically, whom he chanced to meet.

Sergeant Anson G. Dodge was born in 1848. When only fifteen years of age he enlisted in the Fiftieth Regiment New York Volunteers, and carried a musket through the war, taking part in its leading battles. He was appointed on the police force June 17th,

1873, and assigned to duty as patrolman. In 1881 he was made roundsman, and in 1884 sergeant. Since his appointment he has enjoyed an unblemished record.

The sergeant is very well-informed as to the doings of the criminals he is forever locking up, and now and then he gives his friends the benefit of his knowledge. Speaking of swindlers, he tells the following quaint story.

"I had a man in here the other night whom I recognized as a fellow I had arrested some years ago and sent up for till-tapping. He bore an air of dejection as he talked, and allowed his cigar to go out. He was such a picture of dejection I could not help asking, 'What's the trouble?'

"'Bad enough,' he answered. 'Our best man has been pinched in Connecticut, and has just got twenty-five years straight in the neck. Who was it? Why, John Palmer, of course. He was one of the great artists in the profession, and has made thousands and thousands. He wasn't like ordinary crooks. He was always getting up new schemes. He invented the telegraph racket, and it was a daisy. How was it worked? He'd go to a hotel in Buffalo, and register as Charles Adams, of New York, and flash a card representing some manufacturing concern in the city. He'd rush around and sell, or try to sell, by sample or by an advertising book, and he'd always bring his would-be customers to the hotel, and there treat them and the clerk. He'd tell the clerk confidentially that he expected some money telegraphed on, and to notify him the moment the telegram came. In the afternoon the telegram came from one of his pals. It read:

"Your letter received. Mailed you certified check at 10 o'clock."

"The next morning the letter came from New York, and inside was a certified check. Of course it was all forged, and very well forged. He'd show it up to the clerk, and then walk down to the nearest bank to cash it. The teller refused always, until John was identified. He'd go back to the hotel and get the clerk to endorse it, or else go down with him to the bank to identify him. In either case he collared the cash every time. He caught on, boss, but you see success was too much for him. He got careless in his biz, and then, instead of sticking to hotels and banks, he tried to work the Post Office. It breaks me all up, for I worked the racket with him.'"

The Roundsmen of the First Precinct are John J. Clancy and John Dougherty. The Detectives attached to the First Precinct are James J. Roddy and Charles Chambers. Both are excellent officers, who commenced service as patrolmen, and graduated from the ranks. Roddy is the most recent detective on the force, having received his promotion January 6th, 1887. Chambers served with distinction during the war in the One Hundred and Seventy-third New York Volunteers.

THE SECOND PRECINCT.

The Second Precinct is bounded by the East River on the west and north, from Wall Street Ferry to the Navy Yard wall. On the east by Navy Street, and on the south by Nassau and Orange Streets. It is one of the worst precincts for crime in the city, and for years was infested by the notorious "Chain Gang," which was finally broken up by the late Captain Crafts. Along the river front the neighborhood is, in most part, of a hard character, especially along Freeman street, where the sailors congregate and fight. Many factories are con-

tained within the above boundaries which offer great inducements for robberies. The Station-House is a three story brick building, situated on the corner of York and Jay streets. The cells are damp ; so much so, that for some time past it has not been thought humane to put prisoners in the lower tier. The house, taken as a whole, is unworthy the city, and the gallant men who are compelled to use it as a home. It will, before long, be condemned by the authorities, and a new and handsome structure erected in its stead.

Captain John W. Eason, commanding the Second Precinct, was born in New York City, February 22d, forty-three years ago, and came to Brooklyn shortly afterwards. On April 18th, 1861, he enlisted in the Fourteenth Regiment, New York, as private. He was promoted July 8th, 1861, to Third Corporal of Company G, and assigned to the Color Guard. August 1st, after first battle of Bull Run, made First Corporal. He was made Second Sergeant January 1st, 1864, and took part in every engagement the regiment did, except two days during the second battle of Bull Run. He was wounded at the first battle of Bull Run, also at Antietam and Gettysburg. He was honorably discharged, June 6th, 1864, at the expiration of his term of enlistment, being one of the remnant of the gallant regiment, which for bravery and fearlessness, was called by foes "The Red-legged Devils," and by friends, "The Fighting Fourteenth."

On June 29th, 1864, three weeks after his discharge, he was appointed patrolman on the old Metropolitan Police force, and assigned to the Forty-first Precinct, now the First Precinct, Brooklyn. In May, 1870, he was made acting-sergeant, and a month later appointed sergeant.



JOHN W. EASON,
Captain.

He then served two days at the Fourth Precinct, and returned to the First. In the fall of 1873 he was transferred to the Tenth Precinct, where he remained until 1875, when he was again sent back to the First Precinct. On September 16th, 1881, on account of the illness of Captain Craft, he was ordered to take command of the Second Precinct.

Captain Eason has always been connected with precincts where police work was the heaviest in the city. He is as model a captain as he is a worthy citizen. There is no nonsense about him. He has a plain, straight-forward way of talking directly to the point, and the meaning of what he says is never obscure or conjectural. He is direct, clear, terse and emphatic, without being rude, brusque, rough or ill-mannered. He has strong sound sense. "He has got horse sense," one of his friends declares, which is supposed to mean the most sensible kind.

He never flatters, nor palavers. If he is dissatisfied he makes it plainly manifest in an outspoken way, without humiliating or causing undue embarrassment to the violator of rules or orders. He believes in men performing their duties faithfully and with exactitude, without any attempt at evasion or skulking. He has in fact a wholesome dislike of eye-service, and cannot tolerate the sycophant or toady. He has a manly way of doing things himself, and insists on others acting in the same manner.

This influence, so far from conflicting with his efficiency as an officer, has materially aided it, as it is the result of his efforts and labors in protecting and maintaining the rights of citizens and property-owners against criminals and the marauding classes, which has established him

firmly in the confidence and affections of his fellow-citizens.

Sergeant Francis A. Earle is thirty-six years old, weighs two hundred pounds, and a better natured man is not included in the list of police officials of Brooklyn. On May 13th, 1872, he was appointed a patrolman. He was made roundsman January 3d, 1883, and arrived at the dignity of sergeant May 10th, the following year.

He makes it a point to keep on good terms with the criminals, so that he can lay his hands upon them whenever wanted, and tells many odd stories of their ways and methods. "There is one crook I've known a long time" says the sergeant, "who is always working up new schemes. The last time I asked him what he was up to. "'I have been in the country operating in real estate,' was his ready reply. 'It's a good biz, but no more of it for me.'

"'How did you make out?'

"'First class. Enough to get my stuff out of hock, pay my rum bills, and have a few cases left over. Let's have a snifter, and I'll tell you the scheme.'

"The drinks having been ordered and disposed of, he continued:

"'I went down to Riverhead as Mr. Smith, a real estate agent from Morrisania. In a couple of days I'd made a list of all the property there was for sale, and what was more important, of all the farms whose owners didn't live in Long Island, the names and addresses of these owners and tenants. I picked out a farm, owned in New York, that was worth about three thousand dollars. I then went to a real-estate broker on Third Avenue, and offered him the property for one thousand dollars, half cash down

and half mortgage. I told him I was hard up, and had to have the money in a week. If he could put it through in that time he could have the job and an extra commission of seventy-five dollars ; but if he couldn't, I'd try the man on the next block, who had been recommended to me by my friends. Of course I knew they were rivals. I gave him the real owner's name, and one of my hotel addresses on the Bowery. He took the next train to Riverhead, and of course was told by the rustics and the officials that the place was worth two thousand dollars, and was free and clear, and that the owner was a swell city chap who lived beyond his means, and seldom or never came down there. He came back perfectly satisfied and got some customer to put up the cash. I signed the papers, got my five hundred dollars, less the commission and his fees for searching, and opened wine for them both. Do you know, the customer had him pinched for the job, and he had to make it good.

"'Well, I thought I had a picnic, and the very next day I started a second trick in Queens County.

"'Everything ran along like the first, till the broker went down to Jamaica to make his search. While there, in the County Clerk's office, he ran across an old lawyer who had charge of the farm he was working on. The counsellor tumbled in a minute, but went off half cocked, because he thought the broker was in the job. They came to some understanding, however, and the next morning sent a sweet letter to the hotel, and a fly cop along with it. I twigged his nibs from the reading-room back of the bar and skipped. If you go around now you will find that merry note in the pigeon hole, and the police mug getting weary in the chair. Still, I

ain't much alarmed. I saw my lawyer on the way up, and he said as long as I hadn't signed anything, or got any cash out of a bloke, they could only collar me for a vagrant. But it was a close shave, and don't you forget it. What will you have ?' "

On November 4th, 1844, Sergeant Michael McCarthy started life. When the War of the Rebellion broke out he enlisted in the Fourteenth New York, and participated in many battles.

He was appointed on the police force October 3d, 1871, and detailed as patrolman. In December, 1885, he became a sergeant.

Sergeant McCarthy is as modest as he is brave, and enjoys equally the confidence of his superiors and associates.

Slightly above the average height, dark complexioned, good-looking, with black side whiskers and mustache, Sergeant Joseph Carrougher is a man respected by all the residents of the Second Precinct. He was born in 1840.

On March 6th, 1867, he was appointed patrolman, and on June 22d, 1872, he was promoted to the position of sergeant.

Sergeant J. D. Reeves is heavily built, and slightly above the average height. He was born in June, 1837.

In 1864 he joined the police force, starting as a patrolman. He was made roundsman April 16th, 1861, and sergeant June 1st, 1883.

Sergeant Reeves has always enjoyed an unblemished record, and although fourteen years on the Heights, where crime is scarce, he has made many good arrests.

The roundsmen of the Second Precinct are Michael J. Murphy and Thomas F. Hughes.

The detectives attached to the Second Precinct are Michael Campbell and John Kearney. Campbell is one of the few members of the force who did not begin with patrol duty. He served with distinction in the war with the One-hundred and Forty-eighth Regiment New York Volunteers, and in 1872 entered police life as a detective. Kearney served as a patrolman from 1872 until 1886, when he was promoted to his present position. Both are capable officers, much esteemed by their associates.

CHAPTER XIV.

PRECINCTS AND STATION-HOUSES.

(*Continued.*)

THIRD PRECINCT.—BOUNDARIES.—STATION-HOUSE.—MEAN THIEVES.—PREVALENCE OF "DRUNKS."—CAPTAIN PATRICK H. LEAVEY.—A BOOK OF HORRORS.—"BILLY THE KID."—THE WESTERN CODE.—A DEADLY TOY.—AN UNINTERRUPTED SUPPER.—NO EQUAL WITH THE GUN.—THE SERGEANTS.—THE ROUNDSMEN AND DETECTIVES.

FOURTH PRECINCT.—STATION-HOUSE.—BOUNDARIES.—CAPTAIN WILLIAM J. MCKELVEY.—A BRAVE AND INTELLIGENT OFFICER.—THE TERROR OF JACKSON HOLLOW.—STORY OF THE "BLACK BAG."—THE CAPTAIN'S WAR RECORD.—HIS CONNECTION WITH THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.—THE SERGEANTS.—STORY OF A RIVER FIGHT.—THE ROUNDSMEN AND DETECTIVES.

THE THIRD PRECINCT.

The Third Precinct is, in many respects, like the Second. Its territory encroaches upon a portion of a region in which crooks of the worst character hold sway, while, on the other hand, many blocks of handsome mansions and respectable dwellings are found along its streets. The Station-House is situated on Butler street, just off from Court, and is pleasantly shaded with trees. It is well-equipped, and will shortly have the patrol-box system in working order.

The Precinct is bounded, commencing at the corner of Atlantic Avenue and Nevins Street, south through Nevins Street to Butler Street, to Gowanus Canal, to Fifth Street, to Fourth Place, to Cole Street, to Hicks Street, to Sackett Street, to Henry Street, to Atlantic Avenue east to Nevins Street For many years, the notorious

"Smoky Hollow" was included in this precinct. It was a district equalling, if not excelling, the "Five Points" of New York in vice and depravity. The number of crimes planned and committed by its desperate inhabitants, whose tales will never find their way to the public's ears, would, if related, make a large and terrible volume. Murder, assaults of the most sickening nature, heartless torture inflicted upon unfortunate victims not giving up all in their possession, even to the shoes, hat and underclothes the moment they were demanded, and all other crimes against life and property which the vilest of men and women can devise and perpetrate, form part of this unwritten record. The most imaginative brain cannot invent deeds more horrible than have been nightly committed in "Smoky Hollow."

The precinct has been growing better-behaved and more decent, and is to-day in admirable police condition. It nevertheless contains an immense population of the very poor, in which intoxication is fearfully prevalent, and in which the crimes and disorders caused by drink take place with unhappy regularity.

The present commander of the Third Precinct has filled that difficult position in the most acceptable manner.

Captain Patrick H. Leavey was born in 1843. He is powerfully built, dark complexioned and handsome. Captain Leavey was appointed on the police force May 7th, 1866, and detailed as patrolman in the Fourth Precinct. He was transferred to the Third Precinct, and made roundsman October 12th, 1869. He then went to the Eleventh Precinct, and was transferred back to the Third Precinct July 29th, 1870. He was made sergeant

June 17th, 1871. He again went to the Eleventh Precinct, and in 1872 was assigned as acting captain of the Ninth Sub, now the Fourteenth Precinct. In 1873 he was transferred to the Third Precinct as sergeant, and has remained there ever since. He was made captain of the Precinct November 13th, 1876.

He well deserves the credit bestowed upon him for clearing out "Smoky Hollow." The stories of this district, which at times he relates in his interesting way, would easily fill a book and hold its reader in its perusal unto "the end." He has made a good share of the arrests in his Precinct, which sends more prisoners to the police courts than any other in the city.

Captain Leavey indulges in a pastime worthy of Vidocq, Fouché, and the other great thief-takers of the world. He keeps a huge scrap-book of everything that appears in type regarding the crimes and criminals of Brooklyn and New York. Well indexed, it enables the reader to pursue the history of any crime, or the career of a law-breaker, from its start to the dismal end which always closes wrong-doing. "The history of malefactors," says the captain, "is somewhat monstrous, and almost always written in painful colors. A few reform and become respectable. A very large majority die from the diseases produced by excesses, from the wearing-out of the nerves, incident to their career, and the shocking irregularity of their lives. A number meet death in brawls, bar-room fights and open encounters. A case has just come under my notice. The man was 'Billy' Maloney or 'Billy the Kid.' He belonged to the Smoky Hollow gang, and though neither large nor muscular was one of its most desperate characters. He was shrewd, and kept



PATRICK H. LEAVEY,
Captain.

himself out of the law's clutches for some time, but at last his time came, and a warrant was issued for his arrest on some serious charge. He got wind of it, however, and left the city. I found he had gone West and become one of the famous desperadoes of that section. He was killed early in February, but I did not hear of it until lately. The man's slayer was a fellow desperado known as Pat Garrett. It occurred in some mining camp in New Mexico, where the chief attractions are endless gambling and drunkenness. 'The Kid' was out there what he was here, a 'holy terror.' He was a strange thing you come across once in a life-time, and while he was as smooth and pleasant a little fellow as you could wish to associate with, he filled a fellow with a sort of respect—I think that's the word, although its hardly applicable to a cut-throat. He was like a snake shining in the sun, and yet his touch meant death. He was slight and light-haired, and blue-eyed, and his face was sort of pale ; his upper teeth stuck out a little bit, and made him look more innocent than ever. You somehow ain't afraid of a fellow whose teeth stick out in the front. It suggests childishness more than anything else.

"He didn't weigh much more than one hundred and thirty-five pounds, and was pleasant in his manners and address ; his eyes were agreeable till he got mad, and then they shot fire.

"He killed two men, it is said, and did the job up in, what they call out West, an artistic way. They never knew what had happened, he was so quick and thorough in his use of a revolver. They were cow-boys, and they had sworn they'd kill the Kid, because they had heard so

much about him and his prowess with the knife and pistol. This time, at least, the Kid wasn't to blame. He hadn't killed any relatives of theirs, which, according to the Western Code, is a good reason for murdering a fellow being, or assassinating a crowd to which the offender belongs. They do things differently out there from what they do in the City of Churches. As I understand it, there was quite a crowd in camp when the Kid and another rode up. The people who knew him, or knew of him, were not over-glad to see Billy, because he had a hard name; they said he'd kill a man if he did'nt happen to be stuck on the color of his hair, and other pleasant remarks of the same nature, and Maloney was so agreeable and so generous toward one and all of those in the camp that they might have thought butter would have been safe in his mouth, if they had not known him; and that made them more uneasy than ever, though there were at least ten men all armed, and only two against them, the Kid and the fellow with him. They were eating dinner or supper, for meals out there are very much confused in their character, when two fellows rode up. The Kid had seen them before, but he never moved a muscle in recognition, and kept on eating as naturally as if there was not a soul within a hundred miles that was going to hurt him. When the strangers got near enough to see the faces of the fellows eating, one of them said: 'There he is,' and without saying anything more they drew their weapons and fired as rapidly as possible. Everybody broke for cover in some way, but none so lively as the Kid did; he sprang six or eight feet into the air forward, until it looked as if he was hit, because fellows do the same way when they have a bullet straight

through the heart; but he wasn't touched. The fellow on horseback paused a moment, and made a grievous mistake. Maloney, in almost a twinkling of an eye, drew his gun—one of the prettiest Winchesters carried in those law-defying districts—and fired twice. It was a bullet for each man, and he brought them both, each one through the heart. His partner sat eating his supper all the time, and seemed to think that the Kid could take care of himself, and needed no assistance whatever.

"When the Brooklynite had finished his killing and wiped off his gun, he sat down and finished his supper, and then rode away. As he and his pal were departing, he reined in his horse, and said to the crowd, who stood in silence, 'I'm in a hurry, or I'd help you bury those ducks.' They never found out who the dead men were, and buried them then and there. They then went some distance away and camped for the night. They shared an odd superstition against sleeping near to dead men.

"Maloney was a queer lad; never thinking of aught except killing. The only thing to do, therefore, according to Occidental custom and usage, was to kill him. It wasn't any use to put him in jail, for he'd break out, and the fellows who put him there would have to hustle around lively after that to keep out of his way, or they would be apt to get killed in short order when he struck them. The authorities captured him more than once, but he always managed to get away, and each time he killed somebody. Once he killed two deputy sheriffs who had him in charge, by taking the gun of one of them away. There wasn't a man in New Mexico who could shoot against him with a pistol or a Winchester, and he never missed.

"He made a vow to kill Garrett at sight, which was promptly reported to the latter. He did the wisest thing under the circumstances, and lay in wait patiently on the road he knew his enemy must come by. Then, without warning, he shot him dead with the first bullet, and so ended a career that began in the dives of Brooklyn in the year when dives prospered, and which made Smoky Hollow a familiar name to the police of the country."

Sergeant Daniel Ferry is forty-four years of age. He was appointed on the police force January 9th, 1871. He was made roundsman in 1873, and became a sergeant on July 1st, 1881.

His work has always been in the roughest parts of the city, and the number of arrests placed to his credit is very large.

Sergeant Edwin Deyer was born fifty years ago. He is light complexioned, tall and muscular. He received his appointment on the police force February 18th, 1863, and was detailed as patrolman. In 1870 he was made sergeant.

As a police officer the sergeant has done much good work, and has a first-class record.

Sergeant Thomas Walsh is thirty-nine years old. He began duty on the force as a patrolman in 1871, was made a roundsman the following year, and received his promotion to the rank of sergeant in 1876. His record is a most excellent one, and for many of the arrests made by him he has been complimented by the Superintendent.

Sergeant William J. Caddon saw light in 1846, and became a patrolman in 1870. His entire seventeen years of service as patrolman, roundsman and sergeant have been spent in the Third Precinct, with the exception of

one month in the year 1876. Many important arrests are placed to his credit, and his record as an officer is high and praiseworthy.

The roundsmen attached to the Third Precinct are John Healy and Patrick J. Hawkins.

The detectives attached to the Third Precinct are Edward Rorke and Michael Gray. Both are men in the prime of life, who have graduated from the ranks and have earned their promotion. The archives of the police bear frequent testimony to their zealous work in the cause of law and order.

FOURTH PRECINCT.

One of the pleasantest precincts in Brooklyn is the Fourth. It covers the aristocratic neighborhood about Clinton Avenue and Fort Greene Park, and contains a mixed population of the best and worst classes. What disorderly characters are arrested within its confines are taken mainly from the district north of Myrtle Avenue and from what is called "under the Hill." The station-house is situated on the corner of Myrtle and Vanderbilt Avenues, and is one of the oldest station-houses in the city; it is a three-story brick building, with an extension for the cells and lodging-rooms. Under the Metropolitan system it was known as the Forty-fourth Precinct, but under the original Municipal Police and since the reorganization which followed the repeal of the Metropolitan Act, it was, and ever since has been, known as the Fourth. In its long history it has been commanded by many of the best men upon the force. Its boundaries are Hudson Avenue to Franklin Avenue, and Flushing Avenue to Fulton Avenue.

Captain William J. McKelvey of this precinct is one of the finest looking men on the force. He is stout and of medium height. He was born on the 12th of March, 1842. When the war broke out Captain McKelvey was one of the first to volunteer as a soldier. He joined the Tenth New York Volunteers (National Zouaves), with which body he remained two years.

The captain was promoted from the rank of a private to that of a sergeant at Malvern Hill, but when the regiment to which he belonged arrived at Philadelphia, it was disbanded, and Sergeant McKelvey was among those discharged. He returned to New York, and at once began to form a company of volunteers of which he intended to take command, and again engage in the conflict between the North and South. The government was slow in furnishing the necessary equipments, and while Sergeant McKelvey and his troupe of volunteers were lying idle in New York the riots broke out. The soldiers offered to assist the police in putting down the rioters, and were told to go ahead. The sergeant and his men were in the hottest of the affray, and did a wonderful amount of good work. When the angry crowds were finally subdued the soldiers led the triumphant police force in the march through the streets of the great Metropolis. Thomas C. Acton, then President of the Metropolitan Police Force, noticed the gallant conduct of Sergeant McKelvey, and afterwards offered him a position on the police force. He accepted the offer and became a patrolman, attached to the Thirty-ninth Precinct. Remaining one year in this district, he was transferred to the Fifteenth Precinct, in Mercer street, and while there was promoted to the office of roundsman. In 1866



WILLIAM J. McKELVEY,
Captain.

he was transferred to the Twenty-seventh Precinct, and assigned to special detective duty with the Board of Cotton Brokers. He did good work in this direction. He resigned his position on the third of September, 1870, and engaged in the oil business in West Street, New York.

In the winter of 1872 a fire destroyed all of Mr. McKelvey's business, and he came to Brooklyn; and in September of the same year secured a position on the Brooklyn Police Force, under General Jourdan. He served as a patrolman of the Tenth Precinct for four months, when he secured a place in the telegraph department. In this position of telegraph operator the captain served until 1883, when he was made drill captain. On the 17th of January, 1885, Captain Willmarth, of the Fourth Precinct, retired, and Captain McKelvey took his place.

In 1864 New York City was aroused to great excitement by a gang, supposed to be in the service of the Confederacy, carrying black bags of infected clothing, and of combustibles into the prominent hotels. In many cases the inflammables were set on fire. So alarming did this danger become that the police received special instructions to search all suspicious looking bags. Captain McKelvey at that time was a patrolman in the Fifteenth Precinct, New York. On February 1st, 1865, he was on Amity street. About one o'clock, in the morning, the wind became so piercing that the young officer sought the shelter of a doorway. While stationed here, concealed from view, he saw a young man turning the corner. In his hand he carried a "black bag," which seemed well-filled. The sight of this bag aroused the officer's suspicions. With thoughts of promotion and

fame in his mind, McKelvey stepped from the doorway and arrested the individual. In response to the officer's "what are you doing here at this hour of the night," the suspected man coolly replied:

"Aha, an officer! how you frightened me; what time is it?"

Without deigning any reply to this, McKelvey asked what was in the black bag, to which the young fellow replied that it contained boots and shoes. He was a shoemaker, he added, in the employ of his brother, who kept one store in Carmine street and another in East Houston street. The shoes in the bag he had been working on all night, he said, and was taking them to the East Houston street store, as they were promised a customer that morning. His story seemed plausible enough, but remembering the strict instructions in regard to strangers carrying suspicious looking bags, McKelvey told the stranger he would have to accompany him to the Station House in Mercer Street, and have the bag searched. To this the young man readily agreed.

Together the officer and prisoner walked down Amity street towards Mercer, the stranger holding the bag in his left hand which was the side nearest the offcer. When they had gone a short way in this manner, the stranger suddenly turned around and dealt the officer a terrific blow in the face with his disengaged hand, which felled McKelvey to the street. The blow was so sudden and unlooked for that McKelvey was momentarily taken back. In a second the officer was on his feet, and in hot pursuit of his man, whom he could see turning a distant corner. Not stopping to pick up the bag, which the stranger dropped, the officer, who carried

much less avoirdupois then, was not long in gaining on his man; when within a few yards of him the fellow turned around and fired a shot from his revolver, but luckily missed his object. Here was McKelvey at a disadvantage in not having a pistol with him. In this manner the pursuit continued, the stranger varying the monotony of the chase every now and then by turning around and blazing away at his target, who spent most of his spare time in dodging the flying bullets. McKelvey made several attempts to rap for assistance, but the snow-covered ground gave forth no response. When Great Jones street was reached, the officer spied a pile of bricks in the street on the side of which he rapped, and was overjoyed to hear responsive signals from three of his comrades in as many different directions. When the pursued man heard these signals, and observed one of the officers coming towards him, he again turned and fired upon his pursuers. This shot emptied his weapon, and he ran up into the alley in Read street, where the Berdell murder took place. McKelvey knew the locality well, and it at once flashed through his mind that the gate at the Bleecker street end was closed and consequently he had his man like a rat in a trap. At this point McKelvey was joined by six other officers and they all followed the man up through the alley. With all the chambers of his revolver discharged, and a huge gate cutting off escape, the fellow threw up his hands and surrendered. At the station he denied all knowledge of the black bag, and said that he had not carried one. Here was a nice position for the officer. He had forgotten all about the bag, in the excitement of the chase, and without it his charge lacked foundation. Find that bag

he must, so he started out over the same ground he had gone over a little while since, but no trace of the bag could he find. He met several people, but no one had seen the bag. As he neared the house of Engine No 4, of the Volunteer Fire Department, on Mercer street, which was on the route of his exciting chase, he observed a light burning in the rear of the building. This fact struck him as rather unusual at the small hour of the morning, and he approached the door and looked through the keyhole, and his heart gave a bound as he saw three of the firemen examining the contents of a black bag, sufficiently like the immediate cause of the night's adventure. He could see several pairs of shoes in their hands, and it occurred to him at once, "What if that fellow's story was true?" At all events he must gain possession of that black bag. McKelvey knocked, and after considerable waiting one of the firemen opened the door, yawning out he had been asleep, and invited the officer in out of the cold to "warm up." McKelvey said he had not come to "warm up," but to get that bag. In amazement the fireman denied all knowledge of the article mentioned, but the officer told him what he had seen through the keyhole, and threatened to have a posse of men search the house if the bag was not brought out immediately, and it was soon forthcoming.

It contained some very fine boots and shoes. Now the next thing was to find out from whom the shoes had been stolen; and it was subsequently found that the shoe store opposite the New York Hotel had been entered that night from the rear and the goods stolen. Twenty-four hours after Charles English had committed the burglary he had been tried, sentenced to ten

years imprisonment, and was on his way to Sing Sing prison. McKelvey received many letters of thanks for his bravery, although he had not yet entirely recovered from the disappointment that his adventure that time did not result in the arrest and conviction of a Confederate spy and a "yellow fever distributor."

Probably among no other body of men are the small, button-like badges of the Grand Army of the Republic more thickly distributed than among the Brooklyn Policemen, and for years it had been the privilege of police officers, who had served in the Civil War, to obtain leave of absence to participate in the Memorial parades in which the Grand Army Posts took part. The officers were readily released from duty on these occasions, until it was found that, instead of participating in the parade, they abused the privilege by neglecting the procession—preferring to mingle with friends among the sight-seers. In view of this, it occurred to Captain McKelvey to organize a regiment of the veterans among the Police Department, and he accordingly suggested this plan to Gen. Jourdan, who heartily endorsed it, and soon after the Fourth Regiment of the Metropolitan Brigade was organized, with Captain McKelvey as its commander.

After considerable time and patience, occupied in organizing and perfecting the regiment, Captain McKelvey succeeded in getting together a company of men, of whom he might well be proud, and has since led them on all occasions in which the Grand Army Posts have taken part. At the time of the funeral of that illustrious hero, Gen. U. S. Grant, it was Captain McKelvey's Post which was stationed at the sepulchre at Riverside, to guard

the remains of the famous soldier, whose name the Post now bears.

At first, Captain McKelvey experienced some trouble in getting the Historical Society to lend him the original colors (One Hundred and Seventy-third New York) carried by his regiment, but now the Society is only too glad to aid the gallant Captain in such a patriotic movement.

The two men who carry the colors in the Fourth Regiment Brigade are Geo. Tallman, of the Central Office Squad, and Henry Miller, No. 1 of the Sixth Precinct. They carried the identical colors during the exciting times of the battle of Port Hudson, and the Red River campaign.

In speaking of Grand Army matters, it will not be amiss to state that the present captains of the First, Second, Fourth, Sixth, Eighth, Tenth, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Sixth Sub-Precincts have all served their country in the late war, and among the sergeants there is an average of two veterans to every precinct in the city.

Charles Strong, of the Fourth Precinct, was born in 1829. On the 18th of May, 1865, he secured an appointment as patrolman on the Metropolitan Police Force. He did good work during his service in the ranks and on the twentieth of June, 1872, he was promoted to the office of sergeant.

Sergeant William P. Kelly was born on the 22nd of January, 1833. On July 20, 1861, he was appointed patrolman by Commissioner Thomas C. Acton, of the Metropolitan Police. After serving for eight years in New York, he was transferred to the Brooklyn branch. On June 30, 1870, he was promoted to the position of sergeant, and

assigned to the Fourth Precinct, July 24th, 1871. His record is excellent.

Sergeant Stephen Martin is forty-two years of age. He became a patrolman on January 20th, 1868, and was, some time after, on July 16th, 1875, appointed a sergeant. Sergeant Martin is intimately acquainted with the criminal classes of both New York and Brooklyn, and can tell many thrilling stories of their deeds and misdeeds. In speaking of crimes, he says :

"I notice a growing decrease in the amount of violence and brutality. The sneak-thief is replacing the highwayman and burglar. The river-thief, once so powerful an element in crime, is now almost extinct. Yet in my time he was one of our most dangerous foes. On May 29th, 1873, Joseph Gayles, *alias* 'Socco the Bracer,' 'Bum' Mahoney, a first-class river-thief, and 'Billy' Woods, formerly a stone-cutter, but now a murderer and expert river-thief, stole a boat, and with muffled oars pulled down stream to a pier on the East River. They boarded the brig 'Margaret,' of New Orleans, and, while ransacking the captain's trunk, awakened the captain and mate. A scuffle ensued, which resulted in the thieves leaving the brig and taking to their boat. An alarm brought officers to the scene of the attempted robbery. It was three o'clock in the morning, the sky was overcast and not a star to be seen. As one of the officers flashed his dark lantern under the pier he saw a boat starting out. Throwing the rays of his lantern full upon it, three men stood up, revolvers in hand, and firing began. The first shot gave 'Socco' his death wound. The officers continued firing until they had emptied their pistols, but the thieves escaped in the darkness and pulled

up toward the Long Island shore. 'Socco the Bracer,' fainted from the loss of blood, and his companions, thinking he was dead, threw him overboard to lighten the boat. The water revived him, and he begged piteously to be taken into the boat again. This was done after much trouble, but as soon as he touched the thwart he gasped and died. The boat was again stopped in mid-stream, and the lifeless body of 'Socco the Bracer,' with the tell-tale bullet hole through the breast, was thrown to the waters, but four days afterward it came to the surface at the foot of Stanton street, within sight of the residence of the dead river-thief.

"Secrecy was no longer possible, and now the thieves themselves admit that their pal was killed by the officer. After this robbery, the next that I recall was that of the bark 'Zouma,' on the East River. Louis Engleman, a Fourth Ward river-thief, who lived at No. 57 Rose street, New York, was convicted of the theft. He was captured by Sergeant Blair, of the Second Precinct, after a chase of three hours, during which he jumped overboard; and while hanging on to the rudder of a three-masted schooner at anchor was thrown a rope by a policeman. 'Go to h—l with your rope,' he exclaimed, rejecting it; you shan't take me alive.' He dove under vessels and docks, and for a long time defied half a dozen officers in boats, but he was at length captured and is now doing the State some service in one of the Sing Sing factories."

Sergeant Thomas F. Mande was born on the eleventh of December, 1859. On the fourth of April, 1882, he was appointed a patrolman. He was promoted to roundsman December 5th, 1885, and on the eighth of January 1887, he advanced one more step up the ladder and be-

came a sergeant of the Fourth Precinct. Sergeant Mande has done good service as an officer, and deserves all the honors that have been bestowed upon him by the city.

The roundsmen attached to the Fourth Precinct are William Knipe and George W. Raynor.

The detectives of the Fourth Precinct are Thomas Shaughnessy and Joseph Price. Shaughnessy served with distinction as a soldier through the great war, and joined the Police Force in 1868. Price is also a veteran, not of the army, but of the navy. Both are officers of merit, and are held in high esteem.

CHAPTER XV.

PRECINCTS AND STATION HOUSES.

(*Continued.*)

FIFTH PRECINCT.—STATION HOUSE.—BOUNDARIES.—CAPTAIN CORNELIUS WOGLOM.—"THE CHIEF OF WILLIAMSBURG."—HIS SPLENDID RECORD.—SERGEANT GEORGE BUNCE.—A VETERAN.—RIOTS OF 1863.—OTHER SERGEANTS.—ROUNDSMEN AND DETECTIVES.—A CLERGYMAN'S MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

SIXTH PRECINCT.—BOUNDARIES.—STATION HOUSE.—FEATURES OF THE PRECINCT.—CAPTAIN WILLIAM J. KAISER.—SOLDIER AND POLICEMAN.—QUICK PROMOTION.—A COUNTRYMAN'S WAR-CRY.—A DEMORALIZED OFFICER.—NEW USE FOR A BARREL.—THE SERGEANTS.—DETECTIVES AND ROUNDSMEN.

SIXTH SUB-PRECINCT.—BOUNDARIES.—STATION HOUSE.—COMMANDING-SERGEANT EDMUND BROWN.—HIS WAR RECORD.—A JEWELER BURGLARIZED.—CHASING THE THIEVES.—SERGEANTS O'REILLY AND CORWIN.—BOTH WAR VETERANS.—DETECTIVE CAMPBELL.—THE ROUNDSMEN.

THE FIFTH PRECINCT.

At the corner of North First Street and Bedford Avenue stands a three-story brick building with brown stone trimmings, where the guardians of the peace of that portion of the city bounded by Babcock Creek on the north, River Street and Kent Avenue on the east, Broadway on the south, and Hewes Street and Union Avenue on the west, find a headquarters.

Erected in 1859 and '60, under the supervision of Cornelius Woglom—its present captain, who was at that time a boss carpenter, it was termed by Superintendent Kennedy, then the chief of the Metropolitan Police, the finest police station in the city. It was so admirably

constructed that the authorities in Washington, Philadelphia and Baltimore requested and obtained the plans and specifications for use in their respective cities.

Off the main-room, within calling distance of the "big desk," is situated a small, cosy apartment for the captain.

Ten iron grated cells are located on the ground floor of an extension to the main building, and two lodging-rooms occupy the floor above. The second and third floors of the main building are given up to quarters for the patrolmen, having sleeping accommodations for fifty officers.

A part of the building is used as a large reading room, where all the daily and weekly papers are on file for the men.

The Fifth Precinct seems to be a favorite camping ground for tramps and dissolute characters of both sexes and seldom, during the winter months, a night passes that the station house is not crowded to its full complement.

Captain Cornelius Woglom, who is called the "Chief of Williamsburg," was born September 21st, 1815. He claims with some degree of pride to have earned a living almost from the date of short-dresshood, and was very young apprenticed to a carpenter from whom he gained a mechanical knowledge which gave him a comfortable living in after years.

As a builder, in 1859 he obtained the contract to erect the Fifth Precinct Station House, and during its construction and while then holding the office of alderman, which he filled for two and a half years, in a spirit of devilment, at the railleries of a friend he put in an application for the

captaincy of the new Station-house. With no civil service competition to contend with, as he laughingly states, and in fact no competitors by reason of the infancy of the department, he was overwhelmingly successful, and he has since occupied the site which he supposed he was putting in order for a stranger.

During Captain Woglom's police service he has made many important arrests, and his name is a terror to the evil-doers of the Fifth Precinct. The captain is as brave as a lion, and on many occasions has illustrated his prowess. That section of the city in which his Precinct is located was at one time the headquarters of one of the worst bands of roughs that ever made predatory incursions upon their fellow-citizens. They would congregate at the corners in some of the worst localities and defy the police. In frequent encounters which occurred between the officers and the roughs, the former often came off second best. Captain Woglom determined to give them a lesson which they would not forget. Learning that at a certain time a large number would be congregated at a certain locality, he posted a section of men in hiding in the vicinity, and then ordered one of the patrolmen to saunter past the crowd and order the roughs to disperse. The mob replied with jeers and stones. The officer gave a preconcerted signal, and before they comprehended what had taken place the rowdies found themselves surrounded on all sides by officers with the captain at their head, who with upraised clubs reiterated the patrolman's demand for them to separate. A desperate fight ensued, in which the police showed no quarter, and which resulted in the roughs surrendering and being taken to the police station. A few subsequent



CORNELIUS WOGLOM,
Captain.

meetings of a hostile character took place between them and the police, but the encounter virtually broke up the the gang.

Captain Woglom is a man who labors himself. He does not entrust the management of precinct affairs to his sergeants and roundsmen. He runs his own station and holds himself responsible for the working of the force under his command. This policy produces a good effect upon the men, as it makes them partners in his successes. Every time his officers make good arrests or perform faithful work he lets them know they are adding to his laurels as well as to their own reputation, and he frankly acknowledges they are making capital for him.

When, on the other hand, he finds that unjust charges are being made against anyone in his command, he will fight before the Commissioner for the accused. Captain Woglom's police career has been one of great influence and has been characterized throughout by energy and hard work. He has protected the citizens and punished offenders, and occupies a strong place in the affections of the police force as well as of the people. He is a thorough policeman by instinct and long experience, and it would be an unfortunate day for the police of Brooklyn when he should separate himself from them. In the seventies he resigned, but so strong a public pressure was brought upon him to withdraw it that he complied. The reconsideration of his request for retirement was hailed by all classes of citizens with delight.

Sergeant George Bunce was born in 1832. He was appointed a patrolman in January, 1858. In 1862 he was appointed acting sergeant and was afterwards con-

firmed in that rank. The nearly thirty years of service seen by Sergeant Bunce make him one of the veterans of the force. His stories of the past are full of interest, and he recounts with special delight his experience in 1863, when he was a member of the old Metropolitan Police and attached to the Forty-sixth Precinct, now the Sixth Precinct, Brooklyn.

Word was sent over the wires that help was needed to quell the rioters at the Tribune Building. In response to this call that brave and fearless officer, Superintendent Folk, with twenty picked men, among whom was Captain Woglom's right-hand man, Sergeant Geo. Bunce, left Brooklyn for Police Headquarters in Mulberry street. When they arrived there they were ordered to proceed to the City Hall Park and form a semi-circle around the park. The New York men then drove the mob from the *Tribune* Building into the arms of their Brooklyn comrades, when a hand to hand conflict ensued, resulting in a prompt and decisive victory for the police. In this conflict Sergeant Bunce distinguished himself as worthy of such a leader as Superintendent Folk. He was again under this officer in quelling the mutiny of Gen. Spinola's soldiers in 1863, while stationed at East New York.

For years it was a standing joke of the newspaper men to look out for important events when Sergeant Bunce "had the desk," as there was scarcely a murder or burglary case of any note that came in unless Sergeant Bunce had command at the time.

Sergeant Jas. L. Hallett was born May 9, 1846. He was appointed patrolman in 1872 and acquitted himself so well that a vacancy occurring one year after his con-

nection with the force he was made sergeant, which post he has filled ever since. Fourteen of his fifteen years' service have been spent as the able assistant of the Fifth Precinct Captain.

Sergeant John Reardon, another of Captain Woglom's lieutenants, saw light in 1845. At the age of twenty-two he obtained an appointment as a Brooklyn patrolman, in December, 1867. After ten years' service, on January 12th, 1877, he climbed a step up the ladder of fame to a roundsman's cap and was fortunate enough, five days later, to receive a sergeant's commission.

Sergeant Reardon has the entire confidence of his captain, and his judgment is always relied upon in making important arrests.

Sergeant Wm. J. Berford was born in 1837. His service on the police force dates from January 7, 1867, as a patrolman. He received his first promotion in May, 1874, when he donned a roundsman's uniform and five years later received a sergeant's badge.

At the breaking out of the late war Sergeant Berford was one of the first to offer himself in the country's service, and distinguished himself as a man of nerve and judgment.

The roundsmen of the Fifth Precinct are John J. O'Brien and Thomas F. Lynch.

The detectives attached to it are John C. Corcorane and Martin Short, both shrewd and excellent officers.

Detective Short tells many capital stories of criminals' wiles. One of them involves a clergyman, who was caught on the pocket-book game, and is worth repeating as the reverend gentleman told it to the officer.

"I was crossing the street from the Fulton Ferry, and

as I stepped upon the walk I felt some one pinch my leg. I turned and beheld a respectable looking, well-dressed man, wearing a black hat with a wide band of crape around it. He stood sideways to me, and I perceived that he had a large pocket-book in his hand and was about to open it; in an instant I had felt in all my pockets to see if the book was mine. At the same time the man said to me:

"'If it had not been for me, sir, you would have lost a large amount of money. I saw you drop it as you stepped upon the walk, and hastened to hand it to you.'

"I assured the obliging fellow that the money did not belong to me, and that it must have been the party ahead of me.

"'Well,' said he, 'if that be the case, let us open it; perhaps the owner's name is on the inside.'

"He opened it, and as he did so, I saw a large package of bills. The outside one was a hundred-dollar note.

"I also saw several others, but could not tell their denomination. In the meantime the fellow with the crape on his hat had been pretending to count the money, and had partly turned his back; soon he turned to me and said:

"'Alas, dear sir, I can find no clue to the owner, but after counting the money and finding over two thousand dollars, I am convinced there will be a reward of at least three hundred dollars. Now, my dear sir, I cannot remain to claim the reward; my relations all live in Buffalo, and it is scarcely two hours since I received a letter from a dear sister, saying that our dear old father was at the point of death.'

"Here his voice was broken with emotion.

"'I am a poor man,' he continued, 'and shall have to borrow the money to pay my fare. Now, my dear sir, if you will kindly take this pocket-book and let me have a hundred dollars you will be richly paid by the owner when you restore it to him.'

"I thought the offer was fair enough and suggested that he take a hundred dollar note that I saw wrapped on the outside of the roll.

"'Not for the world,' he said, 'not for the world.' And putting his hand upon his breast, said: 'Stranger, I am poor, but I am honest.'

"I was ashamed, and without hesitation put my hand into my pocket and gave the honest fellow two fifty-dollar bills.

"He took it quickly, shook hands and disappeared.

"I am in the habit of stopping at the Pierrepont House when I am in the city. When I reached my room I had the curiosity to look at my prize to see how much I really had. When I opened it I found a counterfeit one hundred dollar bill on the Beverly Bank of Massachusetts, and the rest were show bills, etc., and a few leaves from the diary of a physician. I was thunderstruck, not so much on account of the loss of the hundred dollars as I was at the depravity of the man."

THE SIXTH PRECINCT.

The Sixth Precinct covers that portion of the City of Brooklyn known as "Dutch Town," probably the most notable district in the country for elopements, breach-of-promise cases, divorces, lover's quarrels and picnics. In fact it is a perfect paradise for gossips.

The Precinct is bounded on the north by North Second Street, Metropolitan Avenue and Newtown Creek. On the

East by the City Line. South by Jefferson Street, Irving Avenue, Flushing Avenue, Bushwick Avenue, Varret Street, Graham Avenue, Seigel Street, Leonard Street, Boerum Street and Broadway; and on the West by Hewes Street and Union Avenue. The Station-house is located on the southeast corner of Stagg Street and Bushwich Avenue.

The inhabitants are chiefly engaged in the tailoring business, while a number of breweries give employment to hundreds of men and boys. The children of the poorer classes are all compelled to work while very young.

There are two districts, called "Picklesville" and the "Swamp," which if not constantly patrolled by efficient policemen would be the daily scene of crime.

St. Catherine's Hospital is situated on Bushwick Avenue, two blocks from the Station-house, while the Thirty-second Regiment Armory occupies the northwest corner of Stagg Street and Bushwick Avenue. The population is almost entirely foreign—the bulk of it being German. There are also a large number of "Polaks" and "Slovaks" (Polish and Russian Jews), Austrians, Bohemi ans and Hungarians. In some districts German and bas tard Teutonic dialects are the only languages heard.

Captain William J. Kaiser, commander of the Precinct, is over six feet in height and built in proportion. He is a dark-complexioned, fine-looking officer, who has made a reputation as an efficient policeman second to none.

He was born April 27th, 1842. When the war broke out he enlisted in the 49th New York Volunteers and carried a musket through the entire rebellion with the Army of the Potomac. He took part in every engagement with the Sixth Army Corps, notwithstanding the



WILLIAM J. KAISER,
Captain.

fact that he received three wounds. A bullet at the battle of Winchester pierced his hip so seriously that he was carried to the rear and placed under the care of the surgeons. Before twelve hours had passed, he secured a horse and caught up with his regiment in time to help fight the battle of Fisher's Hill. Previous to this engagement he had been made second lieutenant, and when wounded he was acting adjutant. He was made first lieutenant for bravery on March 1st, 1864, and on March 1st of the following year was promoted to the rank of Captain for his gallant services in the battles before Petersburg. On June 7th, 1864, he was mustered out of service.

He was appointed a patrolman on the Metropolitan Police Force, June 25th, 1866, and assigned to duty in the Forty-ninth, now the Ninth Precinct. In June, 1867, he was transferred to the Fourth Precinct, and two years later was sent to the Fifth Precinct. In May, 1870, he was made sergeant, stepping completely over the heads of the roundsmen, which is a promotion seldom made. He was then sent to the Sixth Precinct, where he remained until 1876. He was made captain in August, 1873, and commanded the Sixth Precinct until his transfer to the Twelfth three years later. In 1878 he was again transferred, this time to the Thirteenth, where he remained until his last move to the Sixth Precinct, in 1880.

The districts in which Captain Kaiser has done duty are to a great extent "crime producers," and require unceasing vigilance in protecting the inhabitants and their property.

As a patrolman, Captain Kaiser was constantly ferret-

ing out persons of doubtful character. In many cases he unmasked criminals who were living double lives and stealing systematically from friends and immediate neighbors. As a commander, he has always grappled with the vices of his Precinct in a manner which has done much toward the extinction of crime. His men are all contented and willingly work hard, a sure sign that he is a capable commander.

Upon the arrival of a big burly countryman in the city, his usual war-cry is:

"I must do up a policeman—this time, sure."

There is a good story told by Captain Kaiser in which a policeman was "badly done up," that is well worth repeating:

"John Jackson is an athlete and the terror of his town. Early one morning, with two congenial and noisy friends, he paraded Fulton street. In the vicinity of the Court House they began singing. 'Same Old Game,' 'He's a Jolly Good Fellow,' 'Bingo Farm' and other familiar airs were reeled off rapidly. Their discordant tones grated upon the ears of a police officer, who suddenly darted from a deep shadow and ordered the party to button up their mouths.

"John was speechless with rage for an instant, but he soon recovered his voice and began to abuse the brass-buttoned minion of the law. The officer threatened to run the entire party in. John defied him, and concluded by alluding to the blue coat as an 'eight hundred dollar man.' Instantly the eight hundred dollar man's fist shot out and marred the beauty of John's left eye. He didn't have a chance to land another blow. John flew at him like a lion panting for gore.

"Before the officer could interpose a single objection John had seized, upset and stood him on his head. In that undignified position he was held with his pride oozing from his ears, until most of his small change, a revolver and a bunch of keys dropped from his pockets upon the sidewalk.

"This done, John lifted up his victim, plunged him head first into an empty barrel at the curbstone, and brandishing the vanquished man's night stick over his head vanished with his companions around the corner.

Sergeant John W. Warmell was born just fifty years ago. On September 27th, 1866, he was appointed on the police force and assigned to duty as patrolman. After serving in this capacity three years and a half he was appointed roundsman. In 1875 he was made sergeant.

Sergeant William H. Kitzer was born in 1874. He became connected with the police force on December 9th, 1874, and was detailed as patrolman. He was made roundsman in February, 1878, and served in that capacity until May 8th the following year, when he was appointed sergeant.

The sergeant has always proved himself an efficient officer and has made many good arrests. He is a typical German in appearence.

Sergeant James G. DeBevoise is a large and powerful man. He was appointed on the Brooklyn police force July 5th, 1865, and made sergeant in May, 1879. He was born quite a number of years previous to the time he received his "buttons." He is said to have quite a record for arrests of various natures.

Beside being a police officer with a good record, Sergeant John A. Sutton has to his credit a great amount

of good work as a soldier in the late War of the Rebellion. He was born in 1843.

When the war broke out he was one of the first to enlist in the Fourteenth Regiment New York Volunteers, and until wounded at the battle of Rappahannock Station fought in every engagement with his regiment. He was honorably discharged the September following, re-enlisted in the Eighty-fourth Regiment New York Volunteers and was finally discharged with the rank of first lieutenant in October, 1864.

On March 1st, 1865, he was assigned to duty as patrolman. In 1869 he was made roundsman, and afterwards received his promotion as sergeant.

As an officer the sergeant has always been conspicuous for his attention to duty.

The detectives attached to the Sixth Precinct are Joseph Lyons and William Ihne. Lyons served his country during the war in the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery, and displayed the same bravery and zeal that distinguish him as a police officer. Ihne has a fine record as a detective and has been connected with many important cases.

The roundsmen attached to the Precinct are James Green, an old war veteran and an excellent officer, and Wm. Weiser, also a good officer.

THE SIXTH SUB-PRECINCT.

The Sixth Sub-Precinct is made up of a portion of the Sixth and Seventh Precincts. It is one of the roughest portions of Brooklyn, and boasts of no wealthy streets. It is bounded on the north by Van Cott avenue and Meeker Avenue. On the east by Newtown Creek.



EDMUND BROWN,
Sergeant.

On the south by Metropolitan Avenue and North Second Street, and on the West by Union Avenue. It contains that portion of Brooklyn known as "The Green," which for years was nightly the scene of the most daring robberies, obscene adventures and attempts at murder. The Precinct has only been in existence since October 12th, 1885, since which time over one thousand arrests have been made and the greater part of the lawlessness suppressed.

The Station House is on Graham Avenue, between Frost and Richardson streets.

The commander of the Sixth Sub-Precinct, Sergeant Edmund Brown, is stout, handsome and good-natured. He was born in 1837. When the war broke out he enlisted in Ellsworth's Zouaves, and served for eight months, fighting in the first battle of Bull Run and was then stationed with his regiment at Newport News. He was finally honorably discharged in 1861. On December 28th, 1864, he was appointed a patrolman at the Forty-fifth, now the Fifth Precinct and served there five years, when he resigned and went to work in the Water Department of the Board of City Works. On April 30th, 1887, he was reappointed on the police force and assigned to the Fifth Precinct as patrolman. By successfully passing the Civil Service examination, he was appointed sergeant June 23d, 1884, and sent to the Seventh Precinct, where he remained until October 12th, 1885, when he was placed in command of the Sixth Sub-Precinct, where he has since remained.

Jacob Morch, a jeweller, had just removed into new quarters. Patrolman Brown was walking along Broadway one April morning, near Morch's new store, when

he discovered that something was wrong. Upon investigation he found that three thieves had just entered the store by a rear entrance and were working at a safe which contained $70,000 worth of diamonds. When they saw the officer they dropped everything, and made their escape by jumping through the large plate glass show window. He followed, but the thieves got a slight lead on him, and down Broadway they sped like the wind; but the worthy officer, not to be out-done by any common burglars, succeeded in capturing one, Edward Jacques, *alias* LeRoy, who turned out to be a notorious burglar, wanted on several charges in the West. He was placed under $1,000 bonds for trial, which he covered with cash and left for parts unknown. He was captured a short time afterwards in Philadelphia and is now serving a term of years in the Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia.

When the Sergeant first went to the Sixth Sub-Precinct, it was, as before stated, swarming with thieves and desperate characters, but the results of the sergeant's firm hand were soon perceptible.

For the first few months the lowest number of arrests in twenty-four hours was twenty-five, and included prisoners charged with every crime except arson.

The arrests now are not much more in a week, despite the rapid growth of population.

Full of wit and humor and a gallant officer, withal, is Sergeant Miles O'Reilly. He is forty-four years of age. He went to the war with the First Long Island Volunteers on June 20th, 1861, and just four years later found himself discharged without having felt the stinging sensation of a ball. During the latter part of his service he was with

the Third New York Independent Battery. He obtained an appointment on the police force April 10th, 1874, and was detailed to patrol duty. On January 1st, 1883, he was made roundsman, and on October 12th, 1885, he donned the uniform of a sergeant. He is as bold as he is handsome and has made many captures of criminals.

Sergeant J. Addison Corwin was born in 1842. When war was declared between the North and South he enlisted in the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh New York Volunteers and went to the front. He served three years and although in many battles received no wounds. In 1874 he was appointed on the police force and assigned to patrol duty. He was appointed roundsman July 6th, 1881, and on January 1st, 1883, he was made sergeant.

He was one of the principal men who broke up the notorious "Romer Best Gang," which was comprised of four negroes, one white man and two negresses. They perpetrated daring burglaries and would stop for nothing when once they had planned some robbery. They usually climbed in the second-story window of the dwelling-house they robbed.

The only detective in the Sixth Sub-Precinct is George B. Campbell. He is remarkably sharp and quick to make the best of a slight clue.

Among the many arrests he has made are eight which were all connected with the same man, Wolfgang Grouse, who although he has been in Brooklyn but nine years has spent eight of them behind the bars at "Crow Hill". This thief is not satisfied with one good robbery a week, but wants to keep up pilfering in some form continually. He stole the line holding a canal-boat to a dock

on Newtown Creek one night, and let the boat and all aboard drift out into the river. The following twelve months he spent at the Penitentiary. Campbell so thoroughly understood the man that the first night Grouse would regain his liberty the detective would go to the thief's house on Montrose avenue, and would catch the reckless freebooter in almost the act of stealing and lodge him in jail again.

The two roundsmen at this precinct, who are acting sergeants, are Geo. Hamer and Frank F. Williams.

CHAPTER XVI.

PRECINCTS AND STATION HOUSES.

(Continued.)

SEVENTH PRECINCT.—STATION HOUSE.—BOUNDARIES.—CAPTAIN GEORGE R. RHODES.—A LINGUIST AND AN ATHLETE.—A SCHOOLMATE OF SECRETARY BAYARD.—AN EFFICIENT OFFICER.—THE SERGEANTS.—THE ROUNDSMEN.—DETECTIVE DONLON.

EIGHTH PRECINCT.—BOUNDARIES.—STATION HOUSE.—CAPTAIN THOMAS MURPHY.—A SPLENDID WAR RECORD.—A MEMBER OF THE GRANT POST.—THE SERGEANTS.—DETECTIVES AND ROUNDSMEN.

EIGHTH SUB-PRECINCT.—STATION HOUSE.—BOUNDARIES.—COMMANDING SERGEANT KENNEY.—AN ORDNANCE BOY DURING THE WAR.—HIS PROGRESS IN LIFE.—THIEVES OF NERVE.—THE SERGEANTS.—DETECTIVES AND ROUNDSMEN.

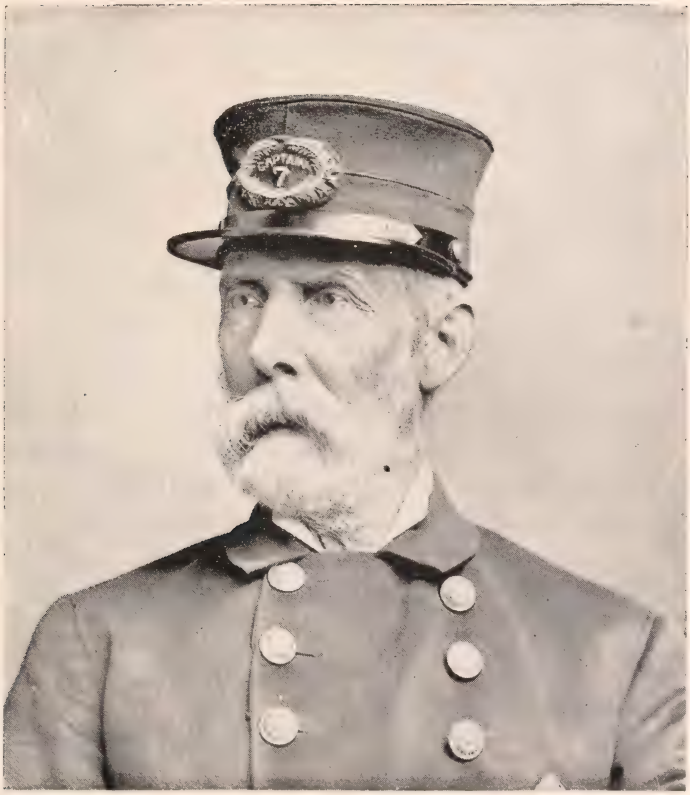
THE SEVENTH PRECINCT.

The three-story brick building on the corner of Greenpoint and Manhattan Avenues is given up to the guardians of the peace of the Seventh Precinct; above the door of the house hangs the well-known police lamp of green glass. The room into which this door leads is used as the "office," in which the awe-inspiring sergeant's desk is the most conspicuous object. To the left of the "office," and in full view of the "big desk," is the captain's private office, neatly furnished with a flat writing table, and a library that appears to be well stocked with books of the good old-fashioned size and solidity. In an extension to the side of the main building is located the lock-up, consisting of eight dark and dingy cells. To an ordinary person it would appear that the mere fact of

having to pass a night in one of these "holes in the wall" would be punishment enough, but doubtless Captain Rhodes' "visitors" have become so used to them that they seem as comfortable as their own sleeping rooms. The upper part of the extension is given up to two lodging-rooms for men and women respectively. On the second floor of the main building is situated the "officers' sitting room," the roundsmen's quarters and sleeping apartments for the men; the third floor is used for sleeping accommodations entirely. To the rear of the main building is being erected a new lock-up. The site where this new extension is being put up is where the "old Bell Tower" used to stand—a familiar landmark to the old residents of Greenpoint; but, alas, the march of improvement goes on and such objects of interest as this are doomed to disappear. When this new lock-up is finished the old one will be re-constructed for the use of the patrol wagon which is soon to be added to the Precinct, and other police purposes.

The Seventh Precinct extends from the East River along Newtown Creek, to Meeker Avenue to Van Cott, down Van Cott to Driggs Street, to an imaginary line between North Fourteenth Street and North Thirteenth Street, along the line to East River, and along the river front back to Newtown Creek. In one part of this Precinct is situated what is, or was known as "Danger Town," inhabited by the "Far Downs," and was at one time a very rough locality, but since Captain Rhodes has taken command as guardian of that neighborhood the nightly depredators that had infested the district are heard of no more.

Captain George R. Rhodes is a well-preserved man of



GEORGE R. RHODES,
Captain.

about three score and two years. In manner he is extremely courteous, yet very reticent regarding himself. He is a fine linguist, having traveled extensively and studied a great deal abroad. Notwithstanding his age, until very recently he, in company with one of the inspectors, used three times a week to take great delight in a pull up Newtown Creek in a shell. He has also the reputation of being able to put every man in his precinct to blush as far as walking is concerned. He was born February 3, 1825.

Secretary of State Bayard was a schoolmate of his. In 1837, at the age of twelve years, he went to Turkey, where his father was chief naval instructor, having charge of the arsenal. While there he studied and mastered the French and Italian languages, and also learned to converse in Turkish. For three years he remained abroad, when his father receiving an appointment in his own country, similar to the one he occupied abroad, he returned with him.

On December 1, 1857, he was appointed to the Metropolitan Police Force. He was assigned to the Second Precinct under Captain King. After a few transferrals he was made sergeant on January 1, 1858, there being no intermediate position of roundsman then. Four years later, on December 31, 1862, while on the Second Precinct, he was made captain and was given command of the Third Precinct. It was while on the last named Precinct, during the riots of '63, that he proved himself a most efficient officer, rendering great service to the city in preserving order in that dangerous locality of the water front which was in his district. On July 9th, 1869, he was transferred to his present precinct and

has remained there since. From the time of his appointment, about thirty years ago, he has not been fined one day's pay, charges which have been brought against him never having been sustained. His promotion to a captaincy was entirely unlooked for and unsolicited, and can be attributed simply to his excellent record and good conduct as patrolman and sergeant.

Sergeant Samuel Hardy was born on the 10th of October, 1844. On June 19th, 1863, he enlisted in the Fifty-second New York State Militia. It was about this time that Stewart's cavalry made a raid on Pennsylvania, and in response to the request by the Governor of that State for troops, young Hardy's regiment was among those sent. His regiment went as far as Antietam, where Lee was defeated.

On July 24th, 1863, the thirty days for which his regiment had been mustered out having expired, they were ordered home and were honorably discharged. On December 1st, 1886, he was appointed on the old Metropolitan force as patrolman.

He was promoted roundsman in September, 1883. On October 10, 1885, a sergeant's shield was the reward of a successful civil service examination.

Sergeant Thomas H. Baker was born on the 1st of April, 1850. He was appointed to the police force on the 8th of December, 1874. He became roundsman May 11, 1883. On May 23d, 1885, he was promoted to sergeant. While in the Sixth Precinct, about 1875, he had a curious adventure with a man who had become crazed through sickness. He was a basket-maker by trade, and having been sick for a long while had become despondent and attempted suicide in the presence of his wife and child

by cutting his throat with one of the long iron knives, such as are used by shoemakers. His wife interfered and received a severe cut across the palm of her hand. His little boy seeing his mother thus cut also attempted to take the knife from his father, and in doing so the knife was drawn through his clenched hand, almost severing some of the digits. By this time the father seemed to understand what he had done, and again attempted his own life, this time by cutting his wrist. Just at this moment Sergeant Baker, at that time patrolman, arrived on the scene, having been informed by some children of what was taking place. Before he had quite arrived at the place of the attempted suicide the now frenzied basket maker heard him coming, and still retaining possession of his murderous weapon attempted to escape by going up through the scuttle to the roof, where he awaited the coming of the officer. He did not have to wait long. Tell-tale blood stains revealed the way of escape and in a few moments the officer was also on the way to the roof. Instinct warned him to be cautious. Placing his cap on the end of his baton he shoved it up through the opening and above the level of the roof. Well for him that he did so. No sooner did the crazy man on the roof espy the hat, than rip, and the blade of the long iron knife came through the top of the hat. The officer then immediately jumped on the roof, but the other had gone. He had jumped down to the roof of the house adjoining, and had gone down through the scuttle into the house, through the house to the street and from there back to his own quarters. The officer followed in the same manner and at last came upon him, standing in the corner of his own room in a defiant attitude, knife in

hand, ready to strike anyone who would dare to approach him. Approaching him quietly, the officer drew his club, and turning the tasselled end towards the man asked him for the use of the knife to cut the tassel off. Strangely enough it was handed him in the most polite manner possible. Of course the man was immediately secured.

Sergeant Leonard W. Elliott was born October 17, 1833. He was appointed to the Metropolitan Police Force May 28th, 1864. After nine months of duty as patrolman he was suddenly and unexpectedly promoted Acting Sergeant by the Commissioners and eight months later he was made Sergeant, in 1866. He is a brother of ex-Judge Elliott, who was also at one time County Clerk. He has a very interesting book which he posts up from the Station House Criminal Record. It is a sort of private ledger in which he has classified all sorts of statistics concerning the officers, men and criminals with whom he has come in contact in the various precincts to which he has been attached.

Sergeant Robert W. Reid was born on June 5th, 1840. He was appointed to the Police Force December 28th, 1866. On August 20th, 1873, he was made sergeant in his present Precinct, there being no roundsman attached to it at that time. He has been Sergeant in the Precinct about fourteen years, has an excellent record and is thoroughly respected by his men.

The roundsmen attached to the Seventh Precinct are Allen R. Knapp and Samuel Stillwaggen. Both are excellent officers and have splendid records for long service.

The Seventh Precinct has but one detective—Stephen

A. Donlon. Before his assumption of detective duties he was keeper of the Kings County Penitentiary, in which position he gained a personal knowledge of criminals now very valuable to him.

THE EIGHTH PRECINCT.

The city line forms the eastern boundary of the Eighth Precinct, and Gowanus canal faces it on the west ; on the north side is Third Street, and Twenty-fifth Street runs along its southern side. The Station-house is located on the corner of Fifth avenue and Sixteenth street, and is an imposing three-story structure of Philadelphia brick, and makes the small modest dwellings, with which that portion of the city is thickly strewn, look strikingly dull and unpretentious by comparison.

It was put up in 1873 and is considered one of the most perfect precinct station-houses in the city.

Off the main building, with which it is connected by a narrow wooden passage-way, is a brick extension one story in height, the ground floor of which is laid out in prison cells which, owing to Captain Murphy's efforts in ridding the neighborhood of criminal classes, are seldom occupied. Two lodging-rooms for men and women respectively occupy the south side of the extension and both buildings are heated by a large automatic furnace in the cellar. This means of heating station-houses is a decided improvement on the former old-fashioned system of bulging stone-bellied stoves which only heated the one apartment in which they were placed and now the unfortunates who seek the shelter of the Eighth Precinct lodging-rooms are as comfortably protected from the cold of winter as the captain and officers. When the pressure of steam in this furnace is up to the limit,

a valve opens automatically and relieves the boiler of its superfluity of material. Consequently it requires but little attention, and performs its duties so admirably that doubtless ere long it will be in general use in all the Brooklyn station-houses.

To the left of the railed desk is the captain's room, handsomely furnished with Brussels carpet and richly upholstered chairs and ottomans. A large and handsomely carved cylinder desk attracts the eye of visitors, and with the massive captain in the cushioned chair in front the scene inspires awe and respect from the most toughened criminal. Opposite the captain's office is the sergeants' reading room and sleeping apartments, and at the rear of the main building on the ground floor is the men's reading room, which might also be termed a model gymnasium, as it contains a fine collection of Indian clubs, dumb-bells and other articles of athletic culture.

The officers' sleeping rooms occupy the third floor, where accommodations for eighty men, if necessary, can be found. The "Eighth" is one of the largest Precincts in the city, and possibly should number more officers on its roll book. The small force of forty, however, covers the boundaries to the satisfaction of the Department and the residents, and no increase will probably be made in the Precinct for the present. In the neighborhood of the station-house buildings are rapidly going up, and Italians and Poles are immigrating to that portion of the city in large numbers, so that the small force is obliged to be wide awake, particularly on the midnight tours.

Captain Thomas Murphy, the master of the Eighth Precinct, was born July 9th, 1844.



THOMAS MURPHY,
Captain.

On December 23d, 1867, he was appointed patrolman in the Fourth Precinct and in 1870 was made roundsman. In 1873 he was assigned to the detective force, and was given a sergeantcy in 1878 and transferred to the Twelfth Precinct. From there he was promoted to captain and assigned to the Eighth Precinct.

Captain Murphy's career is a striking illustration of the fact that circumstances taken advantage of in time often make the man. The following instance will serve to make this plain: While a detective in the Ninth Sub-Precinct in August, 1878, on one of his tours of inspection he noticed a party of pretty women and well-dressed men playing croquet on the lawn in front of a large residence on the corner of Patchen Avenue and Jefferson Street. Passing and re-passing the dwelling daily, he had noticed that this house had not been occupied for some months, and consequently, noticing a party on the lawn on the day in question, he wondered who his new neighbors could be. Coming closer he remarked that the women were particularly pretty and expensively dressed, while two gentlemen were correspondingly attractive. Although he imagined something familiar in the countenance of the men, he gave it only a passing thought, and at the first opportunity saw in the Brooklyn Directory that William Black, a broker, was the new occupant of the house shortly afterwards. One day, in Williamsburg, he saw one of the men coming out of a hardware store, and as he passed close to him, the thought suddenly flashed through his mind that the individual was "Billy Porter," the notorious bank burglar; his partial indentification of a few days before was now accounted for, and entering the store

the burglar had just left he discovered that Porter had purchased a sledge hammer. Detective Murphy's course of action was at once formed, and after following the burglar to his palatial house he consulted his captain and was directed to give his whole attention for the time being to the "Thieves' Nest." From a small church opposite the house Murphy saw "Shang" Draper, once the king of New York panel thieves; "Johnnie" Irving, of Nathan murder fame; Porter and one other leave the dwelling about five o'clock in the morning. His worst suspicions were at once confirmed, and satisfied that he had to deal with at least three of the most desperate criminals in the United States, he obtained assistance and raided the house. Possibly this was one of the most important events in the police annals of the city, and shortly after a sergeant's badge replaced the shield on Murphy's left breast. His remarkable courage and daring in entering the house through a window, unaccompanied, thereby placing himself at the mercy of the three acknowledged most desperate men among the criminal classes, won the admiration and respect of the whole department.

He says, in recounting this experience, that a gambler would not have taken odds of one hundred to one on his life as he vaulted in at the second story window and found three men seated at a table on which was a large sum of silver, the proceeds of the robbery of Ibert's feed store on Graham Avenue, and three silver guns of the English bull dog pattern. The dwelling was furnished magnificently, and the intelligent and pretty woman who formed the remainder of the household, was unconsciously awakened and fought desperately against the intrusion.

While in Raymond Street Jail, Porter and Irving escaped, but were subsequently captured in Philadelphia and sentenced to five years each in the Penitentiary. Draper was taken to Northampton, Massachusetts, for participation in the Northampton Bank robbery, but made restitution of some of the stolen bonds and thereby escaped punishment.

He is now the proprietor of a sporting house on Sixth Avenue, New York. Irving was killed by a companion in a New York drinking place some years ago, and another of the gang, Gilbert, died in prison recently. Porter, we believe, is still alive.

In his general order, Number 124, August, 1878, Inspector G. A. Waddy, then Acting Superintendent of police, says: "At a meeting of the Board of Police held on the thirteenth instant, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

"Whereas there was effected on the morning of the eleventh instant by Sergeant James Dunn and Detective Thomas Murphy, of the Ninth Sub-Precinct, a highly important arrest of four desperate and expert burglars, whose depredations upon property have been as large as the means they employed were successful and ingenious, and

"Whereas the board feels it to be less a duty than a pleasure to reward this intelligent and successful piece of detective work with the expression of its approbation, therefore,

"Resolved, that the arrest by Sergeant James Dunn, commanding the Ninth Sub-Precinct, and Detective Thomas Murphy, of the same Precinct, of the four expert burglars is what may well serve as a model for the

intelligent and quick working up of slight clews, and goes far to reflect credit upon the police force of this city.

"Resolved, that the officers who participated in this arrest are deserving of the highest credit, and especially are the thanks of the board due to Detective Murphy for the intelligence and good judgment displayed by him in this case, making a record for himself of which he may well be proud, and which places him in a most favorable situation among officers deserving of promotion."

Captain Murphy has a war record of which he can be justly proud. He joined the army as private in the Thirty-seventh Infantry on the 2nd of August, 1861, under Col. McCan. On October 2, 1861, he was taken prisoner with eight others at Munson Hill, Virginia, during a skirmish with the picket lines, where he was wounded in the neck. From there he was taken to Richmond, and as there was no exchange of prisoners at that time was pardoned on March 17, 1862, and came to Washington, where he was mustered out under General Wadsworth, from which regiment he was discharged in 1862. Some time afterward prisoners were exchanged; he then raised a company with himself as lieutenant, and at the battle of Fredericksburg, August 12, 1862, his force was so reduced that it was consolidated with the Seventy-third New York, then called the Second Zouaves. By reason of this consolidation, all the officers' positions being occupied, he was mustered out and returned home.

He is now a prominent member of Grand Army Post, No. 327, which is now called the Grant Post.

Sergeant John Graham was born in 1839. He was appointed on the police force as patrolman on November

15, 1867. Some years later he was appointed roundsman and in 1873 was promoted Sergeant. He is considered by his associates a superb officer.

Sergeant Lefferts W. Lloyd was born July 6th, 1840. He was appointed as patrolman May 13th, 1867, in the First Precinct, New York, where he distinguished himself by saving a number of lives from drowning. On April 17, 1868, he was transferred to the Forty-third Precinct, Brooklyn, where the Board of Police recommended his promotion to roundsman, and on June 12, 1872, he was transferred to the Eighth Precinct and promoted to sergeant.

Sergeant Dennis Driscoll was born August 9th, 1847. In 1871 he was appointed patrolman, which position he filled until March 23d, 1871, when he was appointed roundsman, and had accredited himself so well that on August 1st, 1872, he was promoted to the sergeant's desk, which position he now holds, and is a good example for the men under him to imitate.

Sergeant Elias P. Clayton was born April 22d, 1850. He was appointed on the force as patrolman April 7th, 1874, and became a roundsman May 23, 1885. On January 3d, 1886, he rose to the rank of sergeant and has acquitted himself in that position to the complete satisfaction of his superior officers.

The roundsmen of the Eighth Precinct are James Doyle and David Rogers.

The detectives are George E. Stallsworthy and James Lenehan, both capable and zealous officers.

THE EIGHTH SUB-PRECINCT.

An ordinary three-story building on Third Avenue, near

the corner of Thirty-fifth Street, shelters the men of the Eighth Sub-Precinct. It has the regulation lamp on the outside, and is built of brick. Evidently it was intended for a store with flat apartments above. Three pairs of large plate glass doors open into a large well-ventilated office, furnished as most such offices are. To the rear of the office another large airy room is devoted to the use of the Captain as a sitting-room. The floors above are devoted to the sleeping apartments of the men, and it having been built and intended to be used as flats, is divided into two sides, one of which is occupied by the first and the other by the second platoon. There are three dressing rooms and one bath-room on the upper floors, allowing plenty of space for the men to perform their ablutions. All the rooms are large, airy and clean, and are not at all crowded. The sergeants and roundsmen have all got separate sleeping apartments. To the rear of the house is the lock-up, a small one-story brick building. Inside of it, and unlike all other lock-ups, a large iron cage, divided off into three apartments, makes four large clean cells armed with grated iron doors, fitted with Yale locks. Owing to the efficiency of the Commanding-Sergeant and his officers, however, it is seldom filled, evil-doers giving the Eighth "Sub" a wide berth. The Precinct covers a large and lonesome area and is bounded by Twenty-fifth Street running northeast to Fifth Avenue, by Fifth Avenue running south to Thirty-sixth Street, by Thirty-sixth Street running east to Seventh Avenue, by Seventh Avenue running south to the Brooklyn, Bath & Coney Island Railroad, by that line running east as far as the old toll gate at the beginning of the City line dividing New Utrecht from Brooklyn, by

the City line running south to Sixtieth Street, by Sixtieth Street running west to New York Bay, and on the west by New York Bay from Sixtieth Street to Twenty-fifth Street.

Commanding-Sergeant James Kenney was born on April 5, 1844. He is a tall, well-proportioned man, giving one an idea of immense muscular force. He is reticent in manner, but evidently a man of action. Just prior to the Civil War he held a position in the Ordnance Department on Governor's Island, where he was during the entire war. On August 15, 1865, he was appointed to the Atlantic Dock Police Squad, at that time considered special officers. June 12, 1866, he was appointed to the Metropolitan Police Force ; and a few years later he was made roundsman, and was sent to the Forty-third Sub, now the Eleventh Precinct. November 10, 1870, he was appointed sergeant in the same Precinct. He remained on that Precinct a little over twenty years, but on the 8th of January, 1867, he left and was given the command of the Eighth Sub-Precinct. While roundsman on the Forty-third Sub he made a very plucky arrest. A burglary had been committed on Carroll Street. Certain parties were suspected and one evening he attempted to arrest them in a flock. They tried to escape him by jumping into a boat ; he also jumped into it and was thrown overboard by them. Swimming ashore, he succeeded in getting another boat and chased them as far as Thirty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, where he captured them. Another good capture, this time in company with Inspector Reilly, was the arrest of a gang of thieves for stealing a canal boat of grain from New York. They had towed it from the

East River to the Erie Basin, having hired trucks to cart the grain, and were engaged in unloading when an officer appeared. As it was rather late for a canal boat to discharge her cargo he spoke to one of the men, who did not answer satisfactorily, but seemed to be rather confused. He reported the circumstances at the station-house, and Sergeant Kenney in company with the present Inspector Reilly went down to investigate.

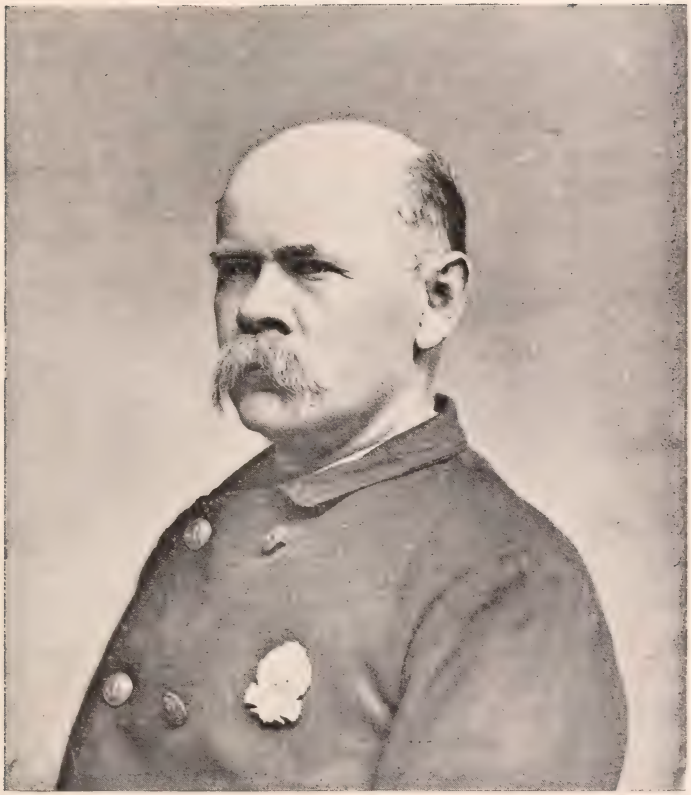
Arriving at the place they soon discerned that things were not as they should be and arrested five of the men, three being sent to the Penitentiary. There were over eight thousand bushels of grain in the boat and not one was found missing.

It had been the intention of the men to scuttle and sink the boat afterwards, thus destroying all evidence of the theft, and it no doubt would have remained a great mystery where it had disappeared to. One of the men who were arrested, named McCullough, afterwards escaped, assaulting and nearly murdering the keeper at Auburn in his efforts to do so.

The sergeant has also rendered valuable service to the city in considerably toning down the character of the suburban picnics held within his Precinct by roughs from all parts of the city.

Sergeant Lawrence J. Murphy was born June 4, 1850. On April 28, 1881, he was appointed to the police force as patrolman. On July 15, 1885, he was made roundsman, and on January 8, 1887, he was made sergeant and assigned to the Eighth Sub-Precinct.

Sergeant John Morrell was born October 4th 1840. In 1862 he enlisted in the Fourteenth Regiment of Brooklyn, and served for three years. He first smelt powder at



JAMES KENNEY,
Captain.

Bull Run and was engaged in many subsequent battles; being wounded at the Battle of Gettysburg, he was sent home. Upon his recovery his old life of excitement induced him to join the Police Force, and on September 12th, 1866, he was appointed patrolman. He was promoted roundsman in 1872, and in 1873, one year later, the much coveted sergeant's badge was secured.

Detective James Devoy was born on May 9, 1856. On October 14, 1872, he was appointed to the force, and for a time maintained order in Judge Massey's court. On January 6th, 1887, he was appointed detective and was assigned to the Eighth Sub-Precinct.

He is probably the youngest detective on the force and has an excellent record, never having been fined a day's pay.

Detective Peter McCormack was born February 29, 1848. He was appointed on January 1, 1876, to the Police Force. He was made detective on January 6, 1887, and sent to the Eighth Sub-Precinct; he has remained there since.

He is a good deal of a humorist, and sees and enjoys the fun of daily life. He illustrates the enforcement of the excise law in the following good anecdote: "One of our police officers in plain clothes went into a chemist's shop on Fulton Street, and winked knowingly at the assistant behind the counter. 'Give me a glass of soda water,' said he, 'and pour some out of that black bottle into it.'

"'This one?' said the assistant, lifting a likely looking bottle in his hand.

"'Yes,' said the disguised police officer. A liberal

quantity of amber-colored fluid was added to the soda water and five cents change returned.

"In another instant the mixture had been swallowed. It gave rise to alarming symptoms of apoplexy.

"'Thunder! What the mischief sort of poison is that?' asked the officer, when he recovered his voice. 'Why, that is our patent anti-cholera mixture. It prevents sunstroke in warm weather and passes for whiskey by detectives on Sunday.'"

The roundsmen attached to the Eighth Sub-Precinct are Bernard Cole and Patrick Summers. Both are good officers and have earned excellent reputations.

NOTE.—Since the preceding chapter was written the Eighth Sub-Precinct has been erected into a full precinct, under the title of the Eighteenth; and at the same time James Kenney was promoted from his former position of Commanding-Sergeant to that of Captain of the new precinct. This well-earned promotion gives great satisfaction to all the new Captain's friends.

CHAPTER XVII.

PRECINCTS AND STATION HOUSES.

(Continued.)

NINTH PRECINCT.—STATION-HOUSE.—A MODEL BUILDING.—BOUNDARIES.—CAPTAIN JAMES ENNIS.—RAIDING A GAMBLING DEN.—SERGEANT ROGERS.—A WAR VETERAN.—SERGEANTS LATTEY, WILSON AND STACOM.—THE ROUNDSMEN AND DETECTIVES.

TENTH PRECINCT.—STATION HOUSE.—MOUNTED SQUAD QUARTERS.—BOUNDARIES.—CAPTAIN HENRY L. JEWETT.—A GENTLEMAN AND A SCHOLAR.—HIS WONDERFUL DOG MINNIE.—SERGEANT JOHNSON.—SERGEANTS METCALF AND MORO.—TWO WAR VETERANS.—SERGEANTS HAROLD AND LAMB.—ROUNDSMEN AND DETECTIVES.—GAMBLERS' SUPERSTITION.

THE NINTH PRECINCT.

Near the corner of Gates and Marcy Avenues, on the North side of Gates, stands a pretentious three-story modern building of Philadelphia pressed brick, painted white, with dark red blinds and brown-stone trimmings. It stands almost in the center of a plot of ground about fifty by one hundred feet and faces the south. On the one side and to the west a beautifully laid out and carefully kept parterre runs through to the end of the plot of ground. The flower beds on either side of the garden are filled with all kinds of flowers in bloom, and run parallel with a sidewalk as far back as the fences of the gardens belonging to the houses in the rear will admit. To the east of the building a wide alley-way runs the entire length of the building and is terminated by the aforesaid fences. The appearance of the building is indicative of what it really is, and were there any doubts

as to what it was the green lamp in front would immediately dispel them. "Precinct Station-house" is as clearly written on it as though painted in flaring red letters. Such it is. It is the Ninth Precinct Station-house, over which Captain Ennis reigns. It was built in 1864. Entering it by a large wide entrance in the center of the building, one finds himself in a large, well-lighted and cleanly kept office. It is furnished with the usual station office desk, regulation railing around it, and behind it the telegraphic and telephonic apparatus common to all station-houses. On the walls large bulletin boards, placarded with bills offering rewards for arrests, identifications, etc., are hung, which bills being pasted on regardless of the beauty of geometrical exactness, and displaying all degrees of *crookedness*, on which latter charge they should be locked up (in a drawer, not lock-up), seem hardly in keeping with the general neatness of the surroundings. To the rear, and to the left looking rearward, is the Captain's private office and bedroom combined. It is a small room, sub-divided by a half arch, and beautifully papered and frescoed. It is wainscotted throughout with hard-wood and is furnished in wood of the same color, with red leather upholstering, making it appear large and refined. Just to the rear of it, but not connected, is the bathroom. Running water is in every room of the house. To the left of the central hallway is the sergeants' smoking and waiting room, a small and rather comfortless apartment furnished with a wardrobe and a few chairs. To the rear of it is an unused room, with accommodations for about five. The floor above is devoted to the common sitting room of the men and various sleeping apartments, among them those of

the roundsmen and sergeants, which latter is divided into two compartments by means of a wooden partition. The third floor is devoted to the same purpose, that of sleeping apartments, and above it is the roof, on which is a large cupola. The drying room is in the sub-cellar, where the heating apparatus, a patent steam heating furnace, is situated. To the rear of the house is a two-story brick structure, and although built separately and apart from the main building it is so housed in and connected with it that it appears to be one and the same house. In this is the lock-up, which contains ten cells, five on each side and all on the ground floor facing east and west respectively. Above the cells on the floor above are the two lodging rooms, one for ladies and the other for the masculine genus tramp. The alley on the right hand side of the house is shortly to be widened to make room for a patrol wagon, which is soon to be placed at the disposal of the Precinct. The building on the whole is considered to be next to the finest police station in Brooklyn.

The Precinct, which is a large one, is bounded on the east by Stuyvesant Avenue, commencing at Myrtle and running southwesterly to McDonough Street; on the south by McDonough Street and Fulton Avenue, running in a westerly direction to Franklin Avenue; on the west by Franklin Avenue, running north to Myrtle Avenue and on the north by Myrtle Avenue to Stuyvesant Avenue, which is the point of beginning of the western boundary. It is a large and but sparsely settled district, but owing to the intense vigilance of its police and their officers it has been pretty well kept free of all kinds of obnoxious characters.

Captain James Ennis was born on the 1st of March,

1847. He is a tall, dark-complexioned man of martial bearing.

On August 8th, 1870, he was appointed patrolman and assigned to the Sixth Precinct. On November 17th, 1875, he was made detective. In this capacity he served until March, 1884, when he was transferred to the Thirteenth Precinct. On January 5th, 1887, he passed the civil service examination for the captaincy, and passed with next to the best examination. He was appointed Captain and assigned to the Ninth Precinct.

He had not long been detective when he made a name for himself by raiding a gambling den in Pierrepont Street near Fulton. He approached the place about nine o'clock at night, forced the door and held it open until assistance arrived, notwithstanding the attempts of the inmates to escape. He also brought to justice the notorious William O'Dell, who in 1881 murdered a man in Green Street, New York.

He also arrested Billy, alias "Buck" Gray, a desperate burglar, who swore he would have the Captain's life, and while being tried in Judge Massey's Court attempted to put his threat into execution.

Sergeant George W. Rogers was born in 1828. He joined the force in 1851 and served with credit, earning several promotions, until the breaking out of the war, when he resigned and set about raising a company for immediate service. In eleven days he had recruited one hundred and twenty-five men for the service, and went with them to the front of the conflict as captain of Company A, One Hundred and Seventy-third Regiment, New York Volunteers.

For gallant conduct Captain Rogers was made a ma-



JAMES ENNIS,
Captain.

jor, and subsequently breveted lieutenant colonel. He commanded the regiment from this time until just prior to General Lee's surrender, and was himself mustered out of service on the 30th of October, 1865. The following year he again joined the police force and was assigned to the command of the Central Office Squad.

In 1882 Sergeant Rogers was transferred to the Ninth Precinct, where he has remained since. He has a good reputation as a police officer and has effected many important arrests.

Sergeant Richard Lattey was born in 1822. He served from 1850 to 1852 on the New York City Police Force with credit, and in the latter year came to Brooklyn. In 1862 he was assigned to the Seventh Precinct, and in 1869 was transferred to the Ninth, of which he was acting captain prior to Captain Ennis' appointment. His record is an admirable one.

Sergeant William A. Nelson was born on July 25, 1837. On February 1, 1868, he was appointed patrolman; on August 29, 1870, he was made roundsman, and on September 19, 1879, he was promoted sergeant. After numerous transfers he was assigned to the Ninth Precinct on July 16, 1880, where he has remained since. He has been in all the riots which have taken place during the last nineteen years, among them those of the car-drivers, longshoremen etc., and has on many occasions distinguished himself.

Sergeant Francis Stacom was born in the year 1846. He was appointed as patrolman in 1876. On June 23d, 1880, he was made roundsman; he was again promoted, this time to the sergeantcy, on June 8, 1887. He is held in high esteem by all his men.

The roundsmen of the Ninth Precinct are Alexander J. Lees and Isaac S. Tichenor.

The detective of this Precinct is Charles Hayes, his companion, Detective Kelly, having recently died.

THE TENTH PRECINCT.

On the northwest corner of Bergen Street and Sixth Avenue the Tenth Precinct Station-house is situated. It is a large red brick structure, trimmed with white stone, of imposing appearance and of modern build. Both the Mounted Squad and its commanding sergeant, and the foot squad and officers, find shelter within it and still have room to spare. It is the largest by far of any station-house in the city and resembles a public building more than do any of the others. Its interior is fitted in keeping with its exterior appearance. On the ground floor is the general office, Captain's private rooms, also the bed-room of the commanding sergeant of the Mounted Squad as well as the sergeants' rooms. The floors above are used mainly for sleeping apartments. In the rear of the building is the lock-up. It contains the usual number of cells and the lodge rooms above. To the side of the building is the stable for the horses of the Mounted Squad, in which everything is as clean and neat as in a dwelling for human beings.

The Precinct is bounded by Franklin Avenue to the City Line, by the City Line to Flatbush Avenue, by Flatbush Avenue to Ninth Avenue, by Ninth Avenue to Third Street and by Third Street to Gowanus Canal, by the Canal to Butler Street, by Butler to Morris, by Morris to Fulton and by Fulton Street to Franklin Avenue at the point or place of beginning.

Captain Henry L. Jewett was born in 1843. His education he received at an academy in this State. On April 18, 1861, at the early age of eighteen, he responded to his country's call for troops by enlisting in the Third New York Infantry, and served nearly four years. He was engaged in the Battle of Big Bethel, went through the Wilderness, and during the years 1864 and 1865 was under Grant in the many engagements that took place during that time.

In 1873 he was made drill captain at Headquarters and from 1882 to 1883 had charge of the Detective Squad, being Inspector. 1884 saw him appointed to the command of the Tenth Precinct, where he has since remained. Personally, Captain Jewett is a prepossessing gentleman about six feet in height, rather slenderly built, wears a light mustache and has a refined countenance. His reputation as an officer has always been excellent and he is greatly esteemed by all his men. Not only is the Captain an admirable police officer, but also a finely accomplished gentleman, with an enthusiastic appreciation of literature and the fine arts. He has travelled much abroad and is a good linguist. The Captain shines in a social gathering, where his conversational powers and refined wit make him the most agreeable of companions. Nothing better illustrates the kindliness of his character than his fondness for dumb animals. His favorite Newfoundland dog, Minnie, lives with him at the Station-house and is a four-footed celebrity.

She does the honors for the members, and has quite an extensive acquaintance among the residents of the "City of Churches." Minnie has quite a history, and if she were able to relate all she has seen and heard while

attached to the "Tenth" she would doubtless tell a marvellous tale.

Minnie was ever an intelligent and observing dog, and has always taken a keen interest in the prisoners captured by her more fortunate brother officers. When any of the officers bring in a prisoner Minnie stands attentively listening to the sergeant in command taking the prisoner's pedigree, and when the sergeant orders the officer to conduct the prisoner to the cellar Minnie follows at his heels, and does not take her eyes off the culprit until he is safely lodged behind bolts and bars. It is related that at one time a prisoner appearing before the rail suddenly made a dash for liberty, whereupon Minnie, who had been quietly watching what was going on, sprang after the escaping criminal and laid such tight hold on the rear of the fellow's trousers that he was only too glad to be released from his dangerous predicament, and quietly followed the officer to his cell.

To Captain Jewett's friends Minnie is very sociable, but with the prisoners who are brought in she is very suspicious and always on her guard.

Minnie "joined the force" when quite a puppy and during her long term of service has learned many tricks. At the command of Captain Jewett she will march into the captain's office, and taking his hat down from its place on the wall, proudly march out with it in her mouth and give it to her commander.

One of Minnie's favorite pastimes is appearing at roll call, and she always closes the proceedings with a faint bark to let the sergeant know that she is present.

Minnie knows how to laugh with almost human jollity and hugely enjoys the operation. She prefers, however,



HENRY L. JEWETT,
Captain.

to laugh alone, and if any stranger essays to join her, her mirth changes suddenly to wrath, and a deafening and discordant bark terminates the fun. Her only duty now consists in going after the evening paper, and no sooner does the newspaper wagon turn the corner than Minnie is aware of the fact and immediately runs out to meet it ; the paper is put in her mouth, and she marches back to the station-house and places her paper on the Captain's desk.

Sergeant John H. Johnson was born in 1844. At the age of seventeen he left school in answer to his country's call, and served as scout through the entire war under Generals Custer and Sheridan. On September 19, 1864, at the battle of Winchester, he was wounded in the chest. On December 21, 1865, he was appointed patrolman. In 1868 he became a roundsman, and on April 23, 1875, he was promoted Commanding Sergeant, upon the organization of the Mounted Squad, the duties of which are described in Chapter XI.

Personally the sergeant is a tall, handsome, courteous gentleman, and when seated on his dark bay horse "Pasha" at the head of his command, in his neat and well-fitting uniform, looks every inch the gentleman, soldier and policeman that he is.

Sergeant Henry Metcalf was born in 1843. At the breaking out of the Civil War he enlisted, on May 1st, 1861, in the Sixty-Seventh New York, called the First Long Island, and served with distinction till the close of the war.

On October 29th, 1866, he was appointed as patrolman. In 1869 he was promoted roundsman and in 1876 he became a sergeant. His record is of the best.

Sergeant John Moro is fifty-eight years old, and is also an old soldier who served through the entire war and when mustered out held a captain's commission. He then, in 1866, became a patrolman and in 1881 was promoted roundsman. He rose to the sergeantcy in 1885. During his long years of service he has always displayed unusual courage and intelligence.

Sergeant Thomas Harold was born in 1826, and received his appointment as patrolman in 1851. He became a roundsman in 1879 and a sergeant in 1882. He is a good and popular officer.

Sergeant James W. Lamb was born in 1844. He entered the force as a patrolman in 1867 and in 1870 rose to the position of sergeant. He is much esteemed by his associates.

The roundsmen of the Tenth Precinct are John Downer and Christopher J. Doyle.

The detectives attached to the Tenth are James G. Reynolds and Bartholomew Curran, both of whom have earned their rank by meritorious service. Detective Curran has a clear knowledge of life in the great cities. He has a keen eye for odd events and notices things that are seen, but not recognized, by everybody else. An example of this faculty is afforded by his remarks on beggars and gambling :

" There are not half as many beggars in town as there used to be in the old days when gambling was carried on in the city. At first sight it would seem that there was no connection between the high-rollers of the faro-table and the tramp or beggar who 'braces' you for a dime on the street corner. And yet as a matter of fact half the beggars in the world live on gamblers, and

when you drive out the gamblers the beggars are bound to go. In the first place the gamblers are a superstitious lot, and they always try to court fortune by giving freely to beggars. Then, again, the gamblers always live in accord with the old maxim, 'Easy come, easy go,' and they are never slow to chip in to a needy man's pocket instead of a faro lay-out or a jack-pot. When Superintendent Campbell began his war on gamblers most of them thought they could continue if they only changed to some other locality. But we were on their new lay, and were kept on the go all the time, running them down to see where they had set up new quarters. We frequently discovered their new homes by keeping an eye on the beggars. You see the gamblers not only tolerate beggars, but they actually encourage them to come around o'nights for half a dollar.

"When we drove the banks out of a house the proprietors would frequently give the beggars a tip as to where the lay-out would next be ready for business. Their customers would not play high if they did not have a chance to give a half a dollar to a beggar before beginning to buck the tiger. The beggars never step inside and try their luck. Not much! No gambler would ever play against a recognized beggar. It is not because the knight of the cloth is proud, but simply because he is afraid of ill luck. I assisted in a raid once, and while I was watching a game before the time came to gobble up the lay-out, I saw one of the principal men abruptly lay down his chips and walk out of the room. I thought the fellow was going to cut and run and followed him. He walked down stairs and out of the house. There were two beggars on the sidewalk. He gave a half dol-

lar to each and quickly walked back to his game. He had had a streak of bad luck and was trying to brighten up his prospects by buying up the good will of two beggars. He really was winning before my associates arrived, when we scooped the whole establishment."

CHAPTER XVIII.

PRECINCTS AND STATION HOUSES.
(*Continued.*)

ELEVENTH PRECINCT.—STATION-HOUSE.—BOUNDARIES.—CAPTAIN DANIEL J. LOWERY.—HIS POLICE RECORD.—A CIVIL SERVICE GRADUATE.—SERGEANTS SLATTERY AND WHITE.—SERGEANT EVANS.—A TYPE OF THE SOLDIER.—SERGEANT GILL.—LIFE IN A POLICE STATION.—PRACTICAL JOKES.—ROUNDSMEN AND DETECTIVES.

TWELFTH PRECINCT.—STATION-HOUSE.—BOUNDARIES.—CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. FOLK.—AN ABLE DETECTIVE.—HOW HE CAPTURED A THIEF.—SERGEANT GANS.—ONCE A DRUMMER BOY.—A FIGHT FOR LIFE.—SERGEANT SHERIDAN.—SERGEANT NELSEN.—ANOTHER DRUMMER BOY.—SERGEANT GREGORY.—ROUNDSMEN AND DETECTIVES.

THE ELEVENTH PRECINCT.

IN the center of the manufacturing district of South Brooklyn, on the corner of Van Brunt and Seabring Streets, stands a four-story brick dwelling-house which was a tenement house, but since April 19, 1876, has been the headquarters of the Eleventh Precinct. Off one side of the general office is the Captain's private office—a cosy little apartment, to the right of which is the sergeant's office, where the Precinct album is kept, containing the photographs of all the noted criminals brought to justice through the efforts of the officers of this Precinct.

The second floor is given up for a sitting-room for the men, with an old fashioned stove in the centre, around which the "old timers" gather in the long winter evenings, regaling their younger brother officers with stories

of their experience while patroling the river front. The Captain's sleeping apartments, a marvel of neatness, occupy the front room on this floor. The third floor is fixed up with sleeping accommodations for the men. Eight large cells occupy the ground floor of an extension connected with the main building by a covered passageway. The top floor of this extension is separated into two lodging rooms for men and women respectively.

Like the Fifteenth Precinct the Station-house is entirely inadequate to accommodate the officers and men. Some time since the Board of Aldermen passed resolutions authorizing the purchase of a part of Grand or Hamilton Avenue, near Graham, for the erection of a new station, but the measure was vetoed by Mayor Low on account of the high price asked for the land and its proximity to the Fifteenth Precinct, notwithstanding which the officers are in hopes of occupying more commodious quarters in the near future.

This Precinct is bounded by Sackett Street and Fourth Place on the north, Gowanus Canal on the west, and on the south and east by the East River. The neighborhood abounds with all classes of the rough element, and the forty patrolmen are compelled to be constantly on the watch for river thieves and roughs assaulting the sailors returning to their vessels in the early morning hours after a night spent in New York.

Most of the arrests in this Precinct are for intoxication, assaults, burglaries committed on vessels up at the store houses on the water front and for the carrying of concealed weapons by the floating population of foreign sailors.

Captain Daniel J. Lowery was born in 1846.



DANIEL J. LOWERY,
Captain.

On October 6th, 1874, he was appointed as patrolman and assigned to the Fourth Precinct, where he remained until 1878, when he was transferred to the First Precinct. On May 23d, 1884, he was promoted to roundsman and assigned to the Sixth Sub, now the Fifteenth Precinct, where he remained until July 15th, 1885, when he was promoted Sergeant and assigned to the Sixteenth Precinct in Clymer Street, E. D. From there he was transferred, July, 1886, to the First Precinct where he remained until Jan. 5th, 1887, when he was promoted captain and sent to take command of the Eleventh Precinct.

Captain Lowery is the only captain on the force who owes his promotion from patrolman up to captain to the Civil Service Commission.

Sergeant Patrick Slattery was born in 1847. On May 13, 1869, he was appointed a patrolman and in 1872 he became a roundsman. On September 4, 1875, he was assigned to the Eleventh Precinct as sergeant.

Many notable arrests have been made by Sergeant Slattery, and he has justly earned his excellent reputation.

Sergeant James P. White was born February 25, 1858. On January 5, 1876, he was appointed patrolman, and in 1884 was made roundsman.

He rose to the rank of Sergeant in January of this year (1887) and continues to be the same energetic, hard-working officer that his associates have always known.

Sergeant James Evans was born in 1840. At the age of twenty-one he enlisted in the Forty-fourth New York, known as the Ellsworth Avengers.

Throughout the entire war he served with brilliant courage. Twice wounded and once a prisoner in Libby,

recovery of health or freedom always saw him again in the field, and he did not lay down arms till the war was ended. He is a splendid type of the rank and file of the Northern troops. Entering police life shortly after his discharge, he served as a patrolman till 1883, when he became a roundsman, and in September, 1886, he was promoted to the sergeantcy and was assigned to the Eleventh Precinct, where he has remained since.

Sergeant Timothy Gill was born in 1843. On January 28, 1870, he was appointed a patrolman, and in 1874, four years later, was made roundsman, which position he held for one year only, when he was made sergeant. From the time of his appointment to the present day he has remained in this Precinct and bears an excellent reputation.

Sergeant Gill gives a pleasant version of one side of police life which is unknown to the public.

"Life in a Police Station-house is in many cases away ahead of that in a boarding school. 'Boys will be boys' is a very true saying, but in after years, when the youth grows to a man and joins the police force, there is a good quantity of his old frisky nature stowed away in some remote corner of his system, which, although seemingly dead, will assert itself with but a small amount of coaxing.

"To see a policeman on post, majestically passing in front of some alderman's place of business, the casual observer might be led to think he never smiled or enjoyed a bit of fun. That thought would be a great injustice to the noble policeman. When he enters the station-house and salutes the sergeant at the desk he becomes another man altogether. On reaching the stairs

leading to the sleeping apartment he bounds up two steps at a time, and with his club and belt in his hand howls out 'hello boys!'

"If the hour be midnight or thereabouts, he sounds his approach just as loudly. Within the room the officers are sleeping on their little beds, some soundly, others dozing, with now and then a couple or three dreaming of some terrible crime.

"If Oliver Optic or the author of Jack Harkaway would look into the patrolmen's quarters at some precinct station-house now and then he would find material enough to fill a volume, fully as interesting as any of the boys' pranks he tells about, only the fact of big burly fellows, as policemen in Brooklyn must be, being the heroes would sound ever so much more humorous. Imagine a room in which eighteen or twenty beds, mostly all holding a policeman, stand regularly about. Here and there a pair of dumb-bells or Indian clubs. About the walls a line of closets or lockers with half the doors standing open, on which hang rubber coats. Conveniently near this or that man's couch stand a pair of rubber boots, while here and there a chair stands awaiting an occupant. Three officers enter. They are not sleepy, they have been in bed at home for seven or eight hours and feel like having some fun. 'Wonder how long Larry's been asleep,' says one of the new-comers as he gazes on a manly form nestling in the arms of Morpheus.

"'Dunno,' says the second. 'Let's wake him up and see.'

"'Hold on a minute,' remarks the third; 'don't startle him, it might injure his nerves. Awake him systematically.'

"'On this suggestion the trio hunt up a penny, heat it red hot and after having laid a sheet of wet tissue paper on the sleeping man's arm they surmount it with the torrid legal tender. The flesh is not even scorched, but the intense warmth of the cent frequently has a tendency to make the victim think he is visiting Pluto. At any rate he awakens, but don't get angry, because he knows it wouldn't do any good. He simply remarks, 'Ah, that's mean,' and after rubbing his eyes a little while says 'there's Jim over there, let's get him up.'

"A cork is found, in which are stuck half a dozen or eight sulphur matches in one end, and in the other two are fitted to form a V, which is gently placed on James's nose. The matches are lighted and James is rudely awakened by a rap on the shoulder. He observes the blue flame in close proximity to his optics and imagines he is with Dante and Virgil in the regions below. The matches are cast aside and James makes a few remarks on the subject, which arouse many of his sleeping companions. They keep quiet, however. The five awake get their heads together to decipher another system of torture. Whatever project they have in consideration is never completed, because the moment the debate is just becoming interesting two pillows, a rubber boot and a pair of trowsers are hurled against them by the supposed sleepers. Just sixty seconds later the air is filled with flying missiles, from a collar button to a chair, and not until word is received from downstairs that the ceiling is about to fall do the merry guardians of the peace suspend operations. If the scene could be transported to the stage of some theatre it would pack the house nightly. Excepting the three officers just arrived

from home, the majority of the participants in the rumpus are simply clad in one sock and a helmet. Now and then a man will be found who has succeeded in getting into a portion of his trowsers, but it is very seldom. They don't have time, if they wish to avoid being struck by a bootjack or night stick.

"'I'd like to find the man who put these crackers in my bed,' says a voice over in the corner.

"'I'm with you,' remarks another. Somebody had placed about a pound of crackers in the two beds.

"This little piece of pleasantary was once traced to a well-known captain, then patrolman, by finding the name on the crackers to correspond with a factory on his beat the evening previous.

"One wintry morning some years ago there was a large fire in the First Precinct, and the men were on duty (watching the flames) the entire day. Shortly after midnight they returned to the station-house and 'turned in.' One of the men talked freely in his sleep, and on the night in question he spoke graphically on the consequence of the station-house catching fire.

"He argued loud and long. The other men, tired as they were, could not sleep, so to please their entertainer, they decided to have a little fire just for his benefit.

"Some paper, several boxes of matches and an old hair brush were placed in a rubber boot, and so as not to burn the floor the whole business was put into an iron pail and set by the talkative man's bedside. A lighted match was dropped in among the other matches, and in less than two minutes the rubber began to make its presence appreciated. The sleep-talker detected the odor, awoke, saw the flames, gathered his trousers and

one shoe, and gained the street in the unbroken record of four seconds.

"Of course," concluded Sergeant Gill, "this is but one phase of station-house life, which has its serious side, I assure you."

The roundsmen of the Eleventh Precinct are Daniel McMiller and John McMahon.

The detectives of this precinct are James O'Rourke and John Connor. Both have risen from the ranks by faithful service.

THE TWELFTH PRECINCT.

In one of a row of dilapidated red brick tenement houses, with stores underneath, on the south side of Fulton Street, just above Schenectady Avenue, and in appearance resembling an oyster saloon, minus the chairs, more than anything else, is situated the Twelfth Precinct Station-house.

The office is on the ground floor and is raised but one step above the level of the sidewalk. An ordinary store window gives light, and large blue shades hide the interior from the public gaze. Just back of the office, and in the rear of the house, is a neat, tidy little apartment, which is the Captain's sleeping room and office combined, furnished with a small bedstead, a few chairs, a washstand and table. To the rear of the house is the yard, and just off the Captain's room is the lock-up—a square extension, connected with the house by a covered passageway, and containing three cells. On the floor above are the sergeants' sleeping quarters and the common sitting room. The two next floors, as well as the two floors of the house adjoining, are devoted to the sleep-

ing apartments and dressing rooms of the men. Taking it altogether, it is no credit to the city, and is liable at any time to be condemned by the Commissioner.

The Precinct is bounded on the north, beginning at the corner of Franklin Avenue and Fulton Street, and running in a northerly direction along Fulton Street to McDonough, thence along McDonough Street in the same direction as far as Broadway, where the westerly boundary line begins. Thence along Broadway in a southwesterly direction to the city line, the beginning of the soutwesterly boundary line. Along the city line, which divides the town of Flatbush from the city, in an easterly direction until it intersects or meets Franklin Avenue, from which point Franklin Avenue, running in a northwesterly direction, forms the western boundary line.

This Precinct was formerly known as the Tenth Sub-Precinct. It is a full precinct, and like all such precincts its force consists of a captain, four sergeants, two detectives, two roundsmen, thirty-five patrolmen and two door-keepers, a total of forty-six all told.

It is a well-settled district. It was the resort and headquarters of the famous "Noto Charlie" gang, a crowd of desperadoes and blackguards, but thanks to the vigilance of the police and an energetic captain it was soon rid of them.

Its captain, William H. Folk, was born June 24, 1837. He is a son of ex-superintendent John S. Folk, the father of the police force and one of the finest disciplinarians in its history.

At the age of nineteen he was appointed clerk to the Chief of Police, on the 1st of May 1856, long before the Metropolitan Police system was established.

In this position he became thoroughly acquainted with the management and workings of the force. In 1858, two years later, he was made patrolman of the Metropolitan Police Force, and detailed to the clerical and detective duties around the Central Office. Here he worked faithfully and well until 1862, when receiving a call to accept the adjutancy of the Metropolitan Regiment, afterwards known as the One Hundred and Seventy-third New York Volunteers, he left the force and remained with the Regiment for three years, earning a high reputation for gallantry and intelligence. October 30, 1865, he was mustered out, but returned shortly afterwards, owing to the close of the war. He came back to Brooklyn when peace was restored, and was reappointed to the police force and detailed to work in and around the Central Office. On June 24, 1881, he was appointed sergeant and two days later, owing to a vacancy, was made captain. He is a man well liked by the people in his Precinct; as a captain he is thoroughly respected by his men, and as a detective has proved himself as brave and skilful an officer as there is in the Brooklyn Police Force.

Long Island fairs were at one time a paradise for the light-fingered gentry, and for years the Brooklyn Police Department has been in the habit of sending detectives to the Long Island and country fairs.

These gatherings are generally attended by the sharpers from the metropolis, with whose arts the rural constabulary are unable to cope. The result of the detectives' efforts to protect respectable persons against this class has generally been satisfactory. In accordance with this custom, one fine Wednesday morning in 1877 found detectives Folk and Corwin on their way to one



WILLIAM H. FOLK,
Captain.

of these gatherings, at the Riverhead Agricultural Fair in Suffolk County.

After a short ride they reached Riverhead about noon, and proceeded at once to the Griffin House, where they ordered dinner. Soon after taking their seats at the table, a man and woman of fine bearing entered and were given seats at the same table with the detectives. The man was about thirty-two years of age and his companion about twenty-five. They were well-dressed, and each wore a gold watch, while the woman wore valuable diamonds and earrings.

To an ordinary observer they would seem to be a well-to-do couple of respectability. Scarcely, however, had they sat down before Corwin whispered to Folk: "I believe they are crooked people."

Folk gave an acquiescing nudge, and from that time on they never once missed sight of the couple. An examination of the hotel register showed that the couple were known as James E. Richardson and wife, of New York. This was apparently all right, but the detectives were not satisfied. They followed the couple to the grounds, but failed to discover anything to confirm their suspicions. The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Richardson entered the fair at a quarter to eleven o'clock, and at once proceeded to the main building.

Folk and Corwin were at their heels keeping them in sight. They soon saw all they wanted to, and when, finally, Mr. Richardson left the building, Folk was after him, leaving Corwin to attend to the woman. Suddenly Richardson felt his coat collar grasped by a strong hand, and turning saw Folk; they were strangers to each other, but when Folk quietly said in thieves parlance "give

me that leather," the gentleman pickpocket wilted and without a word placed the pocket-book, containing ninety-nine cents, in the officer's hand. Meanwhile, Corwin had reached Mrs. Richardson just in time to seize her hand when it was being thrust into a lady's pocket ; he quietly led her out and joined Folk. While the officers were taking their prisoners to the Riverhead Jail the man handed Folk a second pocket-book, which was found to contain twelve dollars. Arrived at the jail, the man was searched, and in his possession was found fifty-four dollars in bad money, one hundred and twenty dollars in Canadian money, two excursion tickets from New York to Montreal, sixty shares of the Union Pacific Railroad, face value six thousand dollars, all made out in the name of George W. Lyons. There were also four hundred and sixty shares of the defunct Boston, Hartford and Erie Railroad. The prisoners insisted that they were man and wife. The detectives then took them before Justice Benjamine, the complaint of larceny from the person was made, and they were committed to jail until the following morning for an examination. The detectives then returned to the fair and ascertained that the pocket-books had been stolen from three ladies who were attending the fair. The examination was held the next morning, resulting in the prisoners being committed to await the action of the Grand Jury. The detectives then went to New York to endeavor to ascertain the whereabouts of the owner of the stock recovered. The evidence was such that upon the testimony of the detectives the fair grounds were rid of this engaging couple for some time.

Sergeant Edward A. Gans was born in 1849. At the early age of fourteen he entered the army

as drummer boy. Having served in that capacity for eight years, he was honorably discharged, and in 1872 he was appointed to the police force, when he became one of the first of the Mounted Squad of Brooklyn. This position he occupied until 1879, when he was made roundsman, and two years later was promoted to his present rank, Sergeant.

During his life on the force he has had many close calls, but while engaged in the capture of one Jefferson, a colored murderer, he was about as near dead as one can pleasantly be. The murderer was discovered hiding in the cellar of an old factory on the corner of Park Place and Buffalo Avenue, two blocks away from the place where, forty-eight hours since, he had treated his brother, his mistress and his mother to two loads of buckshot, killing his mother and a stranger instantly, and wounding the girl and his brother. The girl, however, thanks to her alertness in climbing over a fence, succeeded in eluding him and escaped with her life. She was the cause of the tragedy, infidelity on her part leading to it. Although known to be armed and prepared to offer desperate assistance against arrest, Sergeant Gans, at the risk of his life, jumped into the cellar in the dark and engaged himself in a hand to hand encounter. After a fearful struggle for life, during which time the murderer attempted to shoot the officer, and failing in this, attemped suicide, he was at last secured and put in jail, and a short while afterwards paid the penalty of the crime with his life.

Sergeant John Sheridan was born on the 24th of June, 1842. He was associated with the police force in 1864. He became sergeant six years later.

He has served for twenty-three years, eleven of them in the old Tenth Precinct, and the remainder in the Twelth.

Sergeant Henry C. Nelsen was born in 1847. At the age of fifteen he enlisted as drummer boy of the 159th New York Volunteers, and served with them for three years and two months—until the close of the war.

On November 19th, 1868, he received his appointment to the Metropolitan Police Force. He was appointed acting roundsman December 6th, 1877, and on February 2d, 1879, he was promoted to the rank of roundsman, and on June 25th, 1881, he received his sergeant's badge.

Sergeant William Gregory was born on July 24, 1839. He was appointed on the police force in 1862. He served till June 1, 1865, when he resigned. He was again appointed to the police on November 16, 1867. On April 26, 1873 he was made roundsman, and on August 22, 1873 was promoted to sergeant.

The roundsmen attached to the precinct are Peter J. Barry and Francis McGrath, two faithful and zealous officers.

The detectives are John O'Neill and Charles H. Bedell, two energetic members of the force.

CHAPTER XIX.

PRECINCTS AND STATION HOUSES.

(*Continued.*)

THIRTEENTH PRECINCT. — BOUNDARIES. — GENERAL CHARACTER.— STATION-HOUSE.—CAPTAIN THOMAS L. DRUHAN. — HIS RECORD ON THE FORCE.—SERGEANT ASHTON.—A VOLUNTEER SOLDIER.— SERGEANTS BABCOCK, GORMAN AND SMITH.—DETECTIVES AND ROUNDSMEN.

FOURTEENTH PRECINCT.—STATION-HOUSE.—BOUNDARIES. — EVERGREEN CEMETERY.—CAPTAIN JAMES DUNN.—HIS POLICE CAREER.—PATCHEN AVENUE BURGLARS.—THE CAPTAIN'S POPULARITY.—CITIZENS' TESTIMONAL.—THE BUCK-BILLY-GOAT.—SERGEANTS RUDD AND DONAGHY. — SERGEANT BUCKHOLZ. — A WAR VETERAN. — SERGEANT NICHOLSON. —THE ROUNDSMEN.—DETECTIVE ANDERSON.

THE THIRTEENTH PRECINCT.

The Thirteenth Precinct was at one time a great resort for crooks and cut-throats, but of late years it has been transformed into an orderly, law-abiding neighborhood. It is bounded by Myrtle Avenue to Franklin Avenue, to Jefferson Street, to Irving Street, to Flushing Avenue, to Bushwick Avenue, to Veret Street, to Graham Avenue, to Seigel Street, to Graham Avenue, to Leonard Street, to Boerum Street, to Broadway, to Hewes, to Bedford Avenue, to Flushing Avenue, to Franklin Avenue and back to Myrtle Avenue.

It is in most part a tenement-house district, inhabited by hard working people who find employment in the many factories and breweries located in the Precinct. It comprises portions of the Sixteenth, Eighteenth,

Nineteenth, Twenty-first and Seventh wards, and boasts of containing more breweries than any other Precinct in the city, seven in number. There are also five large hat factories. Other factories, where articles of every description are manufactured, are found in sufficient number to make the Precinct noted for its industries.

The Station-house in Bartlett Street and Flushing Avenue is a very poor building indeed. Much room is lost on account of its triangular shape, and the sleeping apartments, which accommodate six persons, are said not to contain sufficient breathing-space for three. Energetic efforts are being made by Commissioner Carroll to better the state of affairs.

Captain Thomas L. Druhan, commander of the Thirteenth Precinct, is a man of great ability and is well versed in police tactics, having attained his present position through a competitive examination of the sergeants of the force. As a detective he had an excellent record, made many important arrests and secured a great number of convictions for every crime on record excepting murder. Twice he has been highly complimented for his good arrests, and has a right to feel proud of himself and the position he so well fills. He was born on May 18th, 1844.

In 1862 he enlisted in the Sixty-ninth New York Volunteers, a three months regiment, and remained with them until the expiration of the time of service. Upon his return to Brooklyn, he enlisted in the Sixteenth New York Heavy Artillery and remained at the front until the end of the war. He was appointed on the force October 10th, 1870, just after the Metropolitan system had been repealed. In August, 1875, he was made rounds-



THOMAS L. DRUHAN,
Captain.

man, and in March of the following year he was appointed detective. March 17th, 1876, he was appointed captain and assigned to the command of the Thirteenth Precinct, over which he has since ably preserved peace.

Sergeant James M. Ashton was born forty-nine years ago. He served in the Seventy-ninth New York Volunteers during the first part of the war, and immediately after his return obtained an appointment on the police force, July 3, 1861.

He was made sergeant January 3d, 1863. On June 10th, 1870, he was legislated out of office, but on February 2d, eight years later, he was again appointed patrolman. On January 3d, 1883, he was again raised to the dignity of sergeant and sent to the Thirteenth Precinct, where he has since remained.

Sergeant Lucien C. Babcock was born in 1840. He entered the ranks of the patrolmen in 1879, and after passing through the grade of roundsman became a sergeant in 1880. His twenty years of service have been entirely to his credit, and he is to-day much respected for his experience and ability.

Sergeant Hugh F. Gorman is thirty-seven years of age, and became a patrolman in 1870. He resigned in 1874 to enter the New York force, but resumed service in Brooklyn in 1878. He was promoted to roundsman in 1879 and rose to the rank of sergeant on January 8th, 1887. He is an excellent officer and has done yeoman service in the capture of criminals.

Sergeant Richard B. G. Smith was born in 1837. In 1866 he was appointed a patrolman and assumed the duties of a sergeant in 1870. He has seen much active

duty, and has arrested hundreds of law-breakers in the commission of their unlawful work. He is noted for his considerate kindness to prisoners.

The detectives attached to the Thirteenth Precinct are John Brady and Laurence Delahanty. Both began police life as patrolmen and received promotion for merit.

The roundsmen of this Precinct are Bernard J. Hayes and James Ryan.

THE FOURTEENTH PRECINCT.

The Station-house of the Fourteenth is an old-fashioned, two-story, square wooden building, with large airy rooms, and surrounded by a large garden laid out into flower beds, having plenty of shade, owing to the numerous trees in it. The office, the Captain's sitting-room and bed-room, the men's sitting-room and sergeants' room are all on the ground floor. The floor above is devoted entirely to the sleeping apartments of the men. In the rear of the building, situated in the back yard, is a low one-story extension, built of brick and containing six cells. Notwithstanding the fact of plenty of yard, and to all appearance plenty of light, these cells seem to be very dark indeed. In July of this year, however, new quarters are to be occupied by the force. Their future home consists of a magnificent building now almost completed, and in addition to the force already on the Precinct, a mounted squad is to be added to it. At present the want of accommodation for the men keeps the force very small indeed.

The Precinct, which is probably the largest in the city, is but very thinly settled and covers an immense area.

It is bounded on the east by the boundary line between Newtown and Brooklyn, on the South by the Evergreen Cemetery, Broadway and McDonough Street, on the west by Stuyvesant Avenue and on the north by Jefferson Street from Stuyvesant Avenue to the city line.

Many are the funeral processions which the officers of this Precinct must guard as they wend their way to "The Evergreens," the beautiful City of the Dead. Its grassy plots and stately monuments, its perfumed flower beds and sanded walks are daily the scene of the last sad rites that love can offer to death. But if the beauties of nature and art can in any way mitigate the sorrow of those afflicted, "The Evergeens" Cemetery leaves naught to be desired.

The smiling countenance and imposing figure of Captain James Dunn are well-known to every man, woman and child in the Fourteenth Precinct.

Born on May 3, 1838, this popular officer came to Brooklyn when very young and attended the city public school. His friends urged him to go on the police force in 1866, and on August 23d he received an appointment as a patrolman and was placed on the roll of the Forty-second—now the Second Precinct.

On June 11, 1870, his popularity forced him over several roundsmen, and he was made sergeant and transferred to the Fourteenth Precinct, then the Ninth Sub. As Acting-Captain, on July 11, 1875, he superintended the arrest of the Porter and Irving gang of Patchen Avenue burglars, in the arrest of which Captain Murphy of the Eighth Precinct—then a detective under Sergeant Dunn—distinguished himself as has been elsewhere related in this work. "Billy" Porter, "Johnnie"

Irving, "Mrs." Porter and Irving's sister were living in luxury in a lawn-surrounded summer residence on Patchen Avenue. Detective Murphy identified the Precinct's new neighbors, and under the direction of Captain Dunn succeeded in arresting and breaking up one of the most notorious gangs of bank burglars, panel thieves and "crooks" in general that ever infested a respectable community. Porter, Irving and Draper were connected with the Northampton Bank robbery, and were likened as experts next to Scott and Dunlap, who died while serving a long imprisonment for this extensive Massachusetts burglary. At first Draper could not be identified until "Bob" Pinkerton came over from New York at Captain Dunn's suggestion, and revealed him as "Shang" Draper, the old "King of Panel Thieves," a man who had, in his time, made and lost several fortunes in his nefarious following and who, at the time of his arrest, had been obliged to resort to a picayune retail store-robbery to keep body and soul together. Draper is still alive and is a somewhat reformed man. He keeps out of the hands of the police, but his liquor saloon on Sixth Avenue is said to be frequently under police surveillance. Captain Dunn received much credit for the good work in the gang's arrest, and when it was known that "Shang" Draper was one of the "birds" taken, Dunn and Murphy were congratulated on all sides.

The popularity of the Captain with the inhabitants of his Precinct is unbounded. He is looked upon as everybody's friend, and this feeling found graceful expression on December 17th, 1885, when he was presented by the citizens of the Fourteenth with a magnificent diamond stud, and a solid gold badge suitably inscribed.



JAMES DUNN,
Captain.

Captain Dunn preserves strict discipline in his command, but he is obliged to confess that one of the "officers" of the Fourteenth Precinct is a privileged character, inasmuch as he is not compelled by the Commissioner to wear the regulation uniform, nor is he liable to the reprimands of Inspector McLaughlin in his tours of inspection. He is also exonerated from regular patrol duty. Singular as it may seem, he wears a complete suit of spotless white, and Captain Dunn blushingly acknowledges that he never saw him in a change of raiment. There have been times when this "official"—Captain Dunn hesitatingly confesses—has been seen in such a deplorable and dirt-begrimed condition that had it been any other of his command he would most certainly have been fined and possibly dismissed, but somehow or other the "officer" in question seems to exert so much influence over Captain Dunn that he is permitted to do about as he pleases, without suffering any of the prescribed penalties. He rejoices in the name of "Billy" and was found by the Captain, one bleak wintry night several years ago, on the outskirts of the city, half hidden in the snow. His appearance in every particular is the same now as on that night when Captain Dunn rescued him from an untimely death, except that lines of care and age line his classic features, and hirsute appendages adorn his expressive chin. Although this character is a mute, never having known the power of speech, he is nevertheless as vigilant in the performance of his duties as his more fortunate brothers. He will not carry a stick, but depends entirely upon natural weapons in time of danger. Unlike his superior officers he walks on four legs. He is a

buck-billy-goat, and his horns are the pride of the officers of the Fourteenth.

No longer is Billy compelled to subsist on tin cans and other indigestible food, but is served his three square meals a day as regularly as any of the officers whose Precinct he honors by being a member. His only duty now consists in guarding the orchard surrounding the Station-house from the ravages of the all-terrible "small boys," and so well does he perform his assigned duty that the shrubbery and grass surrounding the building are in a flourishing condition.

Sergeant John H. Rudd was born in 1830. He went on the force in 1859 as a patrolman, and on December 4th, 1885, became Sergeant after duly passing through the grade of roundsman. He possesses all the qualifications of a good policeman and has won the esteem of all who know him.

Sergeant John Donaghy has seen sixty summers, thirty of which have been passed in police life. In 1857 he became a patrolman and in 1872 rose to roundsman. In 1880 he was made sergeant and he has well earned his promotions. He is a hale and hearty gentleman and enjoys the full confidence of his superior officers.

Sergeant George A. Buckholz was born in 1840. In 1863 he enlisted in the 84th N. Y. S. M. and remained in active service till the regiment was mustered out. In 1864 he re-enlisted in the 56th N. G. S. N. Y., which served for one hundred days. After the war was over, in 1865, he entered police life, and did duty first as a Quarantine Harbor policeman and afterwards as a patrolman. He became roundsman in 1869 and sergeant in 1873. He has an excellent record.

Sergeant George Nicholson was born in 1834. He became a patrolman in 1868, was promoted to roundsman in 1873 and rose to the rank of sergeant in 1882. He is an estimable and worthy officer.

The roundsmen of this Precinct are John H. Klein and Joseph Collins.

The Fourteenth has but one detective attached to it, William Anderson, who, like most of the detectives, has risen from the ranks to his present position.

CHAPTER XX.

PRECINCTS AND STATION-HOUSES.

(*Concluded.*)

FIFTEENTH PRECINCT.—STATION-HOUSE.—"SMOKY HOLLOW."—BOUNDARIES—"HOUSE OF BLAZES."—"ISLAND NUMBER TEN."—"THE APPLE ORCHARD."—"THE BUCKINGHAM."—CAPTAIN HENRY KELLETT.—WAR RECORD.—POLICE RECORD.—SERGEANT MCCULLOUGH.—MURDER OF OFFICER STONE.—HENRY WARD BEECHER'S LECTURE.—SERGEANT LOWE.—AN OLD ARTILLERYMAN.—SERGEANTS SHIELDS AND CULLEN.—DETECTIVES AND ROUNDSMEN.

SIXTEENTH PRECINCT.—STATION-HOUSE.—BOUNDARIES.—CAPTAIN JOHN BRENNAN.—HIS POLICE LIFE.—SERGEANT SIMMONS.—SERGEANT HAMILTON.—HIS ARMY EXPERIENCE.—SERGEANTS HARRINGTON AND BARR.—THE ROUNDSMEN AND DETECTIVES.—DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

SEVENTEENTH PRECINCT.—BRIEF SKETCH OF THE POLICE SYSTEM OF NEW LOTS BEFORE ITS ANNEXATION TO BROOKLYN.—CAPTAIN HENRY FRENCH.—HIS TROUBLES WITH AMBITIOUS YOUTHS.—THE SERGEANTS.—DETECTIVES AND ROUNDSMEN.

THE FIFTEENTH PRECINCT.

On Congress Street near Columbia Street, in the heart of "Smoky Hollow," is a three-story brick building which was used up to 1881 as a tenement house. At the present writing the green lamp over the doorway proclaims it the Fifteenth Precinct Station-house. When this building was first turned into a police-station it was an off-shoot of the First Precinct and was termed the Third Sub-Precinct. It had not been used more than a few years by the police, when, on account of the dangerous element infesting the neighborhood, on the 14th of July, 1885, it was made a full precinct and

called the Fifteenth. The ground floor is on a level with the street and is divided into two rooms, the front and larger one of which is the office and the other the Captain's private apartment, a small room, in which is kept the station album, a well-filled book with the photographs of some of the worst criminal characters who ever "drew a knife" or "cracked a crib." In another corner of the room is a large walnut case which contains a miscellaneous collection of dirks, knives, stilettos and pistols of every pattern and make, taken from the Italians, Swedes and Portuguese sailors, who mainly make up the floating population of that neighborhood.

Off the main building and connected with it by a long covered passage-way is situated, as is usual with station-houses, a one-story brick building with heavy iron barred windows, the ground floor of which contains ten cells, which, by the way, are entirely inadequate for the "rushing business" done by Captain Kellett. These cells are well-filled most of the time, and it frequently happens that for want of room it is necessary to put two or three in one cell, and at times as many as three or four.

On the second floor of the main building in the front of the house is the Captain's sleeping apartment, a large richly furnished room, the ornaments of which display the Captain's refined taste.

At the head of the room is the Captain's bed, a large richly carved mahogany article, in which the "big Captain" takes his well-earned rest. Opposite the front of the bedstead is a library of which the Captain might well be proud, containing the works of some of the most noted writers.

To the rear of the Captain's room is the men's sitting-room. Back of this is situated the general bath-room. The third floor and the third floor of the house adjoining are devoted to the sleeping apartments of the sergeants, roundsmen and officers. The beds of the men are placed so close together that the officers are often compelled to climb over the beds of their comrades to reach their own. When Captain Kellett took command of this station in 1885 he had but two platoons of six men each, but these were tried officers picked from the Third Sub-Precinct by the Captain himself, the majority of whom had served with him during the war, and although his Precinct covers the smallest area of any station in the city, extending along Sackett Street to Henry Street, down Henry to State Street, down State to Hicks Street, along Hicks Street to Joralemon Street, through Joralemon Street to Furman Street and along Furman Street to Wall Street Ferry, it is the most thickly populated and takes in the entire water front from Wall Street Ferry to Hamilton Ferry, along which route there is more money represented in store-houses, vessels and merchandise than in any other precinct. With such lively places to contend with as the "House of Blazes," "Twelve Temptations," "The Buckingham," "Hell's Kitchen," "The Oceanic," and "The Round Tower" in Hicks Street; "The Clothespin" and "Jacob's Ladder" in Emmet Street; "Island Number Ten" in Furman Street; and the "Apple Orchard" and "Kilsey's Alley" in Columbia Street, Captain Kellett's men are obliged to keep an eagle eye on their respective posts to preserve the peace.

To give some idea of the difficulties in detecting a

crime in this neighborhood the following instance will illustrate: "Kilsey's Alley," the center of "Smoky Hollow," is a long, dark hallway, leading to what might be called a back yard, which has been christened by the police "The Apple Orchard." It is the rear yard of the four-story tenement houses surrounding it on all sides, in which live an average of three families to a floor, making eighteen families in a house, with a common yard for one hundred families. From this "Apple Orchard" there are four hallways similar to "Kilsey's Alley," leading into four different streets. On warm summer evenings these places swarm with men, women and children indulging in the vilest excesses all night and until the small hours in the morning. On first witnessing this sight one naturally asks: "Why sleep they not when others are at rest?" The reply suggests that they have reversed the real order of things and obtain what little sleep they have in the daytime, when honest people are earning their sustenance.

Again, there is the "Buckingham," a large six-story double brick building, the secret niches and alleys of which are the first refuge of all the debauched characters in the vicinity. Since the advent of the present Captain much has been done to better the character and condition of these and similar places.

Captain Henry Kellett was born on the 30th of September 1838. At the breaking out of the war, when only twenty-one years of age, he enlisted in the Thirteenth Regiment of Brooklyn. After serving faithfully for three months he returned home with his regiment, which had only been called out for that length of time. While on his way north he lent his aid in suppressing

the Baltimore riots. He had not been home long before he again enlisted, this time for three years, as Orderly Sergeant in the Ninetieth New York Volunteers. It was not long before his superior officers showed their appreciation of his services and he was promoted sergeant, then sergeant-major, and shortly after made second, then first lieutenant, in which latter capacity he served in the Department of the Gulf. He was engaged in the thirty days' siege of Port Hudson, and in the battles of Marshall Prairie and Donaldson. After the fall of Vicksburgh he was transferred with the Nineteenth Corps to Virginia and took part in the battles of Fredericksburgh and Cedar Creek. After passing through five desperate battles without a scratch he was wounded in the leg by the bursting of a shell. He lay on the field in a helpless condition for eight hours before being found by his comrades. He was then removed to Harper's Ferry, where he remained for a few days, but there were so many wounded at this battle that the little church which had been turned into a temporary hospital was so crowded that the captain, who could not endure the sight and listen to the moans of his suffering comrades, asked and obtained permission to take rooms in a small cottage near by. There, thanks to his good constitution, he made such rapid improvement that he was able to take advantage of a thirty days' furlough and come north to be treated for his wound. He was compelled to seek for an extension of ninety days more. Recovering from his wound he was assigned to the Provost Marshal's office in Brooklyn and shortly afterwards, in 1865, at the ceasing of the war, was mustered out of service.



HENRY KELLETT,
Captain.

Shortly after his discharge he was appointed on the police force, but experiencing more trouble from his wound, resigned after serving for two months and retired to his home in New Jersey. In 1867 he was again appointed patrolman and assigned to the Forty-third Precinct. He remained on it until the Metropolitan Police disbanded. He was then assigned to Brooklyn. In 1872 he was promoted sergeant. When the Third Sub-Precinct was organized he was assigned there and on the the 14th of June, 1885 he was appointed captain of the Fifteenth Precinct.

He is a member of Rankin Post, No. 10, G. A. R., and has command of the Police boat "Judge Moore."

Captain Kellett has had over six hundred arrests since his appointment as commander of the Fifteenth Precinct.

Sergeant Thomas McCullough was born September 12th, 1843. On October 24th, 1370, he was appointed patrolman, and appointed sergeant on August 12th, 1875, and assigned to the First Precinct. When the Fifteenth Station was organized he was one of the picked men taken by Captain Kellett. While detective in the Third Precinct he assisted in bringing to justice the murderers of Policeman Stone, who, on the afternoon of June 3d, 1880, left his station a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, and a few hours later was carried to the hospital in a dying condition.

Officer Stone had gone but a few blocks when he met the "Smoky Hollow Gang," who had been attending the wake of a friend and were more or less drunk. The leader of the gang, Joseph Mungerford, got into an altercation with one of the gang and was creating a disturb-

ance when Officer Stone put in his appearance, and the whole gang turned on him. Pat Doyle, another of the gang, struck the officer with a rock, fracturing his skull. McCullough, who had been put on the case, arrested Pat Hanlon, *alias* "Schoofey" Hanlon, and Mungerford, whom he had the satisfaction of sending to prison.

The Sergeant was then appointed Chairman of the Fund Committee for the relief of Officer Stone's widow; and turned over to Mr. Ripley Ropes, who was then connected with the Brooklyn Trust Company, $5,610 as the proceeds of the lecture given by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, $1,334 from the Mutual Aid Society and $325 voluntary contributions from the officers, making a total of $7,269 in all, for which Sergeant McCullough holds Mrs. Stone's receipt. Among the many papers connected with this matter is a letter from Mr. Beecher offering his services for the proposed lecture.

Sergeant John Lowe was born in 1837. He enlisted in Company F, Third U. S. Artillery. He served during the entire war and was at its close honorably discharged as First Sergeant. He is a member of U. S. Grant Post, 327, G. A. R. On September 12, 1872, he was appointed patrolman and on April 16, 1881, he was appointed roundsman. June 9, 1884, saw him made a sergeant. He has proved himself in many instances a valuable officer.

Sergeant Edward Shields was born May 1st, 1847. He was appointed on the 16th of February, 1870, to the police force and assigned to the Forty-third Metropolitan Precinct. On September 23d, 1882, he was made roundsman, and on July 13th, 1885, he was made sergeant. He

also has a splendid record as private, roundsman and sergeant.

Sergeant Thomas Cullen was born on October 27th, 1853. On December 28th, 1876, he was appointed patrolman on the Third Precinct. From the Third he was detailed for two years to do duty in citizen's clothes at one of the ferries, when he was transferred to the Eleventh and appointed roundsman July 7th, 1881. On June 16th, 1882, he was appointed sergeant. About 1878, while stationed in citizen's clothes at the ferry, Inspector Waddy made the assertion that no attention was paid to the passing wagons and carriages by the patrolmen at the ferries, and that he could pass through all of them in a carriage without being discovered. He attempted it in company with Captain Jewett, both disguised, in closed carriage with shades down, but at Hamilton Ferry he was discovered by Patrolman Cullen. On January 14th, 1887, at St. Stephen's Church Fair, he was presented, or rather voted, by an admiring host of friends with a magnificent diamond badge.

The detectives attached to the Fifteenth are Francis Stoddert and Daniel Daly, who have both earned promotion from the ranks by merit.

The roundsmen are Thomas H. Collins and Abraham Irving.

THE SIXTEENTH PRECINCT.

A bright colored lamp in the front of one of a row of tenement houses on Clymer Street, near Kent Avenue, marks the Sixteenth Precinct Station-house. The district was at one time under the supervison of Captain Woglom of the Fifth Precinct, but being in the heart of

the greatest manufacturing district in the city it became necessary to have some place for the officers near by, so the Fifth Sub-Precinct was organized. Owing to the rapid increase of business in their locality it became necessary on July 15th, 1885 to make this a full Precinct, and it was called the Sixteenth Precinct.

Captain John Brennan, who supervised the making of it into a Sub-Precinct and who was its Acting-Captain, was made Captain. Extending up Broadway to Hewes Street, to Bedford Avenue up Bedford Avenue, to Flushing Avenue, down Flushing Avenue to Washington Avenue, along Washington Avenue to the Navy Yard and along the water front to Roosevelt Ferry, Captain Brennan's force of thirty-four men have as much as they can well attend to, keeping watch over the many hundred farmer and grocery wagons stationed nightly at the Wallabout Market.

Captain Brennan being a little cleverer than his brother officers, instead of applying to the Common Council for an appropriation for a new station-house, applied to the Legislature, and had a bill passed authorizing the purchase of a piece of ground at the corner of Lee Avenue and Clymer Street, which purchase has just been made, and the Captain hopes that before the first of January, 1888, he will be in command of one of the finest, if not the finest station-house in the city, and which will have ample accommodations for a larger force.

Captain John Brennan was born on November 10th, 1834. On November 18th, 1862, he was appointed as patrolman to the Forty-seventh Precinct. After four years as patrolman he was promoted roundsman and assigned to the Forty-fifth Precinct. While obeying the



JOHN BRENNAN,
Captain.

commands of the "Chief of Williamsburg" (Captain Woglom) in 1867 he was appointed Sergeant.

On July 15th, 1885, he took Captain's rank. He averages from eight hundred to nine hundred arrests a year, which has made his name a terror to the criminal classes of his neighborhood.

Sergeant Joseph H. Simmons was born in 1836. On October 24th, 1864 he was appointed to the police force as patrolman. On June 23d, 1884, he was given a roundsman's shield. He had not been roundsman more than a year when, thanks to his early education, he successfully passed the civil service examination for sergeant, and on April 30th, 1885, secured his commission.

The Sergeant has made several brilliant arrests for burglary and other offenses, and enjoys the full confidence of his Captain.

Sergeant John Hamilton was born forty-five years ago. When the war broke out he responded to his country's need and enlisted with the Seventy-first Regiment, N. Y. S. M., and remained at the front for one hundred days. When he returned home with the intention of re-enlisting he found that both his brothers were with the Union Army and that his mother was alone. He remained behind to cheer and comfort her, while his brothers sacrificed their lives at the front. He was appointed on the police force February 2d, 1871. In 1879 he was made roundsman. On the 1st of January, 1883, he was sent to Acting-Captain Brennan's new Sub-Precinct, where he was later on promoted sergeant and where he has since remained.

Sergeant George B. Harrington was born in 1857. On April 1st, 1882, he was appointed to the police force as

patrolman. On the 30th of April, 1885, he was made roundsman, and on December 1st of the same year he became sergeant, and was assigned to the Sixteenth when on July 15th, 1885, it was made a full precinct. During the time it was a "Sub" he was Acting-Sergeant.

Sergeant Alexander Barr was born December 25th, 1838. He was appointed to the police force on January 5th, 1855, On March 14th, 1882, he was made roundsman and in the succeeding year he became sergeant. He has not served on the force continuously since his original appointment, having practiced law a portion of the time.

The roundsmen of the Sixteenth are Egbert S. Conklin and William J. Logan.

The detectives are Thomas Holland and John F. Burns, both excellent officers.

Burns, from his long experience around the City Hall, is well acquainted with all the "sporting men" of Brooklyn and familiar with all their deeds and misdeeds. He tells one good story which concerns a group of men who "hang out" at Charley Johnston's famous sporting house.

"A noted race-course man, taking a drink at the bar of that place, exhibited a diamond ring of great beauty and apparent value on his finger. An acquaintance present, who has a penchant for faro, had a great passion for diamonds. After drinking several times and much bantering, the owner consented to barter the ring for the sum of six hundred dollars. As the buyer left the room a suppressed tittering struck his ear. He concluded that the former owner had sold both the ring and the purchaser. He said nothing, but called the next day upon

Hart, the jeweller, where he learned that the diamond was paste and the ring worth about twenty-five dollars. He examined some real diamonds and found one closely resembling the paste in his own ring. He hired the diamond, pledged twelve hundred dollars, the price of it, and gave twenty dollars for its use for a few days.

He went to another jeweller, had the paste removed and the real diamond set. His chums knowing how he had been imposed upon, impatiently waited for his appearance the next night. To their astonishment they found him in high glee. He flourished his ring, boasted of his bargain and said if any gentleman present had any twelve hundred dollar ring to sell for six hundred dollars he knew of a purchaser. When he was told that the ring was paste and that he had been cheated, he laughed at their folly. Bets were freely offered that the ring did not contain a real diamond. Two men bet a thousand dollars each. Two bet five hundred dollars. All were taken, umpires were chosen. The money and the ring were put into their hands. They went to the first-class jeweller who had loaned the stone and who applied all the tests. He said the stone was a diamond of the first water and was worth, without setting, twelve hundred dollars. The buyer put the three thousand dollars which he had won quietly into his pocket. He carried the diamond back and recalled his twelve hundred dollars, and with his paste ring on his finger went over to a New York sporting house. The man who sold the ring came in later, heard the news and departed. He wanted to get the ring back. He attempted to turn the whole thing into a joke. He sold the ring, he said, for fun. He never wore false jewels. He knew that it was

a real diamond all the time. He could tell a real diamond anywhere by its peculiar light. He would not be so mean as to cheat an old friend. He knew his friend would let him have the ring again. But his friend was stubborn—said that the seller thought it was paste and intended to defraud him. At length, on the payment of eight hundred dollars, the ring was restored. All parties came to the conclusion, when the whole affair came out, that when diamond cuts diamond again some one less sharp will be selected by the original seller."

THE SEVENTEENTH PRECINCT.

When the Metropolitan Police District was abolished in 1870 New Lots was left without police protection. The Brooklyn Police Bill was amended so as to give authority to the Town Board to apply to the Police Commissioner of the City of Brooklyn, under a requisition, for the appointment of as many policemen as it was deemed necessary. Under this authority the Town Board of New Lots in 1871 made application for the appointment of three officers. The request was complied with, and W. F. Early, George Schlenk and Stephen Newman were appointed as New Lots policemen. At that time there was no station-house in the town; the officers reported directly to Justice Gertum at the court-room or the Justice's residence, and locked up their prisoners in the Ninth Sub-Precinct station-house, now the Fourteenth, on Broadway near Gates Avenue. Two years afterwards three more policemen were appointed and a building was rented on Liberty avenue near Smith, to be used as a lock-up. Not meeting the wants of the department and as a law had

been passed giving authority to the town officials to build, they assessed the town in the sum of ten thousand dollars for the purpose of erecting a Town Hall in some central location; a plot of ground fifty by one hundred feet was purchased from the late Horace A. Miller, on Butler Avenue near Atlantic, for the sum of one thousand four hundred dollars, and a substantial two-story and basement brick building was erected thereon. It was formally handed over to the town on the 11th of December, 1873. In 1877 the town officials were notified by the then Police Commissioner of Brooklyn, General Jourdan, that the city would no longer afford police protection to the town. Accordingly, in the following year, 1878, an act was passed, known as the New Lots Police Bill, which had been introduced in the Assembly by Col. John H. Bergen, authorizing the Supervisor, the president of the Excise Board and the Justice of the Peace having the shortest term to serve, to appoint three Police Commissioners, to have full control of the department. In June, 1878, Peter Sutter, Henry L. Wyckoff and John K. Powell were appointed as such commissioners. A vacancy occurred soon after by the death of Mr. Wyckoff, and Richard Pickering, now editor of the *Long Island Record*, was appointed in his stead.

The department then consisted of nine men, with William F. Early as captain; Henry French and Peter J. Kennedy, sergeants. On the 1st of August, 1886, by an act of the Legislature, New Lots was annexed to Brooklyn and called the Twenty-Sixth Ward. The police department in consequence passed into the hands of the city; the Precinct was numbered the Seventeenth, and Sergeant French was appointed as Acting-Captain.

As now constituted the police authority of the Twenty-sixth Ward extends over an area of thirteen square miles, bounded on the south by Jamaica Bay, on the north by the Town of Newtown, on the east by Eldert Lane, and on the west by Flatlands, Flatbush and the Manhattan Crossing.

Captain Henry French was born on the 31st of October, 1849. He was appointed on the police force June 28, 1876. When the city refused to give police protection to New Lots, French, who was then a patrolman, resigned and upon the organization of the New Lots Police Department accepted a re-appointment, this time his position being that of a sergeant. He became captain when the town became annexed to Brooklyn.

The district is practically bucolic and not urban. In nationality it is largely German. Many of its people are engaged in tailoring and light manufactures, but a very large number are farmers and gardeners. Its police condition is excellent, the chief source of trouble being visitors from the city proper and from New York. The agricultural element affords some amusement in its constant ambition to become policemen and especially detectives.

Captain French receives many letters from young men who feel that they were especially created to do detective work. Samuel Evans, who adds to his signature the letters, I. O. O. F. F. T. & T., asks:

"Are you In nead? I am a Borne dettective and am now a collectter and Farmr. Their is Nothing much going on, and I intecapate Becomeing same mentioned above.

"P. S. You might find me something."



HENRY FRENCH,
Captain.

Mr. Evans, I. O. O. F. F. T. & T., was not sent for. A young man in Brooklyn, who is twenty-three years old, writes:

"I want a position. Am not afraid of work. I desire to learn to become a detective. Give me a show."

An ambitious youth from Flatlands, N. Y., the adjoining town, says:

"I am a young man of nineteen, and have learned telegraphy. Do you take apprentices? If so, please give me a chance."

The telegrapher was informed that the captain is not a schoolmaster and has no time to go into the business. George Parker wants to know in what way a man can become a member of the Brooklyn detective force and suggests as a valuable fact that he is acquainted with three or four detectives in Suffolk County. Henry J. Harris hits from the shoulder and informs the world of his peculiar fitness for detective work in the following epistle:

"I come in my own bluff way—that is, to begin in the middle and work both ways. I think I am a born detective, for my father was a detective when I was born. I have worked up several tough cases, and have never lost a point yet. I have been slowly piping one of the strangest murder cases ever known, and all the regular detectives are on the wrong track. I want authority. I have dash and make up well. I am straight goods, all wool and yard wide. I do not fear Old Nick, and yet I am not hasty. If I had a commission I could work on several big cases that rewards will be offered in."

Sergeant Patrick Brophy was born in 1848. He took his position as a member of the police force on February 4, 1875, and was assigned to the Twelfth Precinct. A

month later he was transferred to New Lots, where, after four years of service, he was promoted roundsman and in February, 1880, became sergeant. The Sergeant has effected many important arrests.

Sergeant William F. Early was born in 1844. He joined, in 1858, the Second United States Artillery as a fifer and remained a soldier five years, receiving his discharge in Florida. In 1870 he was elected to the office of constable and a year later joined the police force. He was first a sergeant and afterwards captain of the New Lots Police. On the 3d of July, 1883, a new commission coming into form effected a change in the government of the New Lots Police. Captain Early took a stand against the new order of things, and in consequence resigned his position. The same day he was reappointed, this time assuming the office of sergeant. He has made many good arrests.

Sergeant Nicholas Condon was born in May, 1852. He was elected constable of New Lots and discharged the duties of his office with such excellence that he was re-elected on six different occasions. On the 15th of January he was appointed patrolman in the police force and became roundsman in July of the same year. Later on he was made sergeant.

Sergeant Christian Reimels was born in 1848. He was appointed patrolman on the New Lots force in 1878, and when the town was annexed to the City of Brooklyn was re-appointed and made sergeant of the new Seventeenth Precinct.

Detectives McNeany and Kortwright are attached to this Precinct, and are intelligent and faithful officers.

The roundsmen are Fisher and Ringhouser.

CHAPTER XXI.

BROOKLYN'S HARBOR POLICE.

THE "JUDGE MOORE."—ITS DESCRIPTION.—WHERE TO FIND IT.—WHERE IT GOES AND WHEN.—ITS CAPTAINS AND CREWS.—ITS DUTIES AND ITS RECORD.—RIVER-THIEVES, THEIR HABITS AND TRICKS.—A MODEL DIVE.—THE OLD CHARTERS OF DONGAN AND CORNBURY.—PRIVATE PIERS.—RIVER-PIRATES.—THEIR STRUGGLE WITH THE POLICE.—GIVING FALSE ALARMS TO THEIR ENEMY.—"DUTCH FRANK," THE PIRATE KING.—STEALING A HAWSER UNDER THE CAPTAIN'S NOSE.—CHASED AND COLLARED ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND BY OFFICER CASEY.—WHO STOLE THE ROPE.—TED PERRY THE "SPECULATOR."—STEALING A CANAL BOAT AND ITS CARGO OF WHEAT.—THE POLICE TOO ACTIVE FOR THEM.—DISAPPEARANCE OF A TRUCK AND ITS LOAD OF SUGAR.—OFFICER MCMAHON SPOILS A NEW AND INGENIOUS GAME AT THE ERIE BASIN.—THE END OF THE SILVER GANG.—THE COMBINATION GANG OF BROOKLYN AND STATEN ISLAND.—SERGEANT EASON'S GALLANT CAPTURE —OFFICER MCMAHON HAS A LONG CHASE.—FINAL FAILURE OF JUSTICE.—THE SMOKY HOLLOW GANG.—A THIEF MAKES A BOLD BREAK FOR LIBERTY.—SUGAR STEALING.—THOUSANDS WASTED WANTONLY.

ON November 18, 1885, a great improvement was effected in the police administration by the establishment of a steamboat-squad upon about the system that has been followed by the New York authorities for many years. A boat was purchased by the city government and named "Judge Moore" in honor of the distinguished magistrate of the Court of Sessions. It has been in daily use ever since, and has become an invaluable protection to the vast water-front of the municipality. The "Judge Moore" is a handsome vessel, half-tug and half steam yacht, forty feet long, eight beam, and three and one-half

draught. Her build enables her to steam rapidly, and at the same time safely undergo the collisions, scrapings and concussions she is bound to meet in prowling about the wharves and bulkheads and passing into crowded slips and basins. The vessel and crew, or squad, are attached to the Fifteenth Precinct and are nominally commanded by Captain Kellett. It takes a little daily rest at the foot of Atlantic Street, but nearly all the time, day and night, it is cruising along the water-front, which extends from Newtown Creek at Hunter's Point, along the East River, Buttermilk Channel, New York Harbor and Gowanus Bay to the foot of Sixtieth Street at Bay Ridge. It leaves usually at eight A.M. and returns at four P.M., when the crew is changed ; it then leaves again and returns after midnight. In summer it cruises all night. The first squad is commanded by Pilot Martin Casey, and consists of two deck hands or patrolmen and an engineer. The second, commanded by Pilot Felix Brady, consists of two hands and an engineer. One of the deck hands, Philip Rodgers, is the relief pilot. The "Judge Moore" does much more work than is usually believed. It pursues and captures river-pirates and recovers the booty, assists in quelling mutiny on shipboard, takes part in saving life and property at fires on the river-front or vessels, rescues drowning people, picks up derelict property, and intervenes in quarrels between seamen, stevedores and other maritime and semi-maritime toilers. Its record in a year and a half is admirable, it having quelled two mutinies, arrested three sailors and thirty other persons, saved two lives (one by Officer Rodgers springing overboard and bringing the drowning man to the surface), and found and restored yachts,

boats, rafts and other lost property aggregating in value over eighteen thousand dollars. Besides all this work, it has driven the river-pirates out of business. The professional river-thieves, the "Smoky Hollow" and "Red Hook Gangs," the "Canallers," the Gowanus and Bay Ridge gangs, the Eighth Ward "Hardscrabblers," the Newtown and Wallabout crowds are all now things of the past. Before the steam-boat squad was instituted it was a difficult task to apprehend the river-thieves in the act. The moment they were discovered they took to the water, in which they were water rats and on which they were skilled and swift oarsmen. Beneath each wharf and in each bulkhead, were places, either left by the builders or constructed by themselves, to which they would swim under water and where they would remain for hours or until the officials had gone away. Beneath the pier of the Cornell property, now occupied by the Arbuckle Coffee Mills, they had constructed a floor and rude walls in which they lived, played cards, drank and consummated their plans of robbery and even murder. The police boat changed all this, making the water more dangerous than the land. As a consequence, the bolder spirits conceived their occupation gone and dropped their long careers of piracy, and only the more contemptible class, the sneak-thieves, remained. There is still a large element upon the water-front which requires to be watched and kept under subjection. Fortunately for Brooklyn, most of these are now in New York and intend to remain there.

Another fact which protects Brooklyn are the provisions of the old Colonial charters of New York City—those of Dongan and Lord Cornbury. New York owned the

river up to the Long Island water-mark. As the pier and bulkhead line extends far past this limit, it is evident that the metropolis still exercises a jurisdiction over our wharves, and is bound to capture and punish all wrong-doers it may discover. For this reason the river-thief on the New York side has to contend against the police of that city alone, but on the Brooklyn side he is compelled to run the gauntlet of the police of both cities. Another feature of the Brooklyn water-front, which is very noteworthy, is that it is nearly all under private and not public ownership. These owners are generally rich merchants or wealthy corporations, all of whom employ watchmen. Year by year this feature has grown, until to-day nineteen-twentieths of the property is in private hands, splendidly kept, watched and protected.

As a result of these many causes, or social and municipal factors, river thieving, or, as it might more appropriately be called, river piracy, on Brooklyn's shores is in a measure a thing of the past. Occasionally arrests are made, but they are of such a trivial nature compared with the depredations committed years ago that they can hardly be classed under the name. Fifteen to twenty years ago well organized gangs of men, known to the police as "speculators," plied their vocations along the Long Island shores, bidding defiance to the authorities. Often the thieves have been discovered at their work, but in the majority of cases the rascals were more than a match for the police and got off clear with their booty. In case an arrest was effected, the prisoner was pretty sure to be discharged, owing to the difficulty of producing the owners of the stolen property. From time

to time valuable goods were discovered hidden under the docks and in other queer places, but it was seldom that the goods had to be hidden, as the thieves found willing purchasers in the numerous receivers who were generally on hand looking out for business. These river pirates displayed great boldness and cunning in their undertakings, and would stoop to any crime that would further their ends. Instances of their cunning are shown at every turn. On one occasion a number of men concocted a plan to steal a cargo of sugar from a vessel lying in the Erie Basin well off shore. To cover their work, the thieves caused it to be noised about that they would that night rob a floater anchored at a point in the river fully a mile from the vessel they in reality intended to pilfer. The police were on hand at the wrong place, and after waiting over two hours for the pirates, who did not put in an appearance, went back to the station, only to discover the next day that they had been cleverly hoaxed and that the thieves had accomplished their purpose in another direction. A sharp watch was kept up for these jokers, but up to the present day they have not been discovered.

One of the most notorious of the river pirates was Frank Schmidt, or, as he was more familiarly known, "Dutch Frank." For years he carried on his thieving operations without interruption. His exploits were of a most daring character, and his name became familiar with all vessel owners and consignees. The authorities tried every means in their power to capture him, but did not meet with success until the 13th of July, 1885, when they caught him and placed him under lock and key. On the day of his arrest, "Dutch Frank," accompanied

by Bernard and Patrick Martin, two well-known dock thieves, visited the British steamship "Salisbury," which was then lying in the river at the foot of Pacific Street, and stole a hawser valued at fifty dollars. The Martin boys boarded the vessel, and mingling with a crowd of visitors managed to secure the hawser and a quantity of rope, which they passed in the presence of the captain and crew over the side of the vessel to Schmidt, who had remained in a row-boat close to the stern. The captain, who was on deck at the time, saw the act, and as Schmidt rowed off called to the tug-boat "James A. Garfield," which he boarded and immediately set chase for the fast disappearing thief. Officer Martin Casey, in charge of the police patrol boat, the "Judge Moore," recognized in the fugitive the notorious "Dutch Frank," and getting up steam followed in the wake of the captain of the "Salisbury." Schmidt made for Governor's Island and landed about two minutes before his pursuers. He struck inland for a hiding place, but before he had gone a quarter of a mile was overtaken and after a short struggle made a prisoner. The "Judge Moore" took Schmidt back to Brooklyn, where he was arraigned before a Police Justice and remanded for an examination. He was finally taken before Judge Moore, in the Court of Sessions, but he was not immediately tried. While the case was pending, another charge of stealing two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of rope from the ship "Standard" was brought against him. This latter case came to trial, and Schmidt was found guilty and sent to prison for five years.

Another successful thief was Edwin Perry, who also eluded the vigilance of the police for a number of years,



POLICE AND RIVER PIRATES.

but was finally arrested and sent to Sing Sing for life for murder in the second degree. Perry built a small house on a float, and anchoring it at the foot of Montague Street carried on the business of receiving stolen goods. He did a thriving trade, having customers from three or four cities, and made a great deal of money. Perry transacted his business with such openness that it elicited remark, and Watchman Patrick Hayes was suspected of being in league with the receiver. A raid was made on the place, but the police found that their bird had flown. Nothing more was heard of Perry until the early part of 1870, when he was arrested as the murderer of Watchman Hayes, who was shot through the heart while patrolling his post in front of Watson's Stores. The prisoner declared his innocence, but the evidence was too strong against him and he was convicted. He was afterwards pardoned and is now, to all appearance, leading an honest life.

The boldest deed ever committed by Brooklyn river-thieves was the attempt by five men, four years ago, to steal a canal boat. This quintet of dare-devils consisted of Messrs. Walsh, Sullivan, O'Neill, Bell and Callahan, who having learned that the captain of the canal boat, the "John Bates" (which belonged to Starin & Co.), had gone to the theatre, seized a row-boat on the Brooklyn shore and rowed over to the Wall Street Ferry, New York, where the "Bates" was anchored. When they arrived there the thieves found the canal boat lashed to the side of a steamer; but this fact did not trouble them, as they quietly cut the ropes which connected the two boats, and hailing a passing tug-boat were towed over to the Boston Dry Dock, where they commenced to unload a valuable

cargo of wheat. Roundsman McMahon, of the Eleventh Precinct, was an interested spectator of what had passed and recognizing in Walsh an old-time river thief he made up his mind to stop their little game. Going back to the Station-house, he secured the assistance of Captain Reilly, who has since been made an inspector, and Detective Looney. The three arrived on the scene of unloading just as the bags of wheat were being put upon a wagon, and the sudden appearance of the officers upon the spot so surprised the thieves that they were overcome with but little resistance. At the trial which followed Callahan assumed all the responsibilities of the crime, saying that he had hired the men to do the work. On this testimony Walsh, Sullivan, O'Neil and Bell were released, and Callahan was sent to the Penitentiary for four years and eleven months. After serving three years of his sentence he escaped, but was captured three months afterwards in New York and brought back to serve out the remainder of his time.

Almost as bold a robbery was experienced by Mr. Luther Westerbrook, a truckman, over thirteen years ago. Mr. Westerbrook had a commission to deliver eight hundred and ten pounds of sugar to the captain of a vessel lying at a dock near the South Ferry, on the New York side. It was in the afternoon when he undertook to deliver the goods. When he arrived in New York he could not find the vessel, and leaving his truck he went in search of it. He found it, but when he came to look for his truck it was gone. A diligent search failed to discover it and Mr. Westerbrook returned home with a heavy heart. Ten o'clock that evening the truck was found in South Brooklyn, with all its load of sugar

removed. The perpetrators of this robbery were never discovered.

Another style of river piracy, where the captain of a vessel combined with the thief to rob the owner, was unearthed a couple of years ago by Roundsman McMahon. Jack Walsh and his brother Mike one dark night boarded the "John Cody," one of Starin's boats, lying in the Erie Basin, and with the assistance of Captain Lacken carried off twelve bags of wheat. McMahon watched the men unload their boat at the dock and saw them go away for a truck. One returned a quarter of an hour afterwards, and was arrested and taken to the Station. The roundsman came back just in time to capture the other thief who had returned with the truck. Mike Walsh was discharged from custody, but his brother did not fare so well, being sent to the Penitentiary for three years and six months. Captain Lacken, who was afterwards arrested, was sent to jail for twenty-nine days.

Thomas Hunt, who was known as the leader of the "Silver Gang," five years ago was arrested by Roundsman McMahon for stealing some block-rigging valued at forty-six dollars from the Boston Dry Dock, and was sent to the Penitentiary for three years and six months. The arrest and conviction of Hunt broke the gang up. It was composed of a dozen young desperadoes, chief among whom were Hugh Doherty, Bill Burns, Tom Hunt, Pat Murray and "Ed" Ryans. None of the gang after the disbandment followed the river business, with the exception of Burns, who was arrested in about a year, but was not convicted.

The "Combination Gang" was made up of seven men.

Three lived in Brooklyn, and disposed of all the goods they stole here in Staten Island, where their companions carried on their work. From Staten Island the remainder of the gang sent the goods they seized to their Brooklyn companions, who got rid of them easily without fear of detection. Roundsman McMahon broke up the combination by arresting George Hoffman, the leader, as he was coming from Staten Island with some stolen property. Hoffman languished in jail for a while, but was finally discharged, as no owner for the property could be brought forward.

On the 20th of August, 1880, Captain Campbell, of the old First Precinct Station-house, heard that a number of thieves had made their plans to rob a lighter lying at the foot of Joralemon street. Sergeant Eason was sent out in command of a force composed of Sergeant Bellew, Roundsmen Harold and Downing, Detectives Rhoddy and Lowery and six officers. At the dock the sergeant placed his men in concealment and started out to reconnoitre. He saw that the thieves were hard at work, but could not tell how many were engaged in the business. A signal brought his officers to the spot and before five minutes had passed three pirates were handcuffed, the rest escaping. The men gave their names as Joe Thorne, Bob Phiphand and Charles Wilson,, and they were indicted by the grand jury. A curious thing is that notwithstanding seven years have passed the thieves were never tried and are now at large, having been released on bail. The property recovered by the police in this haul was sixteen hundred pounds of sugar and two boats, all of which was returned to the owner.

Joe Toole and a companion named Shay, early on a

morning three years ago, gave Roundsman McMahon a tough chase. The officer saw the men steal some sugar from a vessel lying at the Boston Dry Dock, and hiring a row boat he put after them. The thieves, seeing that McMahon was gaining on them, hailed a tug-boat and offered five dollars for a tow. The offer was accepted and soon they were leaving their pursuer far behind. The roundsman discharged the seven chambers of his revolver at the fugitives, but did not hit them. Rowing into shore McMahon hired a wagon and drove at break-neck speed in the direction taken by Toole and Shay. When at the landing place of the thieves the roundsman arrested Shay, and after taking him to the station secured Toole, who had returned with a truck and was busily loading the stolen sugar. Despite all the trouble taken by the officer to arrest the men, they were never convicted owing to the same defect—that no owner could be found, the vessel from which the things were stolen having put to sea.

Early in March, 1884, Officer McLaughlin arrested two men who were acting in a suspicious manner around Martin's Stores. When brought before Captain Eason, of the Second Precinct Station-house, they gave their names as Frank White and Thomas Ward and upon being questioned confessed that they were members of a gang that was planning to rob Martin's Stores. Acting on the information received the police arrested Phil White and Frank Williams as they were stealing goods from the stores. Ward, Williams and White when arraigned pleaded guilty, and were sent to prison for two years and a half each. Phil White was discharged.

John White and Thomas Williams, two notorious

characters who made themselves a nuisance in the neighborhood of Wallabout Basin, were arrested two years ago for stealing, and sent to the penitentiary for two years and a half each by Judge Moore.

The "Smoky Hollow Gang" is now another thing of the past, thanks to the efficiency of Captain Reilly, and the Precinct and Central Office detectives. Its main headquarters were in the Sixth Ward in the neighborhood of South Ferry, but its operations extended as far south as Red Hook and east to Wall Street Ferry. Few of them possessed the courage of the river pirates described; in fact, all of them may be properly called the sneak-thieves of the water-front. A favorite field for them was the immense district in the Twelfth Ward lying around the great Erie and Brooklyn Basins, then being constructed by Beard and Robinson. Here they reaped a continuous if not rich harvest by stealing timber, workmen's clothes and tools and occasionally robbing vessels. The numerous shanties and deserted huts and sheds in the neighborhood, the tall grass in the salt meadows, Gowanus Bay and the Canal offered them secure places in which to store their plunder and to dispose of it with impunity. Some of them must have been readers of yellow-covered literature, as time and time again the police have discovered dens along the basins, filthy retreats in derelict canal boats, and deserted hovels that were fitted up in the most approved style of dime-novels and that contained odd collections of spoil from their many criminal exploits.

Officer McKenna tells a funny story of one of the river-pirates: "I was near the foot of Jay Street one night, and was suddenly called by the captain of a brig

to come on board and arrest a robber. The captain had passed the evening with a friend, and on returning found his room in terrible disorder and several valuable articles missing. The watchman was on duty on the deck and declared that no one had passed him during the night. Leaving him to watch the companion-way, we rushed below and made a thorough search for the burglar. We worked like slaves an hour and then gave it up, concluding the thief had escaped. I was about to leave when some one sneezed. We sprang up and in a jiffy found the cause. The thief was a small and frightfully thin young tough, who had concealed himself under the rumpled clothes of the captain's bed within five feet of where we were standing. He must have been there two hours and probably was nearly smothered. He pretended to be very drunk, but a few taps of the stick upon his soles sobered him up very quickly. He staggered to and fro as he went up the stairs and across the deck to the gang-way. Then like a flash he broke away from me, and jumped down between the ship and the dock. We stood waiting but he never came up. He must have swam under the water to the pier and hid himself on some shelf between the piles, because nobody was ever found, nor was complaint made of a missing man of his description."

One of the successful methods of thieves practised by the river pirates before the dock patrol was efficiently organized was to row under the docks, where, safe from observation, they could bore up through the timbers of the wharf into the sugar hogsheads which were stored above. It is frequently the case that when a ship is unloaded at Martin's or Prentice's stores, the great hogs-

heads of sugar or molasses lie on the docks several days, covered with tarpaulin, pending their removal by the lighters to the great refineries. During this time on many occasions half the contents of the lower tier of hogsheads were removed. The men working on the docks never thought of buying sugar for household use, but would fill their dinner pails from the hogsheads. This, however, was but a small item of the leakage. Along in the evening a couple of men in a stout Whitehall boat would slink under the pier, and with a large pump auger bore up through the wharf into the hogsheads above and then catch the sugar as it ran down in bags which they had provided for the purpose. Four or five hundred pounds of sugar would be carried away in this manner, and as the pirates never took the trouble to plug up the holes enough sugar has been wasted in this way to sweeten the East River. Some times the auger would miss its aim and plunge up into a barrel of molasses. Then the sticky fluid would descend into the boat amid choice river-pirate profanity. They would row the boat away and let the molasses run into the river. Coffee was occasionally stolen in the same manner, and it is not an extravagant estimate to assert that hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of sugar and molasses have been stolen and wasted in this manner, probably more wasted than stolen.

This method of thieving was for a long time practised, no doubt in many instances with the contrivance of the dock watchmen. The trade was so good and so many were concerned in it that it became imperative that the storage men should take some action in the matter. The thieves did not confine their depredations to work

under the dock, but would grab a whole sack of coffee, or any merchandise portable enough to be carried in a row boat, and make off with it. Things came to such a pass that there was an investigation, many of the dock watchmen were discharged and a wharf patrol was organized.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RAYMOND STREET JAIL.

FORT GREENE.—ITS EDGE OF BUILDINGS.—THE LOCK-UP IN 1830.—THE NEW JAIL OF 1836.—THE OLD COURT-HOUSE MADE A JAIL.—THE NEW JAIL OF 1879.—ITS APPEARANCE AND ENTRANCES.—THE MAIN HALL AND OFFICE.—THE INTERIOR.—HOW IT LOOKS AND HOW IT IS.—THE BLACK MARIAS.—THE WOMEN'S WARD AND ITS INTERIOR. — WARDEN MARTIN BURROUGHS AND HIS STAFF. — KEEPER SHEVLIN.—ENGINEER THOMAS.—DRIVERS EVANS AND CASSIDY.—THEIR COURAGE.—THE WARDEN'S DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES.—CAPACITY OF THE JAIL.—CIVIL PRISONERS.—THEIR HARD TIME.—A HOUSE OF DETENTION WANTED.—DISCIPLINE OF THE PRISONERS.—THEIR TASKS AND DAILY LIFE.—VISITING DAYS AND VISITORS.—WHAT THEY SAY AND DO.—INGLIS, THE SUSPECTED.—UNPOPULARITY OF FEMALE PRISONERS.—PRISON FARE NOT HOTEL FARE.—FUCHS, THE MURDERER.—HOW PRISONERS BEHAVE.—OLD OFFENDERS.—ODD RECREATIONS.—POLICE KINDNESS.—INCORRIGIBILITY OF "REVOLVERS" AND "ROUNDERS."—NO ROMANCES IN JAIL HISTORY.

ONE of the loveliest spots in the city is Fort Greene, or Washington Park, as the Park Commissioners have re-christened it of late years. It is a graceful rolling hill covering nearly one-fifth of a mile square, and bounded by DeKalb Avenue, Cumberland Street, Myrtle Avenue, Jackson Street and Raymond Street. Covered with velvet lawns, vigorous trees and shrubbery, and serpentine walks, it has long been a favorite resting-place for young and old. On it Washington made his last stand against the British conquest of Long Island. Its western edge, once a green meadow, is now set apart for four notable institutions. At the southwestern end is St. Phoebe's Mission, a beautiful building and a more

beautiful tribute to a departed daughter by her father, A. A. Low. In the middle are the City and Orthopedic Hospitals, two noble charities, whose only rivalry is in the excellence of their management and the skill and success of their physicians. At the northwest corner is an irregular pile of granite buildings and enclosing walls. One side faces Raymond Street and the other on the place where Willoughby Street would be if nature had not barricaded its way with Fort Greene.

The surrounding neighborhood is rough, and contains mostly rickety tenement houses, stables, and ancient sheds and factories.

Prior to 1836 the present site was occupied by a rude "lock-up" or "coop," similar to those in use at the present day in provincial towns and villages throughout the United States. It afforded only a slight hold on any offender of the law who chanced to be detained there, and became inadequate to the increasing number of criminals from the several towns by which it was used. By a resolution of the Kings County Board of Supervisors the corner stone of a new jail was laid and the building completed in 1836. Brooklyn was then little more than a village, and supplied the new structure with about the same number of inmates as Williamsburgh, Bushwick, Flatbush, Flatlands, New Utrecht and the other towns of Kings County. The building was a long and narrow stone structure, two stories in height and accommodating two hundred persons. It faced on Willoughby Street, and touched a brown-stone building used by the Board of Supervisors and various other county officials as a meeting-place.

With the growth of the city and the annexation of

Williamsburgh and Bushwick both jail and building became too crowded for further use. The latter was converted into a jail, while the former was made a storehouse and "omnium gatherum," which it has been ever since. The brown-stone building was an improvement upon its predecessor, but like it it proved eventually too small to accommodate the prisoners sent there from the courts. After many suggestions the county authorities selected a site for a new and commodious jail alongside of the old, and built the present structure. It was finished in 1879 and is to-day one of the best edifices of its class in the country. The old jail was refitted and made into a women's ward. The change was a wise one, as the two together seem adequate for a municipal population of two millions.

The new structure is built of granite, three stories high. It is about twenty feet south of the women's jail and entirely surrounded by a wall. Its main entrance is at the top of a high stoop through a large doorway, protected by two heavy oak doors bound together with thick iron bands. The windows are large, regular and, as usual, heavily barred. The entrance for vehicles is through a lane between the south wall of the jail and the granite enclosure around the east side into the jail yard.

It is paved with cobble stones, and has been the scene of many hangings and other spectacles of horror and sorrow.

Along the entire frontage on Raymond Street is a space, between the walls and sidewalk, of about ten feet, which is kept as a lawn, but the grass is always suggestively withered and dead. The general idea con-

veyed to the stranger's mind as he gazes for the first time on the buildings, is the same as Dante said of the entrance to Hades : "Abandon all hope ye who enter here."

Entering the jail at the main entrance you find a short hall which crosses another at right-angles. On the left is the warden's private office, while just beyond is the door leading to the jail yard and thence to the women's prison. Turning to the left from the warden's office after crossing the main hall is the reception room, opposite to which are the keepers' bedrooms. At the end of the main hall is the receiving or business office, through which is the only entrance to the jail proper. On the second floor of the front part of the building are the sheriff's quarters, while the third floor is used for prisoners for debt and the living apartments of the warden.

The jail proper is built on the block system—two blocks, composed of four tiers or galleries, containing four hundred and thirty-two cells. Each cell is ventilated, and provided with a cot and the latest sanitary improvements. Each is eight feet long by five and a half wide. The walls are white-washed and painted outside with disinfecting paint. The tiers are made of iron, while the floors are concrete over heavy blue-stone slabs. The lower floor is used for prisoners in bad health but not sick enough to be sent to the hospital. This enclosure is lighted by gas from sunset until sunrise, which, although it does not afford enough light for the prisoners to read by, makes the jail comparatively cheerful. At the extreme east end are two long sinks and two large tubs, which are used as lavatories. The ground floor

beneath the front part of the building is used for a stable, in which are kept seven horses. These are employed upon the vans, or "Black Marias," four in number and built of iron, with separate compartments for men and women.

Emerging from the main building, a walk of about fifty feet across a well-paved yard brings you to the women's prison or ward. This is the old building formerly used as a court-house and meeting place for the Board of Supervisors. The inside of the building is all new and divided into square halls lettered from A to F. These halls contain eighteen rooms, each opening one into the other. Every room contains six iron beds, with mattress, sheets and blankets. Each hall has a separate wash-room. The first floor is only used for unruly prisoners, the second to keep the prisoners awaiting trial, while the third floor contains the short-time prisoners. Heavily barred iron doors connect the halls with the stairway, but other than this the inmates are without restriction. The rooms are well lighted by windows. The ventilation is of the best. The walls are hard finished, while the sub-base is of oak. The old male prison fronts along Willoughby Street, but is now only used as a storehouse. Around the entire jail runs a wall fifteen feet high and two feet thick.

As in all the counties of the state, the Sheriff of King's County is the legal custodian of the jail. As a matter of fact he is seldom there, the more important duties of his office keeping him in the court-house. His deputy for jail purposes is known as the Warden. The present occupant of the office, Martin V. B. Burroughs, was an active member of the old Volunteer Fire

Department, and since 1865 has held many places under the city and county government.

He has long been an important political factor in South Brooklyn, and especially in the Eighth and Twenty-second Wards. For many years he was a member of a group of prominent Democratic politicians, which included Hon. John Delmar, Hon. Theophilus Olena, Supervisor Chamberlain, Supervisor Lake, Charles Vaughan, Col. Michael Bennett, Hon. John B. Longley, Col. John Meyenberg, Samuel Hemingway and others.

Prior to 1885 he was a clerk in the County Treasurer's office, under Hon. Henry H. Adams. Personally Mr. Burroughs is genial and popular, while officially he is one of the best disciplinarians the jail has ever had.

The warden's staff comprises three keepers: Patrick Shevlin, Thomas Kinney and Patrick Urell; a matron, Miss Mary Cunningham; a visiting physician, Dr. A. W. Shepherd; two van-drivers, James H. Cassidy and Joseph Evans; and an engineer, ex-Supervisor E. J. Thomas.

Keeper Shevlin is admirably fitted for his place. Over six feet high, he is proportionately wide and muscular. His experience in positions of the kind is long and eventful, he having served as watchman in the Navy Yard, a seven years' term as a keeper in the Penitentiary and four years in his present position. He bears an enviable record for heroism as a fireman, having rescued four lives in as many fires, at the imminent risk of his own.

Engineer Thomas is also an old fire-boy with a record and is, besides, a war veteran. He served through the great rebellion and took part in the many naval battles under Admiral Farragut which opened the Mississippi

to the northern forces. After the war he took an active part in politics and at one time was Supervisor of the Fourth Ward.

Matron Cunningham gained her knowledge by a long experience as nurse in the Flatbush Lunatic Asylum, and at the same time earned a good reputation for kindness, firmness and industry.

Dr. A. W. Shepherd, the visiting physician of the jail, is one of the best known and respected professional men of the city. He gained his present position years ago by his ability and reputation, and not by attending primaries and conventions. He has remained ever since through all administrations and to all has given satisfaction. He enjoys a large and lucrative practice, and lives in fine style on the corner of Willoughby and Duffield streets.

Van-drivers Cassidy and Evans are known by sight to every man, woman and child in the City of Churches. They have driven the "Black Marias" for many years and have never yet lost "an escape." Both are grave, taciturn and patient men, and both are as muscular and courageous as gladiators. Evans has been known to "knock out" six prisoners who made a simultaneous attack upon him, and scare them all without calling for assistance. Cassidy has often faced armed ruffians determined to effect the escape of a pal, and successfully resisted and baffled their attempts. Though silent and reserved on duty, they are both genial and interesting men when released from official business.

The duties of the warden and keepers are many and onerous. The jail is open under the statutes at all hours of the day and night, and one of the keepers is always on guard to open the door. They receive all prisoners, and

enter their names, addresses, terms of sentence and other memoranda upon the records. They make up the accounts upon which the Sheriff receives his monthly payments from the Board of Supervisors and the County Treasurer. They are responsible for the prisoners and the property of the county, and also for the condition of the buildings and all their inmates. They receive visitors and conduct them through the cells, bring prisoners from their rooms to consult with counsel, quell all revolts and insubordination, and oversee the work of house-cleaning and repairing required of the inmates of the jail.

The present capacity of the jail is six hundred and eighty-two prisoners—four hundred and thirty-two males, and two hundred and fifty females. It has never yet been fully tested, the average number being two hundred and eighty, of which about fifty are women. The exact number Saturday night, April 23d, 1887, was two hundred and ninety-five.

The prisoners come mostly from the City of Brooklyn, although there are always a number of inmates who are brought from New York and other cities to await trial, having visited Brooklyn to carry out their crimes and had their liberty long enough to leave Long Island. Not a few of the "drunks" and one-day prisoners hail from New Jersey. The jail is used for both civil and criminal cases. This gross injustice works great hardships, as under the law a man can be arrested civilly for an alleged slander or libel, a physician or a dentist for a mistake of judgment, a lawyer for differences of account with his client, a husband for the misdeeds of his wife, an unfortunate merchant for insolvency, a divorcee

for non-payment of alimony, a witness belonging to some other state, and any person for an accident whereby a third party is injured. It would be but fair to place them in a House of Detention, to which no stigma is attached. To treat them as common criminals in every respect is a relic of barbarism. As their escape makes the Sheriff pecuniarily liable, while that of a criminal costs him nothing, the civil prisoner is watched with greater vigilance and kept in more secure quarters than is the wrong-doer. For this reason he is usually incarcerated in the top floor of the building, where in summer the hot roof makes the rooms a perfect purgatory, and where in winter the water in their pitchers frequently freezes. It is believed that this disgraceful state of affairs will soon be remedied by the Board of Supervisors and that an appropriate edifice will be erected for civil prisoners only.

The discipline enforced by Warden Burroughs and the keepers is admirable. The prisoners are awakened at 6:30, A. M., and receive breakfast, consisting of a quart of coffee and a half pound of bread. All hands are then turned out of the cells and marched to the tubs, where each prisoner is compelled to wash himself thoroughly, soap and towels being furnished in abundance. A short time is allowed them for exercise and then they are returned to their cells. A certain number are assigned to the house-work. This consists of cleaning the corridors, walls and floors of the jail, the yard and stable, curry-combing and rubbing the horses, washing the vans, painting worn surfaces, distributing disinfectants. In the office the keepers are kept busy getting ready the prisoners who are to be taken to the different courts.

After they are safely in the vans and driven off, the prisoners whose terms have expired are discharged and the books written up by the keepers. By the time this is finished the vans begin to return from the courts with the morning's commitments. They are registered in the big blotter and their full pedigree taken. The last batch usually arrives about noon, and in time for a dinner consisting of meat, or fish, potatoes and bread.

After those sent to the Penitentiary have started for their destination, visitors begin to arrive. Visiting days are Thursdays and Sundays, and the hours between two and four o'clock in the afternoon. On the other days of the week a number are admitted by passes from the Under Sheriff. On regular visiting days the crowd runs into the hundreds and comprises people from all walks in life. Take a seat in the receiving office any Sunday afternoon and you will be interested during the two hours set apart for the visitors. At two o'clock sharp a keeper swings open the big oak door leading to the main entrance. There, crowded together on the top step and very often on every other step down to the side-walk, is a crowd eagerly awaiting entrance. One by one as they pass over the threshold the keeper searches them. Nothing in the way of a knife, pointed instrument or spirituous liquor is allowed to remain in their possession. They then pass along the hall into the office where, before passing out into the tiers, they receive a ticket, without which they are unable to get out. Mothers, wives, daughters, husbands, brothers, friends and lovers —all look anxious and eager to see the one they love. All carry bundles of some kind and many huge baskets, filled with good things to eat, tobacco and wearing apparel.

Few speak to the keeper, but pass on to the galleries. They know where the cell is and have been there often before. Now and then some new face appears and asks for a prisoner just installed behind the bars. They always look more careworn and troubled at first, and a mother asks "Where is my son?" not giving any name. It is the first time she has ever been inside prison walls and she thinks only of the son who has brought so much trouble to her heart. As time goes on and the weeks lengthen into months, the mother or sweetheart takes the situation in a more matter of fact way; the prayer books and religious tracts are succeeded by light reading matter, which, with a cheerful countenance displayed by the giver, does more to brighten up the prisoner than aught else.

"When that fellow Inglis was here, suspected of being the murderer of Lyman S. Weeks," said Keeper Shevlin, "there used to be a little girl about fifteen, pretty and lively as a cricket, come to see him. She seemed to brighten the jail the moment she entered. She used to wear a blue dress and a big hat stuck on the back of her head. Inglis would be dull and moody all the morning, but after she had gone, with a pleasant 'good-bye' to the keepers, he would not show any signs of down-heartedness for thirty-six hours. And I don't think she ever hardly spoke of the alleged crime while she was at his cell door."

Over in the women's ward visitors are not so thick. The female prisoners seem to have fewer friends in the time of need. They are subjected to less solitude than the males and seldom require disciplining in any form. The vast majority are poor drunkards, who have lost

home, family, reputation and hope through liquor, and who take incarceration with an equanimity that would be perfect were it not for the perpetual craving of their stomach and nerves for stimulants.

At five o'clock on visitors' days the callers leave, and the debris they have left is swept up. At six supper is served, the bill of fare being the same as at breakfast. The table-ware is primitive, consisting of a tin cup almost as large as a tomato-can, which irreverent jail-birds style a "growler," a tin plate and sometimes a tin spoon. The food, though plain, is good and wholesome. It is varied from day to day, so as to give the dietetic variation required by health. Its plainness is not relished by prisoners accustomed to other fare. Fuchs, the German who murdered his wife's paramour and cut the corpse into fragments, revolted against the white bread supplied to him, and although eager to escape the gallows threatened to starve himself to death unless provided with rye bread, butter and Swiss cheese. Nearly all the male prisoners, however, receive delicacies from friends and relatives, and so do not complain.

Female prisoners appear habituated to privation and insufficient food, and receive their rations with some apparent degree of pleasure. At dusk the great hall-lights are turned on and at eight most of the inmates are dozing.

The conduct of prisoners presents the widest variations. Those who are hard drinkers in liberty experience the greatest pain. Some give vent to their feelings in fiendish yells and imprecations ; others undergo a temporary illness in the nature of delirium tremens ; others again are so prostrated as to be hardly able to move from

their cots. To all of these is administered a nauseous mixture, consisting of cheap whiskey, iron, quinine and some drug with a disgusting taste. One dose generally cures the craving. Prisoners who are not drunkards seldom display their feelings by much noise. Those who are innocent and those who have committed their first offense usually feel their disgrace keenly, and mope and brood in silence. Some break down and rival women in nervous attacks, weeping and hysteria. Others display a philosophic calm and wait patiently until they are transferred or discharged.

Old offenders sometimes treat their incarceration as a huge joke, and keep up their spirit by ribaldry and profane conversation. Others beg for reading matter and try to bury their thoughts in novels or books of travel. A third class try to while away their time in sleep, or in some occupation which requires thinking and careful attention. One German who occasionally receives a "ten-dollar or ten-day" sentence for disorder and drunkenness, consumes every spare moment in durance vile in building full-rigged ships inside of narrow-mouthed bottles. The feat is a difficult one, and when successfully accomplished often realizes a few dollars for the maker. Another "revolver," as those frequently imprisoned for drunkenness are called, is an old sailor, who in his sober moods turns out handsome toy sloops and schooners with remarkable quickness and skill.

The short-term prisoners constitute a large majority. Most of them are "sent up" for drunkenness; a few for assault and battery or disorderly conduct. Their physical condition when they reach the cells is a high compliment to the police force. No matter how dis-

orderly or pugnacious they are, or how much provocation they give the officer, it is exceedingly rare for the latter to lose his temper and use the club. As a result, the broken heads, bruised arms and sore muscles, so common to their class in other cities where the constable never tires of wielding the baton, are seldom seen at the jail.

An unfortunately large fraction of this class of offenders appears to be incorrigible. Dr. M. Dugdale, who gave the subject great attention, once said before the Brooklyn Philosophical Society: "After many years the action of the alcohol and the habits produced by its use are no longer resisted by the human system, but affect the confirmed drunkard organically. He undergoes a change and can no longer modify his second nature, but remains a charge upon society all his life, and, transmitting his tendencies to the next generation, creates a new set of drunkards, for which the State is compelled to make provision." His views are confirmed by the opinions of Deputy County Clerk Daniel M. Tredwell, a distinguished writer—Hon. Ripley Ropes, of the State Charities Association, Justice Andrew Walsh and others who have studied the facts.

It may disappoint romantic young ladies and lovers of fiction, but thus far in the history of the jail there has not been one instance of the innocent pursued by the villain being unjustly incarcerated. Of course numberless women, especially pretty ones, and many men claim that they are the victims of vile conspiracies. But in every case the Sheriff has record of, the woman turned out to be an adventuress or even worse, and the man to be a knave or a professional wrong-doer. The

falsehood, however, is a profitable one. When joined with religious hypocrisy it dupes the missionaries who daily visit the jail, and invariably wins the sympathy and its practical expression from kind-hearted but foolish men and women. Generally these impostors are exposed by the police. Some officer who knows them learns of their incarceration and reveals their identity or record. These are added to the blotter and frequently offer a grotesque contrast to the imaginary "pedigree" given by the offender.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PENITENTIARY.

THE BASTILE OF BROOKLYN.—ITS APPEARANCE AND BEAUTY.—ITS ENTRANCE LIKE DANTE'S INFERNO.—THE INTERIOR.—THE CELLS AND THE OUBLIETTES.—THE DREARY COURT-YARD.—THE FEMALE PRISON.—BITS OF BEAUTY.—DECORATING THE CELLS OF THE UNFORTUNATES.—THE THREE MATRONS.—KATE MANNING, THE BEAUTIFUL HOUSE-THIEF.—MRS. MELVILLE, THE WOULD-BE CHILD-MURDERER.—ELLA LARRABEE, THE FEMALE BURGLAR.—PUNISHMENT.—DISCIPLINE.—WARDEN GREEN'S SPLENDID SERVICES.

THE Brooklyn Penitentiary, Crow Hill, is rather pleasing to the eye ; its surroundings present a beautiful rural aspect. In front are great level meadows, thickly carpeted with grass and dotted with noble trees, under which cattle rest their broad sides and contentedly chew the cud. The four thoroughfares—Crown Street, President Street, Nostrand Avenue and Rodgers Avenue—which surround the Penitentiary site are all of generous width and are beautifully edged with trees. The main edifice is built in the Middle English Castellated style of architecture, of a dark blue stone, enlivened occasionally by a white square of granite which adds greatly to the general appearance. Wide stone steps lead to the large entrance doors, and here all beauty ends. The high stone wall surrounding the block stamps it "Prison," and the small turret on each corner, pierced with windows on every side, adds strength to the impression.

Pull the old-fashioned brass bell, and in a few seconds masculine footsteps are heard along the corridor. Then

a man with a blue suit and brass buttons unlocks the barred door with a key that Peter would blush to carry. He swings the door slowly open and asks :

"What do you want?"

"To see the Warden."

Follow your nose if it be straight, until you come to a door labeled "Office." The front door closes with a heavy clang and the world is locked out. Clatter, patter resound your heels on the corridor floor ; and in a brief space you are in the presence of Warden Green. With a most courteous manner, his blue eyes gleaming with pleasantry, he dons his coat and offers to show you the land in which he rules king over life's unfortunates.

To the right is a door labeled "Long Term Prison," and to the left "Short Term Prison." The interior arrangements in both are exactly alike. Whitewashed walls, clean stone floor, and in the center a tier of cells from floor to roof, enclosed with iron balconies. The cells are small square apartments, holding a cot and wash-stand. They are kept spotlessly clean and often decorated quite artistically by the inmates. Little bits of outside life show themselves everywhere. Pictures cut from papers, of different people and places, are hung on the white walls. The iron doors are often draped with muslin curtains, giving prisoners a privacy otherwise denied. Every inmate is assigned a cell when he begins his sentence, and this is his home until liberated. Several dark cells with blind doors, or oubliettes, as our Gallic neighbors call them, occupy a conspicuous position. They are furnished with a hard bed, whose mattress is of planks, and are entirely devoid of light. An unruly prisoner is put in here, and is his own jailor. That is, so soon as he

repents, so soon is he liberated; but until then he remains solitary, in darkness and with no nourishment but bread and water.

When leaving the main building, the enclosed space does not look inviting. The several large red brick buildings are plain and ancient in design. The wide walks are bare, and the few grass plots enclosed by small white fences do not enliven the aspect. The female prison has one hundred and nine inmates, of whom six are for life. Their cells are very neat and show the touch of woman in everything, which is painfully absent in the male quarters. The corridors are sweet with clinging vines and blooming plants, which are donated by friends and charitable persons to the prisoners every Easter. They are very tenderly cherished and when the term of one expires she always presents her flowers to some fellow-prisoner who is yet to remain behind the bars. If the prison is not crowded the life-prisoners are made as comfortable as the Matron can contrive. They have two cells assigned to them, one being a bed-room, while the other answers as a parlor. These they are anxious to have look as nice and neat as may be. In several are small altars, arranged to the best of the prisoners' ability. During the day they sit in the corridor sewing and talking quietly among themselves. Some few work in the shoe factory which stands some one hundred yards distant. They generally long for occupation and welcome work as a boon.

The women are entirely under the control of the matron, Mrs. McKearan, a pleasant-faced, silver-haired lady. Mrs. Cannion is the kitchen matron and Miss Dunleavy matron of the shoe-factory. There are some twelve

female colored prisoners, one serving a life term for killing her child. Among the notable prisoners is Kate Manning, who stands at the head of her profession as a thief. She has been the subject of many a newspaper item and is singularly interesting. In appearance she is tall and slenderly built, but of beautifully rounded proportions. Her complexion is fair and her hair yellow. She is said to be a perfect mistress of six different languages and to be equally well educated in other branches. Her life in prison differs entirely from that of other convicts. She never makes any acquaintances nor permits the least conversation between herself and the other women. She receives no letters and writes none, and she never has a visitor. There has never been a time when she earned reproof. Her work is done well and with despatch, and she has never been heard to make a complaint or to ask a privilege, although she stands in favor with all the matrons. Kate has twice escaped from Sing Sing, and it seems almost impossible to keep her locked up when she wants to get out. Her system of thieving is to engage herself as a domestic servant in some well-to-do household and, after working for three days at the most, to disappear with the valuables. What becomes of them and who assists her has never been known. She is very anxious to keep people from seeing her face. When visitors go into the jail she always runs and hides. Her movements are quick and graceful. Where she goes when released they never know, but she is always brought back. Never before did she express the least regret at her actions, but the last time she told Miss Dunleavy, matron of the shoe factory, that she would endeavor to keep outside of prison walls forever hereafter.

Mrs. Melville, who chained a child to the floor in order to get the money that would come to her in case it died, sits quietly sewing in the whitewashed corridors all day long. She talks to her fellow-prisoners about her deed without the least show of feeling. Her excuse for the outrageous treatment of the helpless child is that she found the stair-carpet torn, and it hurt her to think the child was so naughty and ungrateful to her. All the prisoners when in company talk over what they were put in for and tell how it was done with a great show of "brag." Some even tell how they killed husband and children as we would relate an interesting story we have read. One of the life prisoners has a very gentle face and manner. She does her duties carefully and is very quiet and sad. Some twenty years she has been confined within four walls. What for? Well, she had a brutal husband who used to come home drunk and beat her. She was compelled to work to maintain herself and child. One night, being driven to desperation by the blows of her cowardly husband, she picked up her baby, and rushing from the house determined to cast both herself and child into the river. On the muddy banks the wretched woman stood. One silent kiss—she was long past tears—and she threw her baby far out into the rushing waters. One tiny scream smote the mother's ears and awakened the crazed memory; but with it the child sank and its little innocent soul left its body forever. Realizing what she had done the mother left the river and wandered aimlessly back into the city. Of course she was arrested, tried and sentenced for life, while the cause of it all was left quietly alone by the law.

Among the other life prisoners is Mary Brooks, who was

convicted of poisoning her step-daughter, but is believed to have poisoned fifteen persons before the commission of that crime. She is a large, loosely-built woman, with a hard countenance—one that looks capable of committing such deeds. She has been twenty-five years in prison.

Polly Frisch has already served twenty-seven years of a life term for killing her husband and two children. She is about fifty-five years old and looks good for twenty years yet. The histories of all these life-term prisoners, in fact, are more or less interesting.

The rules governing the female prisoners are very simple. They are required to rise at 5:30 A. M., breakfast at 6, go to work at 7 and toil until 6 P. M., with an hour for dinner. They can retire at any hour they please. Warden Green does not now allow the women to receive male visitors as he did formerly. Whenever a good-looking female was sentenced, a whole regiment of uncles, cousins, fathers and brothers were sure to haunt the prison on all sorts of excuses, and the privilege was thereupon withdrawn.

Romance is often found within prison walls. Wives have met with husbands whom they had not seen for years. A great many people have heard of Ella Larrabee, who is famous in her line as a burglar. She recently served her third term, which was for three and a half years, and earned her release last May. When she was serving her second term her mother came to see her one day, and as they were about to part the male prisoners came marching to their cells from the work-shop. The visitor caught her daughter by the arm, and pointing to one of the prisoners said: "Ella, there is your father." There were no screams or fainting, as in novels or modern

melodramas; no happy reconciliations, but the young girl looked quietly on the father, in convict garb, whom she had never seen before in her life. It seems that when a young man the father belonged to a good family. In a foolish moment he won the love of a servant in his own household, and in a short time was a father without being a husband. Consequently, when the mother had been delivered and was able to be about, they came to Brooklyn and left the wee babe on a doorstep. It was found by a policeman and shortly after adopted by two good, honest but childless people. They did their best to rear the girl in ways that were straight, but from the time she could creep she would take things without asking permission. She kept on in her dishonest ways until she became an expert thief and finally landed in jail, as all such experts do. Long before this period the father had wearied of his humble love and the two had drifted apart. Quite strange to say, each, unknown to the other, kept track of the child ; and when she went to jail on her first term her mother visited her and introduced herself to the woman she had deserted in babyhood some twenty years before. Ella had no love for the new mother, but the acquaintanceship was maintained. The father had married several times in the course of these years, and had donated many foundlings to doorsteps and charitable homes. He had needed some extra money and tried to obtain it by means which the law condemns, and being caught, was sent to prison. He knew his daughter was there, and so they met. When released, he offered to take Ella, but she refused and returned to the parents of her adoption to stay until her mania for larceny once again sent her to jail.

She has worked in the shoe shop in the Penitentiary, and is skillful in every branch of the trade. There is something appropriate in this, as it was her small foot-prints which she left in the ground at the scene of her last burglary that led to her arrest. Her prison life was gilded with quite a romance. She had only been under Warden Green's charge a few months when a young farmer, Daniel Shrague, from Connecticut, presented himself one day at the prison and begged for an interview with the fair young offender. To the surprise of Ella, the young man declared that he had fallen in love with her after reading the reports of her exploits in the papers, that he was more and more charmed now that he had met her, and that he was willing then and there to make her his wife, if a pardon could be obtained. He even went so far as to tell Warden Green that if a minister could be summoned he would marry Ella on the spot and take the chances of securing her liberty afterwards. On Mr. Green's advice, the young farmer from Connecticut agreed to postpone the nuptials until Judge Moore, who imposed sentence, was communicated with. Judge Moore refused to recommend a pardon for Ella, and Mr. Shrague returned to his Connecticut farm, but not until he had most solemnly promised to marry Ella as soon as her term was completed. For several months Ella continued to receive love-letters from Connecticut, but they grew less and less effusive in their protestations of affection, and finally ceased altogether. When Ella, however, discarded her prison garb and Mr. Green escorted her to the door, she recalled the young farmer's promise of two years ago, and, looking around, asked: "Where is Mr. Shrague?" There was no response, and

with a smile Ella bade Mr. Green good-bye and departed with the Rev. Mr. Bass, the chaplain of the institution, who had taken a great interest in the reformation of the young woman and made arrangements to provide her with a home a considerable distance from Brooklyn.

The male convicts wear gray striped suits, and the female prisoners plain waists and full skirts of coarse blue cloth. None of them care to read much, but they all like to attend service on Sundays. They have Catholic service in the forenoon and Protestant in the afternoon. Many of them attend both. The men are all employed in the shoe factory. They work very quietly, but they do not like to keep silent. Like women, they want to talk, but great placards say: "The men employed by this firm are under no consideration allowed to talk or speak to the prisoners." Nor are prisoners allowed to converse during the day. The keepers say the quickest way to subdue a man is to enforce solitude. It kills a man quicker than anything else would, and keeps him from talking.

There are 404 long-term male prisoners and 329 short-term prisoners in the Penitentiary at the present writing. The prison has been open to the public some thirty years.

The largest number of prisoners ever sentenced in one year was one thousand five hundred and seventy. There are some fifteen bigamists now suffering the penalty of a too warm heart. The rules of the place allow them to see wife No. 1 if they wish, but refuse to admit the others. Quite up to human disposition, they never want to see No. 1, but always long for the last one added to the list. One who is now in prison has had six wives

in his short time. Becker, the expert forger, who flooded Turkey, Italy and France with counterfeit money, is one of the conspicuous guests. He got $64,000 on a note from the Trust Company, and was offered $250 a week by the Bank of France if he would do work for them. He refused with scorn. He is a rather prepossessing man of medium height and weight, brown hair and gray eyes. He is pleasant to talk with, and impresses one as being very intelligent.

The management by Warden Green deserves especial credit. While a strict disciplinarian, he does his best to improve the moral, intellectual and physical condition of his wards. Many prisoners enter duress suffering from serious diseases. Nearly all are discharged in a condition of good health. For those who desire instruction or reading every facility is provided. Strange to say, the convicts do not seem to take much to books or literature of any sort, unless it be a local newspaper or some sporting periodical. Mr. Green says that he was astonished when he first took office at the indifference displayed in the premises by the prisoners; that though they have hours and days of leisure during their terms of sentence, they seldom express a desire to use the works in the library which the courtesy of philanthropic citizens has presented to the Penitentiary.

In the few instances where revolt threatened the lives of the keepers and the safety of the inmates, Warden Green has displayed a cool self-possession and a superb courage worthy of admiration. Each case was quelled, and the ringleader or ringleaders punished in almost less time than it takes to tell it. Besides the discipline so sturdily maintained, Warden Green makes it a special

duty to keep the buildings and grounds in the best sanitary condition. In crowded places of this character there is always danger of disease ; jail fever, malarial troubles and epidemics are matters of everyday occurrence. Only eternal vigilance in such cases can preserve the health of the inmates. Cleanliness, disinfection and prompt medical attendance enable Mr. Green to succeed in his endeavor—an endeavor whose success is an affair of most pleasant notoriety throughout the land.

The convicts, despite the Constitutional Amendment which was passed, prohibiting contract prison-labor, are still engaged upon that kind of work, in pursuance of a contract between the authorities and the Bay State Shoe and Leather Company. The business done by the corporation this way is vast and very profitable. As it requires some time to teach a man to learn one of the forty-five arts now required to make a shoe, it is clear that long-term prisoners are much more remunerative than short-term ones. For this reason the public officials for many years have pursued the uniform policy of restricting the short-term prisoners as much as possible to the jail in Raymond Street, and of not sending long-term convicts to any one of the State's prisons, as under the Revised Statutes they have the power to do. The treatment of the convicts by the corporation is in the main just and equable. While instances of serious harshness, injustice and cruelty are frequently published, most, on investigation, prove to be gross exaggerations, and very many to be purely mythical, while those which are fully authenticated are extremely rare.

CHAPTER XXIV.

POLICE COURTS AND JUSTICES.

THE CITY POLICE COURT.—A HANDSOME STRUCTURE.—JUSTICE ANDREW WALSH.—FIRST DISTRICT COURT.—ITS EXTENT.—JUSTICE MASSEY.—SECOND DISTRICT COURT.—JUSTICE KENNA.—HIS CAREER.—THIRD DISTRICT COURT.—JUSTICE NAEHER AND HIS "CRANK" CALLERS.

THE CITY POLICE COURT,

ONE of the finest structures of its kind in the country, is located on Adams Street, near Myrtle Avenue. It was built in 1886 under the direction of Parfitt Bros., and covers a plot about 52 feet wide by 119 feet deep, extending from Adams Street to Flood's Alley. The style of architecture is Roman, and the materials used in its construction are brick and terra-cotta, with a little blue-stone. The court-room is situated on the second floor, and measures about 41x43 feet. It is well lighted by five large windows and a skylight. The judge's apartment faces on Adams Street, while adjoining is the private examination room. The clerk's room is immediately in front of the judge's private office.

Besides the justice, there are eight persons connected officially with the court—the chief clerk, his two assistants, a stenographer and four officers. Police Justice Andrew Walsh, who presides over this court, is forty-eight years old. At the age of fifteen he entered the book-binding establishment of G. C. Mann, Fulton Street,

New York City. Having served his term of apprenticeship, he soon evinced an interest in politics, and was elected to the Assembly in 1863. He served two terms and was subsequently appointed court clerk by Police Justice John Quincy Adams. When Justice Buddey succeeded Mr. Adams he re-appointed Clerk Walsh, who continued to occupy the position until 1869. Before the year mentioned, however, he had been nominated by the Democrats for Police Justice, and was elected by a large and handsome majority.

On May 1, 1869, he took his seat on the Bench, and was subsequently re-elected on three successive occasions by the people, each time with a very large majority. In 1880 he was appointed by Mayor Howell, and by Comptroller Brinkerhoff in 1884. Justice Walsh, in his official capacity, is known to be just and impartial; he is quick to detect guilt, and only levies heavy penalties where he thinks they will do the most good. Mr. Walsh is connected with a number of charitable societies and institutions. He is Treasurer of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum Society; ex-Treasurer of the Central Parnell organization; Chancellor of Concord Council Catholic Benevolent Legion; President of the Fifth Ward Democratic Association, and a member of the Emerald Association and St. Patrick's Society.

FIRST DISTRICT COURT.

The First District Police Court-house, at the corner of Court and Butler Streets, was originally an old Methodist meeting-house. In 1860 it was purchased by the city and converted into a court-room, with Michael Walsh as judge. Justice Walsh served four years, and was fol-

lowed, at irregular intervals, by John Delmer, Daniel Ferry and Garret Bergen. In 1884 the present incumbent, Frederick S. Massey, was appointed judge. His term of office will expire on May 1, 1889. The territory embraced within the jurisdiction of the First District comprises the First, Sixth, Twelfth, Third, Eighth and Twenty-second Wards, and includes within its boundaries about 200,000 people.

Justice Frederick Sterling Massey was born on April 8, 1839. Upon leaving school he entered upon a mercantile life, but all his spare moments were devoted to the study of law. In 1867 he was admitted to the bar and appointed chief clerk to the District Attorney. He remained in this position until 1869, when he was elected President of the paid Fire Department. After serving nearly ten years in this capacity he was appointed to the office of President of the Department of City Works. In 1880 he again began practicing law, and in the three years that followed achieved his reputation as a first-class counsellor. At the death of Justice Francis B. Fisher in 1883, lawyer Massey was appointed in his place. In 1885 Justice Massey was re-appointed and transferred to his present position. He is a lover of all athletic sports, and in his younger days was a fine base ball player. He was a member of the first nine of the old Atlantic Base Ball Club, and at the convention of ball clubs in this city to arrange a match with the old Philadelphias was chosen a player on the championship nine. He was also one of the twenty-two ball players who played the first English Cricket Eleven that came to this country.

Albert C. Wheeler, chief clerk to Justice Massey, was born in October, 1852. He had been ten years as a clerk

in Wall Street, New York, when he received his appointment as Chief Clerk in the Auditor's Office under Albert Ammerman. In 1881 he became clerk of the First District Police Court under Justice Garrett Bergen, and when Justice Massey took the Bench was re-appointed to the same position. Mr. Wheeler is a hard worker and a great help to Justice Massey.

The other attaches of the court are seven in number. There are two assistant clerks, a stenographer and four officers.

SECOND DISTRICT POLICE COURT.

The Second District Police Court is situated on Gates Avenue, near Reid. Though neat and well built, it is hardly adequate for the business transacted. When erected, that portion of Brooklyn was very sparsely settled—to a very large extent consisting of fields and farms. Its natural growth and the wonderful impetus given to building by the Elevated Railroad have now converted the waste into a thickly populated community; and as a consequence the business transacted at this court is very large and important in character. In fact, the percentage of petty cases—drunks, etc.—is smaller than in any other district court. For the most part the cases consist of family troubles, which cannot be summarily dealt with, and which occupy considerable time. It requires a thorough knowledge of people at large, a quick intellect and a large amount of common sense to properly transact the business of this court. All these qualities are possessed in a marked degree by Thomas P. Kenna, the handsomest police justice in Brooklyn, who presides over it.

He is forty-three years old. From 1858 to 1869 he was employed by Marston & Powers, coal merchants, at the corner of North Tenth and First Streets, and left to accept the office of Secretary of the Excise Commissioners.

After his term of office had expired he was elected Alderman of the Fourteenth Ward, and two years later Supervisor. In 1877 he became General Clerk of the Police Department, and in 1880 was elected Justice of the Peace of the Third District Court, in Grand Street. In 1884 Justice Kenna established himself at the corner of Fulton Street and Boerum Place, and began practicing law. He had just built up a good business, when in 1885 he was appointed a Police Justice and assigned to the Second District Police Court.

He is a natural-born wit, and his sayings at times make even the stern and solemn-looking court officers smile. He talks freely with the reporters attached to his court and helps them in every way to secure news. He is a member of the Cecelia (German) Singing Society, the Constitution, the Kings County Democratic Club, the Washington Club, and was for a number of years foreman of old Engine Company No. 5. He was elected the First Vice-President of the Democratic General Committee upon its formation and has remained in that position up to the present time.

THIRD DISTRICT COURT.

On the corner of Humboldt Street and Montrose Avenue, in a large white-painted frame building on the second floor, Judge Naeher dispenses justice in the Third District. The court-room is large and airy, is painted blue and furnished with a number of benches. It is divided into three compartments by railings; one for

the spectators, one for the prisoners, counsel and officers, and the other for the Judge, who sits behind an ordinary station-house office bar and delivers sentences to divers intoxicated persons every morning. "Ten days or ten dollars" is probably the phrase mostly heard in this apology for a court. All sorts of petty grievances and family troubles are aired here, and curious indeed are the stories related by some of the cosmopolitan population, composed of Germans, French, Italians, Swedes, etc., of that vicinity. Numerous cranks of all kinds make life a burden to "His Honor."

This court was organized on May 1, 1881, and the average number of cases brought before it in a year is six thousand, giving an income of about $5,000 per annum. The present location of the court-room is in every way unsuitable, and there is a rumor that Judge Naeher is to have a handsome court built alongside of the proposed new station-house of the Sixteenth Precinct, at the corner of Lee Avenue and Clymer Street. This court takes in the Fifth, Sixth, Sixth-Sub, Seventh and Sixteenth Precincts, and there is always on a fine morning a large number of individuals of both sexes waiting the arrival of the jovial judge who is to decide their fate. Judge Naeher is generally acknowledged to be an able lawyer, as well as an impartial administrator of the law's penalties.

Chief Clerk George Wren was born on April 29, 1837. He has served two terms in the Assembly, and was appointed to his present position in 1880.

Justice Naeher has probably more experience with those of the human family that have been more or less bereft of their reason than any other magistrate in

Kings County. These unfortunate creatures flock to court with all sorts of stories which are created in their imperfect brains. Just why he is a favorite with this class it is impossible to determine, but it is a fact that his court is visited by hundreds of such people. His kind disposition and patience with those who have complaints to make are well known. Be this as it may, these people go to Justice Naeher and interfere greatly with the workings of the court by occupying time that should be devoted to real offenses and by sending court officers long distances with warrants to arrest mythical persons.

A short time ago Court Officer Miller went seven times to as many different places to arrest the husband of a woman who said she and her five children had been abandoned by their natural supporter. After each failure to find the person for whom the warrant was issued, the woman would return to court and give a plausible reason why the man was not found. A new address would be given and another search made, to be followed by another failure. After the seventh trip it was found that the woman was a harmless unmarried crank. Another case is that of a respectable-looking old lady who visited the court every day for several weeks and remained until removed by the janitor. When at last her presence attracted attention, it was learned that she wished to have a private conversation with the Judge. She was accommodated, and in the Judge's private room she told of a cruel husband who had deserted her for a younger woman. Not satisfied with leaving her to battle alone in the struggle of life, he had concocted plans to have her murdered. The statement went all right until

she became excited, and then she said that he had secured the aid of witches to help him in his diabolical plots.

The witches would penetrate the ceiling of her bedroom and hang down over her bed. They could not drop so long as she kept her eyes open, but if she should ever close both eyes she knew the witches would drop, and then she would be killed. It was evident that the woman was insane, and she was told that the witches would bother her no more. She went home, but the next morning found her in the same chair, and she made numerous visits to the court before she was convinced that the presiding magistrate could not help her. The following letter was written by a daughter of one of the wealthiest men in Brooklyn. She is to all appearances perfectly sane, and goes out into society with her mother and sister. On one point she is mentally unbalanced, however, and her hallucination is that robbers are constantly making victims of herself and members of her family. The letter was written May 21, 1887, but as the young lady's correspondence is watched, because she would send many such letters if allowed, only this letter out of many reached its destination. Here is a copy of the letter :

BROOKLYN, MAY 21, 1887.

The Hon. Charles Naeher :

SIR: Having written to District Attorney Ridgway, who is an intimate friend of my family, and also to Chief Campbell, of the Police Department, about an important matter, and not having received proper replies from those persons, I address you in behalf of justice. I now appeal to you.

A son of my friend and neighbor Mr. Smith, has been a welcome visitor at my father's house, but he has betrayed the con-

fidence bestowed on him by us all. Many valuable keepsakes have mysteriously disappeared from our house recently, and I set a watch on all visitors. I saw this young man steal my mother's diamond ear-rings two weeks ago, and I have no doubt that he is the one who stole all we have lost.

Now, what can we do to recover our goods and insure ourselves against further loss without disgracing our friends or causing the young man suffering? I know you will advise me, and I will make no movement until I hear from you.

Yours truly, ——— ———

The cranks who visit Justice Naeher's court have each been given a number and it is quite usual to hear one of the clerks or a lawyer call out "Number forty-nine, Judge," when a person is telling His Honor that he wants a few moments' private conversation. The number, whether it be forty-nine or some other, puts the magistrate on his guard and saves him a great many conversations with cranks.

All dangerous cases, and those in which the afflicted are in serious trouble or want, are promptly transferred to the Commissioners of Charities. This body has the person examined by competent physicians. Most of those found insane are sent to the asylum at Flatbush. A large minority are turned over to relatives and friends.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE COURT OF SESSIONS.

JUDGE MOORE.—HIS EARLY LIFE.—ADMITTED TO THE BAR.—RECOGNITION OF MERIT.—HE IS ELECTED ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—MADE JUDGE OF THE COUNTY COURT.—HIS MARRIAGE.—A FITTING TRIBUTE.—AN HONEST, UPRIGHT, JUST AND MERCIFUL JUDGE.—HOW VARIOUS GRADES OF CRIMINALS ARE DEALT WITH.

IT is seldom a court loses its identity in a man; but owing to the ability, reputation and long service of the presiding magistrate the Court of Sessions in Kings County has been lost in its judge, Henry A. Moore. Of the many talented men who have occupied its bench and enjoyed the confidence of the public, none have ever achieved such a success. Considering that he is now in his fourth term, it is no wonder that the history of this court is to a large extent a part of his biography, and that he and court should be a single individuality in the public mind of the city of Brooklyn. His life, uneventful in adventure, is representative of the careers of many of the great leaders of the land.

It was on one of those days when the wind holds Wagneresque concerts around the corners of old houses, tints the noses of luckless pedestrians and plays havoc with hats, that Henry A. Moore made his debut to an admiring father and mother. He was such a plump, brown-eyed boy, and blinked so wisely and questioningly

at the light of this world and the admiring faces above him, that they foretold great things in store for him. It was the 23d of March, 1826, when this babe was welcomed to this life in a house on Bridge Street, near Johnson. Mr. Henry A. Moore, the father, foreseeing, it may be, the brilliant future that lay before his child, wisely determined to give it all the training and advantages so necessary in this modern age of pressure and competition to insure what is felicitously called a good start in the world. As early as 1833 the name of Henry A. Moore, Jr., is found registered on the roll of the public school. He proved a bright and interesting pupil. His memory even in boyhood was quick and powerful, his assiduity great, and his reasoning powers strong and well balanced. After finishing this course, the highest then obtainable in the city of his birth, he began the serious work of life by entering as office boy and student the law offices of the firm of Lott & Murphy, afterwards L. M. Murphy & Vanderpelt, whose offices were then in an old stone building still standing near Fulton Ferry. This firm was acknowledged as the leading one of Brooklyn, and its members had a national reputation for forensic and legal talent of the highest order. Mr. Moore began his studies with them in 1840. In those days a law clerk's lot was not a happy one. Law schools had not been invented to manufacture jurists by the wholesale, and politics had not opened a convenient back door for ambitious ward statesmen to enter the ranks of the profession. In 1847 he was admitted to the bar. In the intervening seven long years of hard work he had gained a thorough practical knowledge of law and, what was to be of equal value to him in the future, a widespread

reputation for generosity, kindness, courtliness and probity. After being admitted to practice, he secured offices of his own on Fulton Street, corner of Cranberry, a locality which was then the business center of Brooklyn. Here his career was one of never-failing success. At twenty-eight he was everywhere regarded as the peer of the oldest and most influential practitioners. He had, moreover, what they had not—youth and popularity of the best sort. His purse began to increase with his growing practice. Party leaders recognized his value as a man and as a representative, and this recognition is always utilized in the United States by embodiment in election or appointment. Thus it was that in 1849, with scarcely an effort on his part, but with the hearty support and action of the political leaders of the time, as well as of his many friends and clients, he was made Assistant District Attorney, a position then more sought for and of greater public esteem than it is to-day. Finding they had put the right man in the right place, and that he was in every wise competent to fill a high public office, the public decided to try him in another and more important position. As Assistant District Attorney he had proved an able prosecutor and a fearless official. At the same time he had always been easy of access by the public and had invariably shown the rare ability to temper justice with mercy when demanded by the circumstances of a case. These are the qualifications which make a great magistrate. Little wonder was it, then, when he was nominated for Judge of the County Court and elected in the fall of 1851 by a handsome majority. It never rains but it pours. The genial Judge decided to fill the cup of happiness to overflowing, and to set an example to those

of his calling who selfishly wrap themselves in the mantle of celibacy, by taking a wife. He had lost his heart to a beautiful young lady, Miss Fannie A. Elwell, of Brooklyn, and wisely offered to share with her his name, home and future. The love was mutual and they were married in 1852. The union was a happy one and was blessed with children, who promise to follow in the footsteps of their parents. When Judge Moore's term of office expired in January, 1856, he resumed the practice of law, and became again a leader of his profession. The three years upon the bench had been invaluable. To the brilliancy and dash of the advocate they added the dignity, thoughtfulness and wisdom of the ermine. Unlike others who, having once tasted the sweets of public life, are ever after averse to retirement, and who persist in obtruding their personality upon the people, Judge Moore was seemingly satisfied to remain in the seclusion which a successful law office, a handsome practice and a happy home yield to their possessor.

During these years he devoted his time to reading, study and public affairs. He was of a group of men who, despite the unpatriotic tendencies engendered by power, wealth or social position, are willing and eager to aid in solving the endless problem of social amelioration and good popular government. In the newspapers and other records of the time his name is constantly found identified with those who did so much towards making Brooklyn what it is to-day—the finest and best city of homes in the world. Such services are always appreciated. In 1871 he was again elected County Judge. The years 1877 and 1883 saw even greater public honors heaped upon him, witnessing his election a third and

fourth time, but unlike the first and second, as the loved and unanimous nominee of both the great parties into which the citizens of Brooklyn are divided.

A fitting tribute and a just estimate of Judge Moore was well expressed by the orator in the Republican County Convention that indorsed his nomination, when he said :

"There are times in the progress of political events when it is wise and proper to break party lines and consider exclusively the fitness of the individual for the office for which he may be nominated. Nowhere does this law, if the term 'law' can be applied to what most men regard as a rare exception, apply with greater force than to the judiciary. Politics may determine the development of a nation ; it may create or destroy local, general and even dynastic tendencies ; but politics should be never permitted to invade the clear, calm atmosphere which should light the courts of justice. It enters not into justice, it is not found in mercy, nor has it place in that judicial wisdom which through all the ages has made the magistrate a chief among ten thousand, and the position a synonym for the highest learning and the noblest character. When, therefore, an antagonistic political organization name a tried and valued public servant for a judicial office in which he has given satisfaction to the public, I approve their choice and indorse their nomination. Even though that party be bad to the heart, yet if the man is just and upright and capable, I hail the action as I welcome the lily that emerges from the darkest and most hideous morass. Therefore, when in this fast and populous district the great Democratic organization nominates for County Judge and presiding

magistrate of the Court of Sessions a gentleman who has for years been an ornament to that bench and an honor to the City of Brooklyn; who in private life enjoys a deserved reputation for purity, probity and intellect; who is known everywhere as a scholar, a jurist, a cosmopolite, and above all a gentleman; who has made himself the terror of the wrong-doer, the friend of the unfortunate, the confidant of the troubled and sick at heart, and the respected arbiter of the contending. I glory in their action and take pleasure in being able to approve their choice. This, gentlemen, was done by the Democratic County Convention in nominating the Honorable Henry A. Moore for County Judge, whom I now formally nominate to be the candidate of this body of representative Republicans."

Personally, Judge Moore is a very fine-looking man. He is about five feet ten inches in height and 200 pounds in weight. His face is large, commanding and intellectual in expression. His hair and beard are an iron gray, and his brown eyes beam kindly upon sinners as well as friends. He has a pleasant home at 562 Washington Avenue, where he lives with his wife and family. His children—three boys—are Charles F. Moore, who occupies a position in the Park Department of Brooklyn; John F. Moore, who is Deputy-clerk of the Court, and Joseph H. Moore, a merchant of New York. Judge Moore has a host of friends and admirers, won and kept by his genial manners and unfailing courtesy. His administration of his office is quick and thorough. The trial days attract crowds of spectators and disengaged lawyers, who come to learn his example.

The day he sets for pronouncing sentence is one of

great interest. Testimony that cannot be legally produced on the trial is heard in mitigation of the penalty. The patience, kind-heartedness and courtesy of the Court now come into full play for the first time. The position of the Judge is one of great delicacy. While he gives the criminal the benefit of a doubt in every case, he must take care that clemency does not interfere with justice. He deals with the most desperate men and women. Before his eyes roguery is daily committed. Liars combine to clear the guilty. Every artifice is resorted to to excite sympathy. Sick women, who have no connection with the case, are brought into court to work on the feelings of the Judge. Pretended mothers and sisters cry and sniffle at the bar. Babies are hired for a day in court. All this is known to the magistrate. Atrocious criminals plead guilty to a minor offense, or throw themselves on the mercy of the Court; such get the full penalty of the law notwithstanding. A prisoner to whom clemency can be shown is sure of a merciful sentence if he pleads guilty.

When a heavy penalty is pronounced, it is uttered in a mingled tone of sincere regret and judicial sternness, prefixed by the remark: "My duty compels me to sentence you to the full term allowed by the law." The great mass of prisoners in this Court are young, from sixteen to thirty. Whether sentenced or discharged, they get good advice or healthful warning.

Frequently citizens of respectability and high standing are brought up for assault and battery, or for breaches of the peace. In such cases respectability and standing avail nothing. "You are old enough to know better than to commit the offense with which you are charged."

Some claim a lenient sentence on the ground that they agree politically with his honor. "Prisoner, if you are a Democrat you ought to know better than to do as you have done. I shall sentence you to the full term allowed by law." In sentencing, as well as in trials, he is prompt, clear and brief. His charges embrace only the points in the case that the jury have to consider. No impertinent counsel rides over him. When a noisy limb of the law stupidly objects to a question, he says, "I shall admit the question. You can take your exception." The tone and manner indicate that nothing more need be said.

The Court is co-ordinate in its jurisdiction in criminal cases with the Court of Oyer and Terminer, over which presides any justice of the Supreme Court of the State. It has jurisdiction of all crimes committed in the county as well as the city. The police magistrates have the power to try and sentence all criminals guilty of misdemeanors. The Court of Sessions, or "Sessions," as it is commonly called, tries only cases where indictments have been found by the grand jury.

The grand jury is a body composed of twenty-three members. They are required by law to appear in open court and present their indictments through their foreman. All criminals have a right to a trial by jury. If, when arraigned before police magistrates, criminals demand a jury trial, they must be sent to the Court of Sessions. No one can spend a day in the court-room without interest and profit. By no other officer who represents the city and county is the law better upheld, justice more honorably or humanely administered and crime more surely punished, than by the Hon. Henry A. Moore, in the Kings County Court of Sessions.

CHAPTER XXVI.

POLICE AND EXCISE TRIALS.

THE COMMISSIONER'S AUTHORITY.—THE WISE ROBBERY.—"BOUNCING A FIGHTING DRUNK."—MALICIOUS COMPLAINTS.—A MOUNTED SQUADMAN WITH A POOR MEMORY.—DRUNK IN A CELLAR.—CONDUCT UNBECOMING AN OFFICER.—HOW TRADESMEN USE THE COMMISSIONER AS A COLLECTION AGENCY.—A USURER BEATEN AT HIS OWN GAME.—EXCISE TRIALS.—CONDUCT OF TRIAL.—LIQUOR DEALERS AND LAWYERS.—HISTORY OF EXCISE LEGISLATION.—THE OLDEST EXCISE LAW IN AMERICA.—HOTELS MUST SERVE DRINKS.—SCHENCK BEER AND LAGER BEER.—THE DIFFERENT OFFENCES OF SALOON-KEEPERS.—PERJURERS' PARADISE.—A TYPICAL CASE OF LYING.—CONVICTION.—REVOCATION—APPEAL AND REVIEW.—THE LAW'S DELAY.

THE Commissioner of Police is given a quasi-judicial authority in order to preserve the discipline of the force. This authority comprises bringing a member of the police before him, examination under oath and punishment by reprimand, degradation, fine, suspension and dismissal. Unfortunately he has no power to punish for contempt, and no authority to enforce obedience to his subpœna. This enables shrewd lawyers to spirit away dangerous witnesses with almost absolute impunity, which sometimes results in a serious miscarriage of justice. Complaints against officers are made by fellow-members of the force and rarely by private citizens. The majority are for slight infractions of the rules of the department, a goodly number for entering saloons or drinking, while on duty, many for conduct unbecoming an officer

and very few for serious offences. Violations of the rules are of common occurrence; in fact they are unknowingly committed by the best men of the force. Thus in the case of the Wise robbery, a burglary that was perpetrated after midnight by expert thieves of the best class, the fact was not discovered by the police until the following morning. This being technically an infraction of the rules, the captain preferred charges against the sergeant and two officers, who were tried, found guilty and dismissed! After a few days had passed, however, they were re-instated and treated with the same respect as if nothing had happened.

It seems unjust, at first sight, to make the non-discovery of a crime an offence on the part of an officer on duty, but it has been found by long experience to be the only method of securing and preserving a high discipline and *esprit de corps.* Along with this rule should be placed those which require explanation from a patrolman for absence from his post, for not wearing gloves on certain occasions, for carelessness in dress, for being a minute late, and all similar regulations. Violations of these minor rules are punished by reprimand and forfeiture of pay, seldom exceeding five days' salary. In these cases it is often difficult to tell truth from falsehood. A policeman is called by a friendly proprietor to eject a "fighting drunk" from a saloon. He enters the place and awes the would-be pugilist into abject contrition. The other guests intercede and he departs. Or he may enter the place, take a drink and depart. In both cases he is seen by his roundsman, who lodges a complaint against him. The testimony against him is the same in both cases. Generally the second case

is what occurred, and generally the first case is alleged in his defense. The commissioner in such cases depends largely upon the appearance, habits and record of the accused. If these be good, the complaint is dismissed ; if bad, he is reprimanded or fined. The rules are at times taken advantage of by people to gratify their malice against officers they dislike. One officer was brought before the board five times in three months by a liquor dealer whose license he had caused to be revoked. Against a patrolman whom he hated, an unscrupulous roundsman brought ten charges of this class. In the last case he tried to strengthen his complaint by false swearing, but was detected and expelled from the force.

Drinking is another fruitful cause of trouble for policemen. The prevalent vice of the American people, drink and drunkenness, has, it must be confessed, passed into the ranks of the police and there worked the same damage it has done everywhere. While an officer who drinks in moderation can do his duty properly, the slightest excess renders him unfit to be a policeman. For this reason the rules are stringent against drinking and intoxication. They are obeyed by nearly all the members of the police. But there are black sheep in every flock, and the policeman who yields to temptation is regularly brought before the board. He tries his hardest to escape punishment and often succeeds. In these trials there is often considerable fun and remarkable prevarication. One or two instances may show the manner in which such cases appear.

Officer X, of an up-town station, was so much under the influence of liquor at half-past six in the evening as

to be unfit for duty. It was at the end of his tour of duty, and glancing with a very weary expression in his eyes at Commissioner Carroll, he sighed "not guilty."

He was one of the mounted squad, and a fellow-officer said he saw him sitting very unevenly in his saddle with the reins in his left hand while his right grasped the steed's mane. Now and then he would sway from right to left, until the knowing animal stopped at the stable and kindly allowed him to dismount. This operation proved a little too much for the officer, who failed to get his foot out of the stirrup in time, which caused him to sit quietly down in the gutter and await developments. Captain Y, noticing from the station-house window that something was wrong, hurried to the fallen officer and accused him of being intoxicated. After Officer X had gotten his foot out of its fastenings, he steadied himself and led the horse into the stable. The captain was surprised and demanded an explanation. They went together into the station-house. Officer X refused to allow the captain to smell his breath, and shut close his mouth, but owing to a severe cold in the head was compelled to release some of the fumes which, ascending the captain's nasal organ, increased the evidence against the officer.

This was not all. He attempted to walk a crack in the floor but made a miserable failure of it, and finally wound up by telling the captain he hadn't been on any horse at all and proving himself incapable to distinguish a six-spot domino from a blank.

Before the Commissioner he averred that it was all a mistake and that the captain knew nothing about it.

"I was stiff from my long ride," he continued; "and

with the exception of staggering a little, did as I always do."

"How about the breath ?"

"Why, I had just eaten an apple and suppose that tainted it a little."

"Do you remember falling off the horse ?"

"No, sir ! never fell off a horse in my life."

"Rolled off ?"

"No, sir (indignantly). I have not drank anything in several months."

"I understand the horse was very much excited just after your return. How about that ?"

"No more than usual. The animal is very high-strung and hard to manage."

It was a good defense, but as the horse had a spavined leg, was never known to object to anything and the captain's smelling powers were very good, Officer X received a severe punishment and it is said never ate any more fruit while he was on the force.

Officer D, of a station down in South Brooklyn, was found on Sunday in the doorway of a liquor saloon in the act of giving a whisky glass to the bartender. With an honest expression beaming from his big blue eyes, he told the Commissioner that his presence in that doorway was to see that the Excise Law was properly enforced. I had learned that two men were in there drinking and only done my duty."

"Yes, I know all about that," retorted the questioner, "but what were you doing with the whisky glass ?"

"Why, I saw a man at the bar drinking ; I asked the bartender what was in the glass. He said it was water, and that the man was very thirsty because he'd eaten

some salt fish for dinner. I didn't believe it, but when the bartender brought the glass for me to smell, I had to believe it." The man was let off with a reprimand.

On a cold, rainy morning in March, the wind howled around the corners and into every nook known to the patrolman where seclusion could be sought without leaving his post. The rain was fine and cold as ice, and froze as it fell on the sidewalk. Officer Z had been faithfully performing his duty since midnight, and as the time drew on toward six o'clock he became thoroughly chilled. Not a soul was out except those who had to be, and they hurried along at a rapid pace. "There's Sharkey just opening," said the policeman to himself as he spied a frisky little bartender pulling up the shades and unlocking the door. "Ain't it cold ——————!!!" he continued, as he crowded closer into the corner of a coal-box in front of the grocery store opposite Sharkey's place. "Blessed if I'll stand it any longer." He made a bolt for the saloon and hurriedly drained a bar glass filled with whisky. Three minutes later Officer D entered and explained that there wasn't a solitary place open on his beat. More whisky found its way inside the two rubber coats, and then the noble guardians of the peace sought refuge behind an inviting stove.

Five minutes more rolled by. The door opened again and Roundsman X walked in. "Gimme a Jamaica rum hot, with some ginger in't," he said to the bartender.

"Cold?"

"Yes."

"Terrible night."

"Yes."

"Gimme s'more ginger—thanks;" then the rum and ginger vanished. "Seen any of the boys?"

"Naw."

"Tough night?"

"Yes."

Bang went the door and the two men behind the stove offered up a silent prayer of thanks and waited their chance to get out unseen. They absorbed more whisky, however, and then started for the door. It opened before they reached it, and in stepped the same roundsman. He had only gone a block before growing very cold and so had returned.

He preferred a charge against the two men, who were fined thirty days' pay each, while the roundsman came out Scot free.

A similar case was that of a well-known patrolman connected with a precinct in one of the upper wards.

Officer A, who figured most prominently in the case, is still on the force. Up to the time in question his record had been perfectly clear from the slightest taint. No one could say he had committed the slightest offence until one afternoon in the fall of the year, when the roundsman found him missing from his post. No trace of the officer could be found. The roundsman bore no love for the man, and made up his mind to find out what had become of the patrolman.

He glanced into every saloon and haunt of the officers, but no trace could be found. He did not want to return to the station-house and report him missing before he found out what had become of him. Over an hour slipped away and the roundsman was puzzled. He was standing in front of a handsome brown-stone mansion

pondering what next to do, when a colored servant (male) emerged and asked him to sample some liquor just arrived from abroad. The darkey remarked "thar's anudder of'cer inside an' he's got pretty full."

The roundsman wanted no more coaxing. He hurried in under the stoop and down the cellar stairs. There sat Officer A on a keg of nails, fast asleep, with his head gently resting against the gas meter. His coat was open and his hat hanging on the corner of the coal-bin. Thinking the officer good for another hour's sleep, the roundsman hurried to the station-house, and called the captain and a sergeant to view the scene. To the surprise of all, Officer A met them within a block of the house and saluted pleasantly. The roundsman was somewhat put out, but reported the case. The officer swore the whole charge was a falsehood and brought the servant to back up his statement. The Commissioner pondered a long while before he fully made up his mind. He then remarked: "You've always had a good record, but as I remember that nigger as an old-time chicken thief, his corroboration of your denial don't go very far and I fine you one month's pay."

Under the head of "conduct unbecoming an officer" the Commissioner has a wide range of latitude. Discourtesy to private citizens, insults or insulting language, challenges to fight, threats to inflict physical or other injury, neglect of wife or children, profanity and disorderly conduct, are a few of the long list of unseemly acts which are thus covered.

This rule has been construed to include the deliberate non-payment of just debts by extravagant officers. It is therefore popular with tradesmen and impecunious doc-

tors and dentists. The procedure is somewhat peculiar. If the officer admits the debt, he is ordered to pay it off by instalments at so many dollars a month. If he denies the debt or disputes the account between himself and the creditor, the Commissioner dismisses the case and relegates the latter to the civil courts. If he establish his claim there and obtain judgment, he can then invoke the rule successfully. In this case the Commissioner generally makes a stricter order and requires the instalments to be much larger than they would otherwise have been, and also requires the debtor to pay the costs and disbursements, as well as the original bill. The court in these matters does not stand upon law, but allows equity to exercise full sway. Where a moneylender has discounted an officer's salary at 20 per cent. per month, and in order to avoid the fact of usury, had compelled the unfortunate borrower to buy a secondhand coat at a cost equal to the discount, and then brought suit before the Commissioner for the alleged value of two coats, that official gravely decided that the garments did not fit and ordered the debt cancelled so far as the police department was concerned by the return of the coats. These, it must be added, were handed over immediately to the usurer. In both police and excise trials every witness is sworn, except where parties or their counsel agree upon facts, and all testimony is taken down in full by a stenographer. In both kinds of trials the Court of Appeals has held that an accused person is entitled to be represented by counsel and to enough time to retain one in. All decisions by the Police Commissioner are reviewable by a writ of certiorari to the higher courts. These appeals succeed but once in five,

a smaller ratio of revisals than obtains in the great courts of the State—a high compliment to the Commissioners who have acted in a judicial capacity. In many cases where a policeman has committed so serious an offence as to merit dismissal, he is allowed to resign instead of being tried and convicted. The resignation thus wipes out the complaint and leaves the offender a comparatively clean record.

EXCISE TRIALS.

Complaints against licensed liquor dealers to the Board of Excise may be made by either the police or by private citizens. As a matter of fact they are nearly always made by the former. Among their general duties is a surveillance of all saloons to prevent or punish the violation of the laws by which they are governed. Beyond this they constantly receive special instructions to visit liquor stores on Sunday in citizen's clothes to secure evidence against delinquents. The law, with all the difficulties attending its execution and the popular feeling in favor of more liberal statutes, is well enforced. Of the licensed places in Brooklyn, fully one-third are closed on the Sabbath ; one-third admit callers through open side or back doors, and one-third do business with regular customers, who are recognized by some one on watch before they are allowed to enter the place, which is barred and bolted. When a violation is discovered, the officer arrests the bartender, waiter or proprietor who serves him with a prohibited drink, and enters a complaint before the Board ; in some cases the complaint is lodged without a preliminary arrest. A notice is then served by the police upon the license-holder to appear before the

Board on the next convenient trial-day and defend himself against the specified charge.

In the trial of cases before the Commissioners of Excise, the prosecution is conducted by the Board in about the same manner as complaints are heard by police magistrates. In exceptional cases the counsel for the Board of Excise is called upon to prosecute. The accused is nearly always represented by an official of the Brooklyn Liquor-dealers' Protective Association or by a lawyer retained by the Brewers' Union. The litigation is usually very quiet and monotonous, but in some cases becomes fierce and vindictive.

The proprietor of a famous hostelry in Fulton Street, near Flatbush Avenue, was at swords' points with the police for four years. In that period he or his employees were arrested thirty-eight times, were prosecuted by the Excise authorities thirty-four times and prosecuted them in turn in the higher courts twelve times, making a total of eighty-four cases. The Excise and police finally won and their opponent, an impoverished man, was forced to give up his establishment and begin the struggle of life anew.

In the conduct of these cases neither time nor trouble was spared by the police or the accused. The entire history of the Excise legislation of the English-speaking race was ransacked, and valuable compendiums made for the benefit of the Commissioners and the police force. So thoroughly was this work done that after the many briefs and articles were filed with the Board, lawyers from all over the country came or sent to Brooklyn to obtain copies of the researches for use in litigation. In these researches many interesting discoveries were made.

Thus, for example, it was learned that the first Excise law, as such statutes are known, upon the American Continent was drawn in "Breukkelen" and published in "Hemsted, Longe Island, March 1, 1664."

A copy is preserved in the Brooklyn police archives, while the original—barely legible—exists in the clerk's office at Hempstead, L. I. A copy of this quaint old law may be of interest to the reader:

INN KEEPERS & ORDINARYES.

No Person or Persons shall at any time under any pretense or colour whatsoever undertake to be a Common Victuler keeper of A Cookes shopp, or House of Common entertainment, or publique Seller of wine Beare, Ale or strong waters by retail or a less quantity than a quarter Caske, without a Certificate of his good behaviour from the Constable and two Overseers at least of the parish wherein he dwelt and a Lycence first obtained under the hand of two Justices of the peace in the Sessions upon pain of forfeiting five pounds for every such offence or Imprisonment at the discretion of the Court.

Every Person so licensed for Common entertainment shall have some Ordinary signe obvious for direction of strangers, within three Months after the Licence granted under penalty of twenty Shillings.

Every Person Licenced to keep an Ordinary shall always be provided of strong and wholesome Beer, of four bushels of malt, at the least to a Hoggshead which he shall not Sell at above two pence the quart under the penalty of twenty Shillings for the first Offence, forty shillings for the Second, and loss of his Licence. It is permitted to any to Sell Beer out of Doors at a penny the Ale quart or under.

No Licenced Person shall suffer any to Drink excessively or at unseasonable hours after Nine of the Clock at night in or about any their houses upon penalty of two shillings sixpence for every Offence if Complaint and proofs be made thereof.

If any quarrel or disorder doth arise from intemperate persons within their house, the Person so licensed for not immediately Signifying the same to the Constable, or one Overseer at the Least, who are authorized to cause the peace to be kept, shall for every such neglect forfeit Tenne Shillings and every person found Drunk in or about any of their houses shall forfeit

two shillings Six pence. And for being the author or accessory of the breach of the Peace and disorders, or for Tipling at unreasonable hours shall forfeit ten Shillings and for want of payment or in case they be Servants and neglect their Masters occations They shall be sent to the Stocks an hour at least. It shall be lawful notwithstanding for all Licenced Persons to Entertain Land Travellers or Seafareing men in the night season when they come on shore or from their Journey for theire necessary refreshment or towards theire preparation for theire Voyage or Journey. And also all Strangers, Lodgers, or other Persons may freely Continue in such Houses, when theire Lawful Occations and business doth require, Provided there be no disorder amongst them.

Every person so Licenced for the Entertainment of Strangers with their Horses, shall provide one or more Enclosure for Summer Hay and Provender for Winter with convenient stable roome And attendance; upon Penalty of two Shillings Sixpence for every days default, and double Damage to the party wronged.

No Licenced Person shall unreasonably exact upon his Guest for any sort of entertainment, and no man shall be compelled to pay above eight pence a Meale, with small Beer only unless the Guest shall make other agreement with the person so lycenced.

No Licence shall be granted by any two Justices in Sessions for above the terme of one year, but every person so Licenced before the expiration of the said Terme shall and are hereby enjoyned to repair to the sessions of that Jurisdiction for renewing their Several Licences for which they shall pay to the Clark of the Sessions two Shillings Sixpence, or shall forfeit five pounds as unlicenced persons.

All Offences committed against this law shall be determined by the Constable, with two or more of the Overseers who are impowered to Collect and receive the Several fines or distrayne in case of non-payment rendering accompt thereof as is elsewhere required. That Inn Keepers or Ordinary Keepers, shall not bee obliged to put any perticuler quantity of Mault into their Beere, but they shall not sell theire Beere above two pence the quart, nor any Liquors above twelve Shillings the Gallon, under the penalty of twenty Shillings for each Gallon so Sold. Provided always, and it is to be understoode, that noe man is hereby hindered from buying for his own private use, any quantity of Liquors. And it shall and may bee Lawful for any Person, to sell such quantity to him, so that hee doe not sell it againe by retaile without a Licence.

BREWERS.

That no person whatsoever shall henceforth undertake the Calling or work of Brewing Beere for Sale, but only such as are known to have Sufficient Skill and knowledge in the art or Mistery of a Brewer. That if any undertake for victualling of Ships or other Vessels, or Master or owner of any such Vessels, or any other person shall make it appear that any Beer bought of any person within this Government do prove unfit, unwholesome, and useless for their supply, either through the insufficiency of the mault or Brewing or unwholesome Cask, the Person wronged thereby shall be and is hereby enabled to recover equal and Sufficient damage by Action against that Person that put the Beer to Sale.

Another interesting discovery was that while it is illegal for an inn or hotel keeper to sell or give away alcoholic drinks to the public on Sunday, it is his legal duty to provide a guest with food and drink at all hours of the day or night, Sunday notwithstanding. It seems paradoxical that a hotel-keeper should be fined and imprisoned for selling a drink to one man, and fined and imprisoned for *refusing* to sell a drink to the next. A third discovery, probably of more interest to brewers than any one else, is that it is legal to sell "small beer"—that is, beer containing two per cent. of alcohol or less—at all times; and illegal on various occasions to sell "strong beer," which includes lager beer, and ordinary ales and porters. This discovery enabled and still enables the brewer, retailer and public to dispose on Sunday of unlimited quantities of "Schenck" beer, "Sommer" beer, "Excelsior" beer and "Weiss" beer.

The offences for which liquor dealers are arrested or tried before the Excise Board are Sunday sales, selling after hours, selling to minors, false impersonation and keeping a disorderly house. In the vast majority of cases the accused are guilty, and twice out of three times they

are acquitted. The acquittal is due in many instances to legal technicalities, but in most cases to monumental lying. So universal is this that the excise trial-room is known as the Perjurers' Paradise. Probability, and even possibility, never appear to be taken into consideration by some saloon-keepers in defending themselves before the Excise Board.

A recent case well illustrates these peculiarities.

Scene : Trial-room of the Board of Excise. The saloon-keeper is formally sworn and kisses the Bible with a resonant smack.

COMMISSIONER CARROLL—Mr. Beers, Officer Ketchum swears that last Sunday you were violating the law ; that you had a man on guard at the door who admitted him to the bar-room, where ten men were drinking lager and other beverages at tables and eight were drinking whisky at the bar ; that you were behind the bar ; that he took a glass of beer and paid for it and then arrested you. What have you to say ?

SALOON-KEEPER (with an air of injured innocence)—Not guilty, sir !

COMMISSIONER—What were you doing there ?

SALOON-KEEPER (with conscious pride)—You see, it was Sunday, sir, the day we clean up, and I and my bar-tender were in the saloon at work. I was behind the bar washing glasses and my man was just going out the door, which was carefully locked, to get some soup when the officer came in.

COMMISSIONER—What were the men doing in there ?

SALOON-KEEPER (with expression of political power)—I'm President of the Steinmuller Mutuals, a benevolent

organization, and they're members, and we were talking about our annual ball.

COMMISSIONER—Were they drinking beer?

SALOON-KEEPER—No, sir; they all drank ginger ale.

COMMISSIONER—Were the others drinking whisky at the bar?

SALOON-KEEPER—No, sir; cider.

COMMISSIONER—Do you keep cider in bottles labeled Rye and Bourbon, Cognac and Old Tom?

SALOON-KEEPER—Certainly, sir; in all sorts of bottles.

COMMISSIONER—Did you sell the officer lager?

SALOON-KEEPER—No, sir; I sold him Schenck beer; that's the only beer I sell on Sunday. It looks like lager and smells and tastes like it, and only an expert chemist can tell it from lager. Here's my brewer's certificate proving it, and here's the analysis and certificate of Dr. Dontremus proving it also. That's all there is to it.

COMMISSIONER—Have you any witnesses?

SALOON-KEEPER—Of course; I've got six. Mr. Seeds.

MR. SEEDS (red-nosed, ragged and filthy, and suffering from delirium tremens)—Yes, sir. (Is sworn.)

COMMISSIONER—Were you present on this occasion?

MR. SEEDS—Wen de cop come in? Cert.

COMMISSIONER—Were you drinking?

MR. SEEDS—I was wrastling with selzer and ginger pop. Old man Beers don't sell nothing on Sundays. No one else drank anything but temperance stuff.

COMMISSIONER—Ever arrested?

MR. SEEDS (proudly)—Yes, thirty times, by a conspiracy of policemen, a put-up job for drunkenness, and five times by bartenders who tried to lick me.

Mr. Beers produces Mr. Bung, Mr. Winehole, Mr. Tap-

pitt and Mr. Eisman, who strongly resemble and who corroborate Mr. Seeds.

COMMISSIONER—That's enough. Beers, look here. I am morally certain that you violated the law, and that you and your witnesses have perjured yourselves. I haven't enough legal evidence to convict you. The next time, however, I shall have, and I'll break your license.

Mr. Beers, witnesses and friends depart in high glee for the nearest saloon.

The effect of a conviction before the Board is the revocation of the license and the disability to hold another for three years thereafter. The latter punishment is avoided by the proprietor renewing his license in the name of his bartender, brewer, or of some friend. When, however, the place has become notorious by repeated violations of the law, or by being disorderly and disreputable, the Board frequently refuses to license it to any applicant. This refusal is absolute and, strange to say, is not reviewable by the higher courts. A judgment or conviction may, however, be appealed to the Supreme Court, and in cases of legal error be reversed and dismissed, or sent back for a new trial. As a stay of proceedings is usually granted on appeal, and as the license expires in a year, liquor-dealers in trouble frequently take this course, and by intentional delay throw the case over until the license has expired. This practically terminates the case and enables them to proceed as if nothing had ever happened.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE NEWSPAPERS AND POLICE REPORTERS OF BROOKLYN.

WHAT THEY ARE.—THE EAGLE'S WAR ON GAMBLING DENS AND DISORDERLY HOUSES.—AN EXPENSIVE LESSON TO A RICH GAMBLER.—THE STANDARD'S ATTACK UPON POOL-SELLERS.—THE ARGUS VERSUS THE BROOKLYN RING.—THE TIMES AND THE COUNTY INSTITUTIONS.—THE POLICE REPORTERS.—WHERE THEY CONGREGATE.—THE DETECTIVES' ROOM.—"ASSOCIATED PRESS" WORK.—BEATS.—A TALE OF AN EXECUTION AND A REPORTER.—A NEWSPAPER MAN THAT COULD TELEGRAPH.—RELATIONS OF PRESS AND POLICE.—ARRESTS.—THE BLOTTER.—LIBEL.—MORALITY OF POLICE.

THE daily press of Brooklyn consists of the Brooklyn edition of the *World*, a morning daily; the *Eagle*, *Times*, *Standard-Union*, *Citizen* and *Freie Presse*, evening journals; and the *Review*, *News*, *Inn-keepers' Journal* and *Greenpoint Blade*, weeklies. All are well managed and capably written. The dailies deserve especial mention for the care, skill and intellectual ability with which they are conducted.

All of the Brooklyn newspapers have been of vast use to the police, as well as to the public, for their successful efforts in attacking the evils which, always incidental to the growth of a great city, have from time to time blemished the fair record of the City of Churches.

The *Eagle*, ever since its birth, has waged war to the knife against gambling dens, low dives and houses of questionable character. So zealous and so thorough has it been in its good work that scarcely any disreputable place has ever been started within the city limits but

what within thirty days thereafter it has been exposed in the news items, denounced in an editorial or described in a special notice to the police.

Rich gamblers and wealthy proprietors of houses of ill-repute have repeatedly opened establishments in Brooklyn, and have been willing to pay any amount—even up in the thousands—for silence and blindness on the part of the *Eagle* and the police, but in no case have ever succeeded. Within a brief period their places have been raided, or they have accepted the delicate hints of the *Eagle* or the captain of the precinct, and returned to the metropolis.

The lesson thus taught was so severe as to attract the attention of the sporting and criminal classes of the country. One place on Schermerhorn Street, broken up through the *Eagle*, was fitted up specially at an expense of over $5,000 and had been opened in the most extravagant style to attract custom. Before the proprietor had recouped his expenses, in his own language he was "several thousand behind the game." He was compelled to leave by the police and a few words in the news columns. The closing of two similar establishments in Pierrepont, near Fulton; one in Adams, near Myrtle Avenue; one in Fulton, near Johnson, and one in the Halsey Building, can be likewise charged to the credit of the journal mentioned. Its course toward disorderly houses was equally belligerent and effective.

The *Standard-Union*, which has just appeared in the journalistic field, has had no opportunity as yet to distinguish itself in the same manner. But the *Standard*, *Union* and *Argus*, of which it is the heir and successor by repeated amalgamations, did good work for the morals and

welfare of the city. The *Standard*, at the beginning of its career, attacked the pool-rooms of Brooklyn, which were then numerous, and busy day and night. The attacks were at first laughed at by the pool-sellers, who had money, influence and popularity behind them. The laugh died away into surprise and terror when raids, arrests, convictions, fines and terms of imprisonment of the gamblers rewarded the efforts of the little journal.

The *Argus* made a special effort for municipal reform. It was assisted uniformly by the *Union* and *Times* in its endeavors and from time to time by the *Eagle*. It started an agitation for simplicity and responsibility in the government, home-rule, the abolition of sinecureship and, above all, retrenchment, economy and honesty in the City Works. In every issue it presented these ideas in some form or another to the public and so aroused public interest as to bring about the reform-era, which started with Comptroller Frederick A. Schroeder and has continued in an unbroken line to the present time.

The *Times*, while strongly sustaining its colleagues in their attempts to ameliorate the condition of Brooklyn, has made a specialty of reforms in the county institutions, the Penitentiaries, the Insane Asylum and the Poorhouse.

Its editor, Hon. Bernard Peters, has long been recognized as an authority in such matters, and has enriched the columns of his paper with the fruit of his studies and observations. His work and that of his journal greatly accelerated the destruction of the abuses which at one time prevailed, and at the same time increased the respect and confidence of the public toward both editor and paper.

For their police news, each paper has one or more men stationed at Police Headquarters in the Municipal Building. The reporters doing this branch of work must naturally be shrewd, as the papers depend on them to get the inside facts of every important case that comes to the department. When these facts are secured the case must be followed into court to see what settlement is made of the matter.

Perhaps the best-known police reporter doing business for Brooklyn papers is Thomas J. Beales, who is at present employed by the *Citizen*. Mr. Beales is an Englishman and has had over twenty years' experience in this kind of work. He began his career as a reporter by writing for the *Newark Advocate*, from which paper he went to the *New York Star*. After writing for the *Star* for over a year he came to Brooklyn and became attached to the staff of the *Union*. With the *Union* he stayed three years, and then went to the *Eagle*. He again returned to the *Union* and then, again changing, he for a second time become police reporter for the *Eagle*, with which paper he remained until three years ago, when he retired from newspaper work. When the *Citizen* started he was sought out and offered a position, which he accepted. Mr. Beales has done some excellent work in his time and still continues to be a valuable aid to the *Citizen*. He is married and has children.

Samuel B. Moore does the same work for the *Standard-Union* that Mr. Beales performs for the *Citizen*. Mr. Moore went on the *Union* when a boy and worked himself up to his present position. He did Greenpoint news when he was but seventeen years of age, and was afterwards the writer of Williamsburg news. From

this latter place he was assigned to Police Headquarters, where he has been for over seven years. Mr. Moore's work has been entirely satisfactory to the *Union*. He has distinguished himself on several occasions, the most noticeable being his report of the Hettrick murder, which occurred in 1885. He succeeded in getting a confession from Thomas Armstrong, the murderer, and before the other newspaper men could get the news, the *Union*, containing Mr. Moore's account of the confession, was being sold on the street. Mr. Moore is twenty-eight years old, is married and has two children.

The *Eagle* has its police news written by Charles R. Cook, a bright young Englishman. Mr. Cook did his first newspaper work for a paper in Jacksonville, Florida, but after a few months he came to Brooklyn and secured a position on the *Eagle's* staff. He is thirty-one years of age, is a bachelor and has been with the *Eagle* about five years.

James A. Wood writes the police happenings for the *Brooklyn Times*. Mr. Wood became reporter for the *Times* in 1874, and after writing for four years he resigned his position and, with his brother, went to Easton, Pennsylvania, and there started a weekly paper, which did not meet with success and was suspended after a short time. He came back to Brooklyn and was re-employed by the *Times*, for which he is now writing. Mr. Wood is a Scotchman, is thirty years old, married, and is the father of a large family of children.

Of the men employed as Brooklyn police reporters for the great New York papers, Frank A. Brockway is the oldest in the business. For a quarter of a century Mr. Brockway has been writing for the Associated Press.

He is fifty-six years old and gained his first newspaper experience with the New York *Mail and Express*. Mr. Austin O. Plunkett, the *Herald* man, is an old soldier. He was a member of the Second Division of the One Hundred and Seventieth Regiment of New York and was wounded during the siege of Petersburgh at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864. When Mr. Plunkett returned from the war he was a captain. During the Fenian invasion of Canada he acted as correspondent for the *Herald* and wrote some excellent articles, which were largely read and commented upon. In 1866 Mr. Plunkett came to Brooklyn to take the place of police reporter. The gentleman is 45 years of age and has been with the *Herald* twenty-six years. William Crook is at headquarters for the *Sun*. He is an Irishman, thirty-eight years of age. Mr. Crook was first with the *Union*, for which paper he did police work for over five years. He then went to the *Argus* and remained with it until it was merged into the *Union*. He was next employed by the *Eagle* and three years ago went to the *Sun*. He has performed some creditable work, and is held in esteem by all his co-laborers. William Palmer has been for seven years police reporter for the *Tribune*. He succeeded his brother Archibald, who performed the same duties for the *Tribune* for four years. Mr. Palmer is thirty-two years old.

The *Journal* is supplied with the news by Tyler F. Blackwell, who has been on this paper over four years. Mr. Blackwell has had long experience at the work, having been with the *Tribune* a number of years. Frank Fisher, an intimate friend of Governor Hill, writes for the *Star*. He was a reporter on the staff of the Govern-

or's paper in Elmira, N. Y., and has only been with the *Star* a year.

Sanders F. Shanks has been employed by the *Times* for three years. He is a son of W. F. G. Shanks, one of the editors of the *Tribune*, and is twenty-four years old. William Sieman is police reporter for the *Staats Zeitung*. He was formerly connected with the *Freie Presse* and Long Island *Anzeiger* and has done good work for all three papers.

Last, but not least, comes Edmund S. Linehan, one of the brightest reporters at Police Headquarters. The *World* has had the benefit of Mr. Linehan's services about a year. He wrote his first article for the Montreal (Canada) *Star*, and was sent to New York as correspondent. While at that work Mr. Linehan was offered a position on the *Union* and accepted it. He became police reporter and remained in that capacity until he went with the *World*. Mr. Linehan is but twenty-two years old, but has performed some excellent work.

Mr. Linehan's exploit with a double murder which occurred on the barque Mozart, lying at the foot of Baltic Street, in August, 1885, in a great part made his reputation. He learned that a murder had been committed at the place, and hastening there he got all the particulars and sent the news to the *Union*, which had an extra on the street announcing the crime before it was reported at Police Headquarters. When Captain Jewett mysteriously disappeared, Mr. Linehan worked day and night to find out the cause. He finally discovered it, and the result was that the *World* published over a column about the matter before the Brooklyn papers knew the facts of the case. These and many

other pieces of good work have made Mr. Linehan a valuable assistant to any paper.

Many of the best-known Brooklyn journalists have served an apprenticeship as police reporter. Kenward Philp, John Nolan, William Muldoon, Frank G. Spooner, William McFeeters, George Spinney, William J. Gaynor, Ernst Pardessous, Norris Clowes, James McDermott, Archibald Gordon, Marc Cook and William Hudson are a few of the more prominent who have achieved feats worthy of mention in this field of labor. The city authorities have assigned a room to the press in the top floor of the Municipal Building. It is light, comfortable and well ventilated, and equipped with the cracked desks, leaky inkstands, the treacherous chairs, sputtering pens and vile paper which seem necessary to reportorial life. The favorite room of the fraternity, however, is the detectives' room at Headquarters. It is "nearer to news," more comfortable and sociable, and it is frequented by detectives and other police officials who are companionable and interesting. Both rooms are in daily use by the press, those who prefer quiet and order when working using the Mansard, while the rest seek the pleasure of official company.

The relations of the reporters among themselves vary according to instructions from their superiors. Every police reporter is supposed to send his paper every item of interest that occurs at Headquarters or that is reported from the precincts. The amount of news he gathers, the style in which he treats it and, above all, the stories that he exclusively gets and reports, measure his ability and standing. As every man has his own method of working, it is clear that the police news in the various

papers will vary as the men vary who represent them. Every now and then the reporters combine into an "associated press," each contributing all the news he has gathered to all the rest. The result of the combination is that all the papers have a larger and better amount of news than they enjoy when each reporter works for himself. But all of them have the same news, none having more nor less than any other. This may happen once or many times before the combination is detected or is forbidden by the newspaper. The old rule again prevails and each man works for himself. However friendly one scribe may be to another personally, yet the rivalry thus required of him leads to all sorts of queer practices and tricks more than worthy of the bitterest hostility and even malice that the brain can devise.

A good story in this regard is told of a well-known Brooklyn journalist, who was assigned to report the execution of a murderer in a country town. He arrived at the jail the night before and went immediately to work upon the case. He learned that the hour for the hanging was at any time between ten o'clock and twelve; that though, as a matter of courtesy, the sheriff respited the criminal till the last moment, he had the power of execution at the first-named hour. He also learned that there was no other train until eleven o'clock next morning, and that unless they used horses, no other reporters would be there until that time. The desire to get a "beat" with this journalist was an instinct. He immediately conceived a plan to obtain one and in pursuance of it visited the sheriff. To that astonished official the reporter, after expressing sympathy for the criminal, the criminal's family, the hangman and the

sheriff himself, put the query whether, if the condemned so desired it, he could be hanged at ten o'clock instead of noon. The sheriff answered in the affirmative. The reporter then called upon the criminal, put him into good humor with cigars and, it is said, other delicacies, and then asked him how his family were situated.

The poor devil, in whom vice and sin had not crushed out all that was good, burst into tears, and after deprecating his own fault said that they were penniless and that he would do anything to get them a few dollars. The reporter offered to give the family fifty dollars if the condemned would request to be hanged at ten instead of noon. The offer was promptly accepted, the sheriff called in to ratify the contract and to hold the money in trust. He consented to both and received the money. Next evening, after completing a newsy biography of the condemned, with some pleasant remarks about the sheriff, the reporter attended the execution, which came off at ten sharp. When life was pronounced extinct and the corpse cut down, he rushed to the telegraph office and engaged the telegrapher to forward no other message until his work was done. For a few dollars the operator consented. The report was put in and as it was being telegraphed he finished the description of the hanging. Eleven o'clock came, the train arrived, and the reporters ran *en masse* to the jail, where, to their unspeakable astonishment, they found the affair all over. Writing a brief account from the statements of eye-witnesses they raced for the telegraph-office. Here, to their disgust and indescribable profanity, they found the Brooklynite in possession of the wires. He had sent the whole story and was now telegraphing the Bible from

Genesis I. 1, in order to prevent the news reaching any afternoon newspaper excepting his own. It is hardly needful to state that he succeeded absolutely and that his journal had the greatest beat of the year.

In another case holding the wires was not so successful. One Saturday afternoon last winter a reporter on *The Citizen* received instructions from Managing Editor George Gordon, at twenty minutes of four, to catch the four o'clock train at Jersey City and report a secret meeting of glass-blowers then on strike at Glassboro', N. J.

"No train to Glassboro' or any possible way to get there," said the ticket agent; but by the kind aid of a freight train on the West Jersey road, the reporter arrived at his destination at just half past ten that night.

The snow was about a foot deep and more coming down every minute. The meeting was over, and several reporters from Philadelphia in possession of the facts refused to "give up" to the scribe from Brooklyn. However, he followed them to the telegraph office, about a mile from the town, arriving just as the Philadelphia *Record* man handed his copy to the operator.

Considerable growling from the Brooklyn man ensued, but it was of no use. He seated himself beside the operator, looked downcast, but kept writing on the backs of telegraph blanks. The *Record* man's story was finished; but to hold the wire and score a "beat," he commenced to repeat what had already been sent.

"Hold on," said the man from Brooklyn. "Give us a chance. We don't want to be beaten."

"What's the matter with you?" answered the *Record* man.

"Nothing, only I'm a telegraph operator myself and

having just copied your story, want to send it to Brooklyn."

At first the reporters didn't believe his statement, but when the Brooklynite took the operator's chair and sent his own copy they thought differently.

The relations between the police and the press are conducted almost exclusively through the police and other reporters. Every policeman keeps a note-book, in which he is required to enter details of all important cases. These are condensed and entered upon the station-house blotter, which also contains a record of arrests, crimes, fires and other events in which the officers are officially interested. Each precinct sends daily to headquarters a report which contains in brief form all the important facts of the blotter, and especially a statement of arrests and crimes. To these, excepting in a few special instances where the ends of justice require it, or great social or political influence is brought to bear to keep their contents unknown to the public, the reporters are given access and make from them the memoranda on which are based their stories. Most of the arrests are "drunks and disorderlies," of no interest to the public excepting when the luckless offender has some social or professional position, when his peccadillo is described in glowing colors. An actor, minister, dude, or Sunday-school and church official who is apprehended for intoxication is a delicious bit of news to every professional scribe. Politicians, newspaper men, lawyers and sporting men are of no value in this regard, probably for the reason that the event with them is so common as to be a matter of course.

In cases of crimes or arrests of journalistic importance,

the reporter visits the station-house, and there interviews the accused, the officer, detectives and any witnesses he may find. When the occurrence is newsy, he notifies his office and has one or more reporters to help him. Besides these visits by the police reporters who come direct from headquarters, there are others. Nearly all city editors make it a point to "cover" the station-houses once or more a day, and so gather news as well as utilize employees at leisure, assist space-writers and break new men into harness. A third class of visits is from free-lances, who drop in to gain information which they can make into news items or specials. These they sell to the papers which they believe will pay them the highest price for their work.

The police are also of great use to the press in giving information in regard to lost, missing and fugitive persons, processions, mass meetings, fires and accidents, the record and reputation of candidates, officials, civil litigants and prominent men, and in fact in regard to almost anything of general interest. In publishing police news all first-class newspapers have the same practice. The news must be accurately written and verified. The law as to libel allows an editor to publish in full a correct account of any occurrence, but punishes with heavy damages, fine or imprisonment garbled, distorted or exaggerated statements which tend to inflict injury upon private reputation. In publishing accounts of police trials, the newspapers usually treat breaches of duty in a humorous, and seldom in a serious, vein. Those that appear in the *Eagle*, the *Times* and *Review* are generally the most complete, and are always good reading. On the other hand, grave offences committed by policemen

receive a greater condemnation than those by men in private life. The cases of Sergeant Crowley and Officer O'Rourke, and many others, are still too fresh in the public mind to need enlarging. Thus far the Brooklyn police have had a singularly excellent record in this respect. In the past ten years only one felony has been committed by an officer—that was bigamy (and let it be added in palliation of the offence) superinduced by excessive mother-in-law.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BROOKLYN'S CRIMINAL LAWYERS.

RELATIONS OF LAWYERS AND POLICE.—PROMINENT BARRISTERS.—FRANCIS A. MCCLOSKEY.—A HELP TO JUSTICE.—TRICKS WHEREBY THE GUILTY ESCAPE.—HOW BILLY LEETE WAS ACQUITTED AT SESSIONS.—THE WAY A BOARDING-HOUSE FIEND WORKS.—AN IRATE LANDLADY.—CONEY ISLAND GAMBLERS DECEIVE ANTHONY COMSTOCK.—DETECTIVE LOWERY'S STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL BLACKMAILER.—THE METHOD OF AN INGENIOUS ADVENTURESS.—TRANSPARENT ENVELOPES.—A WOMAN AND A LAWYER OUTWIT JUSTICE.—EXPOSURE A GOOD CARD AGAINST A COMPLAINANT.—THE POLITICAL MACHINE AS A LEGAL REMEDY.—THE BEECHER-TILTON TRIAL.—THE PROSECUTION OF COMMISSIONERS FLAHERTY AND BENNETT.—POLICE COURT JURIES.—EXCISE TRIALS A FARCE.—BEER NOT INTOXICATING.—THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE $70,000 FORGERY.—DISTRICT ATTORNEY RIDGWAY'S FAMOUS TRICK.—CRIMINAL LAWYERS POORLY PAID.—SHYSTERS AND PETTIFOGGERS.—THEIR POVERTY AND MISERY.—CRIMINAL LAWYERS IN POLITICS AND IN OFFICE.

A FEATURE of Brooklyn social life is the zeal with which crimes of every kind are prosecuted. In most cities there is a very large element who would rather let small offences go unpunished than lose the time and trouble required by law to convict the offender. Another class, especially large in New York, relies entirely upon the District Attorney's office and the other machinery of justice, and refuses to expend money in punishing a criminal, even when the wrong has been committed against themselves. These classes are remarkably few in number in Brooklyn. Not only are wrong-doers

prosecuted, but the desire to see abstract justice done goes as far as to bring the most trifling disputes into court. This tendency borders upon the ridiculous when, as sometimes happens, a six-foot policeman brings a small boy into court whose sole offence has been the accurate use of a putty blower, or calling names at some fancied foe. On the other hand it largely adds to the income of the six hundred practising lawers of the city. These in the main are able, intellectual and cultured men. Only about one-tenth accept retainers in criminal cases, the vast majority knowing but little of criminal law, and attending exclusively to real estate and civil litigation.

A few brief sketches of some of our most prominent criminal lawyers will not be out of place in a police history. Among the best known are: Francis A. McCloskey, Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy, once United States District Attorney and afterwards Judge of the Court of Appeals; Hon. James Troy, ex-County Judge; Hon. George G. Reynolds, ex-City Court Judge; Gen. Isaac F. Catlin and Hon. Samuel D. Morris, both ex-District Attorneys; Hon. Henry A. Moore, County Judge; Hon. James W. Ridgway, the present District Attorney; Hon. Mark Wilbur, United States District Attorney; John H. Kemble, Jere Wernberg, John U. Shorter, William J. Gaynor, Jesse Johnson, John F. Clark, Edmund B. Barnum, Thomas E. Pearsall, Baldwin F. Strauss, Henry B. Davis, Robert F. Payne, Henry Meyenborg, John C. Maguire, Anthony Barrett, A. W. Gleason, Patrick Keady, Samuel Hemingway, Frank W. Angell, David T. Lynch, James T. Williamson, Charles J. Patterson, and John E. Bergen.

Francis A. McCloskey, counsel to the police commissioners, was born in Brooklyn, July 28th, 1860. He first attended public school No. 5, which school he left while in the graduating class to go to St. Francis Xavier College, New York city, where he graduated with high honors in the class of 1881. He entered the Columbia College Law School, where during his two years' course of study he was noted for close application to study and as a man of great intellectual powers. In June of 1883 he was graduated. In May 1883, a month prior to his graduation from the Columbia Law School, he was admitted to the bar, and a short while after his graduation, entered into partnership with his brother Henry, with whom he distinguished himself by winning several important law suits. On Feburary 1st, 1886, he was appointed successor to Albert E. Lamb, as counsel to the Police Board, which position he has filled with great credit, having only lost one case of the many he has tried, and has probably given more legal opinions than any one of his predecessors in the same length of time.

It is also a part of Counsel McCloskey's duties to defend policemen when sued for false arrest or for assaults. Among the many suits of this kind was that of Captain McKelvey, when the amount involved was about five thousand dollars ; the suit was tried three times, in every one of which the counselor was successful. He also defended Policeman Patrick Hayes, who was sued for two thousand dollars for false imprisonment, where success again crowned his hard efforts, and more lately he defended Policeman Duffer, who shot a man during the strikes in December last ; it seems that

the strikers assaulted the officer and attempted to take his club from him. In self-defence Duffer was compelled to draw his revolver and shoot one of the disturbers. The trial lasted for some time, and Mr. McCloskey obtained his discharge. He also assisted, at the request of Lawyer Geo. Elliott, in the defence of Policeman Wasserman, who was tried at about the same time and on almost the same charge as Officer Duffer.

Among his other duties is that of defending the action of the Police Commissioner in removing subordinates. Shortly after his appointment, Commissioner Carroll removed Patrolman Hayes for assaulting a citizen; and the officer having taken the matter into court, it was held that the action of the Commissioner could not be interfered with. Again: Two bridge keepers in the employ of the city, having been summarily removed, sued out a writ of *certiorari* to compel the Commissioner to reinstate them. Upon the case being argued, Mr. McCloskey contended that the Commissioner had absolute power of removal, and in this contention he was supported by Justice Cullen, before whom the case was tried. Not so very long ago, also, the police boat "Judge Moore" picked up a canal boat loaded with coal, and the crew of the "Moore," through Mr. McCloskey, libelled the owners of the coal for salvage. The decision of Judge Benedict is now being looked for with anxiety by the parties interested, for the reason that the point involved—whether a policemen has a right to salvage—is a novel one. Being counselor to the Police Department, he is, of course, also counselor to the Excise Board, and has several important cases now pending which keep him very busy from early morn to



FRANCIS A. McCLOSKEY.

late at night. Mr. McCloskey is a tall, slim young man, and looks to be a little older than he really is, which is probably caused by his close application to study, which has also, perhaps, been the cause of his wearing glasses. He has auburn hair and light sandy mustache, and to gaze on him one would wonder that one small head could contain all he knew.

The relations between the bar and the police are, and have always been, cordial and intimate. It is a matter of every day occurrence for lawyers to volunteer their services to policemen in trouble, or to present to their clients receipted bills after the case is over. On the other hand, the police extend every possible courtesy to the profession. Paradoxical as it may seem to many who have not thought upon the subject, this state of affairs insues to the public weal and to the detriment of the criminal classes. Nearly all professional lawbreakers who come to Brooklyn are known more or less to the police and the bar. Arrested, whether red-handed in the act or merely upon suspicion, the moment a criminal is arraigned he is almost always identified and revealed to the court by either one or the other. The practice of employing an experienced lawyer to prosecute increases the danger to which a "crook" is exposed. These causes must be added to the efficiency of the District Attorney's office, the superb conduct of the Court of Sessions and the admirable discipline of the police, in explaining the dislike of criminals towards visiting Brooklyn, and their anxiety and terror when apprehended upon any charge. Despite the foregoing, the guilty frequently escape through the ingenuity and shrewdness of the lawyers. This was well illustrated in

a trial in the Court of Sessions. The accused, William F. Leete, alias Billy Leete and Billy Smith, was a professional thief of the kind known as a "boarding-house fiend." He would select some fashionable boarding-house, and, through the aid of accomplices, learn what jewelry and precious stones were owned by the guests, how much money they usually carried, where they kept their valuables, their rooms, habits and weaknesses. After he was thoroughly informed, he would call in the morning at an hour early enough to prevent his meeting the ladies in the house and sufficiently late to escape the gentlemen on their way to business, and would engage a room, paying a week's board in advance. The next day he would return at the hour when most of the inmates were out, and would express surprise that his trunks had not arrived. Retiring to his room on some pretext, he would rapidly break and enter the other dwelling rooms with skeleton keys, and ransack every bureau and trunk. By knowing in advance his prospective booty, he succeeded nine times out of ten in securing it and escaping in safety. On the occasion in question he was arrested several days after the robbery, but no trace nor clue could be found of the stolen goods, which amounted in value to $2,000. He was tried, and the only evidence against him was the testimony of the landlady, who identified him beyond cavil. Leete's counsel badgered her until she was white with rage, and then drawing a letter from his pocket handed it to her with the request that she would read it, and then tell him if it were true. As the inference to be drawn from the action was that the witness had written a compromising or contradictory statement, the attention of both judge

and District Attorney was turned to the letter. In the half-minute the reading consumed, the prisoner changed seats with his brother, who had been sitting behind the counsel. The jury saw the act, but it was noticed by no one else. The reading over, the letter, which of course, had no connection with the case, was given to the District Attorney, who perused it while the examination continued.

"You swore that this is the man. Can you not be mistaken?"

"No," she answered not half looking at the prisoner, "I can't and you can't fool me."

"Will you swear that that young man with the blonde mustache (pointing to a youth on the other side of the court room, who immediately turned purple, to the amusement of the court, public, and especially the jury) is not the man?"

"Of course I will!" with great vehemence.

"Will you swear this is not the man?" pointing out the prisoner.

"No, that isn't the man. He don't resemble him in the slightest."

"Are you absolutely certain?"

"Perfectly!"

At this point a sharp court officer detected the stratagem and reported it to the District Attorney. He made an indignant appeal to the court, who, in turn, administered a scathing rebuke to the counsel, prisoner and brother. But the evil had been done, and the identification was worthless. Though judge and jury were morally certain of Leete's guilt, yet upon the evidence the latter were reluctantly compelled to find a verdict of not

guilty. The prisoner was discharged, to continue his criminal career, while the landlady and the unfortunate guest who had been robbed departed to their home breathing a strong desire to lynch both Leete and lawyer.

A similar deception was practiced during Gen. Catlin's administration as District Attorney. Anthony Comstock, after many threats, caused a raid to made upon the Coney Island pool sellers. The gamblers were forewarned and took measures accordingly. Of more than twenty arrested, not one gave his real name, but nearly all gave the names of their brothers, or of men who resembled them in face and feature. All gave bail to appear before the Sessions. When the trials came on, some months afterward, all the accused, their friends, bondsmen and witnesses packed the court room. The first case was called and the complaining witness put upon the stand. The moment his gaze fell upon the prisoner his face fell, and at the first material question he broke down and could not identify the accused, who was promptly discharged. The same farce marked the next four or five trials, until the District Attorney gave up the entire business in disgust. The year following all the indictments were buried forever by a *nolle prosequi*. False personation is only one of many methods adopted by criminal lawyers to secure the release of their clients in seemingly hopeless cases. Detective John Lowery, of the First Precinct, tells a story which, as a picture of life in a great city, is well worth repeating.

Mrs. Robinson, alias Miss May Roberts, alias Mrs. Agnes Darling, boarded in 1884, in Johnson street, near

Adams. She was a strikingly handsome brunette, who dressed with exquisite taste and whose manners were faultless. To the landlady and guests she was known as a very respectable and religious young widow, whose husband had left her enough money to live upon in comfort. In reality she was one of the brightest and most unscrupulous adventuresses that ever came to Brooklyn. Her mode of doing business was ingenious and unique. In the morning, after making a careful toilet, she would stroll down Montague street and cross over to New York by the Wall street ferry, about the time the solid business men go to their offices. She never flirted, especially with young men ; and never, under any circumstances, with those who did not bear the appearance of wealth ; but to florid, elderly, wealthy gentlemen she gave the idea, however, that she could be safely addressed without the usual formality of an introduction. The result always was that when she reached the New York side she was conversing with some future victim. They would make an appointment for the same day or the next, and nearly always it was kept. Her conduct at even the most delicate times was something to earn the praise of the most fastidious. She never asked, nor even hinted for money in the early stages of each attachment, but pleaded love at first sight as her overwhelming motive. An admirable actress, she flattered and cajoled each middle-aged admirer, until he regarded her as an angel. Meantime, she wormed from him all the information possible about his business, family, children, and especially about his fair friends. Two or three weeks after their first meeting, and when she had enough of his secrets for her working-capital, she would

send a piteous appeal for one or two hundred dollars. It generally came, and when it did the victim began a series of experiences in blackmail that were to last for months and even years. When it did not she played a card that was a novelty to all the force. Taking a sheet of heavy note paper, she wrote on it in a bold hand and with a coarse pen. On the first page would be:

"My Darling—

How can you be so cruel to one whose only fault has been to love you too well in the estimation of the world? For Heaven's sake pity me in the distress you have caused and send me the trifle you have promised."

And on the last page of the sheet:

"Come back to me dearest, because I cannot live without you. Love and many, many kisses.

Your loving May."

This she would fold and enclose in a half-transparent, steamboat-paper envelope, and address it to her admirer's home. As it would probably fall into the hands of his servants or children before it reached us, and as it was easy to half-read the letter through the envelope, it would generally frighten him into a prompt remittance the same day. How many susceptibles she victimized in this manner will never be known. But her time came at last, as it does to all criminals. Her last conquest was a wealthy merchant who, however false to his vows and susceptible to immoral women, possessed great grit and determination. He received one of these letters, and immediately retained a Montague street lawyer, who, in turn, engaged a detective. The investigations of the latter, though carefully conducted, were reported to Mrs. Roberts, who retained a lawyer in turn. The first lawyer wrote her to call upon him; she called,

declined to talk, but made an appointment to see him and his client the next day. Meantime she had given her own lawyer a statement of the relations between her admirer and two women of high social standing, and also several letters from them, that she had purloined from her present foe. Her lawyer wrote to them, asking them to call. They complied, and were horrified to find their secrets in his possession. They left in search of their former lover, whom one of them found on his way to Justice Walsh's for a warrant against Mrs. Roberts. It is needless to remark that the warrant was never applied for, and that the trouble ceased, so far as she was concerned. Nevertheless the matter was reported to Capt. James Campbell, who made it so unpleasant for for Mrs. Roberts that she shortly after left Brooklyn for Chicago and has not since been heard from. The best evidence of her skill was afforded after her departure by the discovery of the names of five of her victims. Three of them were prominent and successful lawyers.

This practice of winning hopeless cases by threats of exposure or counter-persecution, is much larger than is generally known or believed. Nearly every family, in fact, every person, has some skeleton in the closet, and however closely the secret may be kept, it is usually known to a number of people.

The misdeeds of youth, the indiscretions and follies of women, and the crimes committed under terrible temptation or intense passion, are all capital for unscrupulous lawyers, and are too frequently used as invulnerable defenses for wrong-doers.

Many criminal lawyers carry in their memory an inexhaustible stock of this kind of information. Others

keep scrap-books filled with published accounts of cases involving local scandals. Few, if any, hesitate to use their knowledge to protect a client, no matter how guilty they know him to be. In this respect they are under great obligations to the police, who invariably know all the gossip and whispers affecting every one upon their beat, and who are never loath to lend a helping hand to their friends of the bar.

Another favorite expedient of criminal lawyers to defeat the ends of justice, is the employment of the political machine. Brooklyn, from a politician's standpoint, is admirably organized. At least one-half of all the Republicans, one-third of the Democratic, two-thirds of the Labor, Socialistic and Prohibition voters are enrolled in the registers of the Ward Associations. Beyond this, the active party leaders of each ward and even election district, have private memoranda of the political proclivities of all who live in their districts. Nearly all the criminal lawyers are more or less prominent local politicians, and occupy important positions in the machine. By applying their own influence, and that of the local leader of the district, in which a complainant or important witness resides, they are often able to induce, the one to withdraw an action, or the other to keep judiciously away from the subpœna-server and the court-room.

The political machine is put to its hardest use in trials involving large amounts, or the social or political status of prominent men.

In the famous Beecher—Tilton—Moulton litigation, and in the bitter legal war waged against Commissioners of City Work, John W. Flaherty and George C. Bennett,

Purveyor Milne and Superintendent Dady, not only were all the witnesses watched, their weaknesses learned and their records searched, but every juror upon the panel-list was subjected to similar treatment by picked politicians. When a juror was called in either case, a slip was put into General Tracy's hand in one case, and into Judge Troy's in the other, giving as briefly as possible the characteristics and availability of the man for the purposes of the defense. In the police courts this practice is carried to absurd lengths. In excise cases the absurdity becomes broad farce. Public prejudice in Brooklyn is very strong against temperance spies and persecutions. In nearly every case the talesmen are habitues of saloons, who are hard drinkers and whose feelings toward the Prohibitionist are those of the dog toward the cat. If there be any possible explanation of the usual conduct of a bar, they will adopt it rather than the natural inference of the sale and delivery of liquor. They have been repeatedly known to find that beer, ale and wine are *not* intoxicating ; that porter, lager and whiskey cocktails were ginger ale ; that an absolute stranger opened a bar and sold drinks all day, while the innocent landlord sat upstairs, unknowing of the fact that he was robbed below ; and that rye, bourbon and cognac were cider, by the mere pasting of a label with that word superscribed upon the bottle.

A frequent strategem is the skilful manufacture and publication of exaggerated or false statements in regard to the personality and social standing of a prisoner. A few years ago the New York Life Insurance Company was defrauded of $70,000, by a forged check. In the "gang" that accomplished this was a skilled criminal,

named or known as Charles W. Ponters. Shortly afterwards, while being shadowed by the best detectives in New York, he committed a number of crimes in Brooklyn, and was arrested for one almost in the act. His two lawyers knew that the moment his arrest was published, his past record would be laid bare and a dozen witnesses come forward to prove his reputation. They also knew that the press would publish the fact as a matter of news. Before the case was called, in Judge Massey's Court, all the facts concerning "C. Warren Pontious, a wealthy railroad man" had been given to the press. A package of wild-cat Western bonds and mortgages in his possession had been magnified into $50,000 U. S. four per cents., and the luckless criminal was transformed. Some one immediately volunteered and went bail, and the complainant, satisfied that he had done injustice to a high-bred gentlemen, withdrew the proceeding, declared he had made a mistake, apologized, and when all the parties had left the court-room, treated them to champagne and Reina Victorias. The New York detectives never dreamed that the man they were in search of had passed through a dangerous adventure, and one in which they could have put an end to his career for a long time.

The rules of evidence afford any number of loop-holes through which jail birds crawl out. District Attorney Ridgway availed himself of one, in defending a saloon-keeper who was charged with a violation of the excise law. Two women, who were crusading on their own account, in the cause of temperance, entered the saloon Sunday afternoon, in the guise of topers, and easily induced the proprietor to sell them a pint flask of whiskey.

The next day they made complaint, and he was arrested and brought before Justice Walsh. Ridgway took six similar flasks and filled them with various fluids, making one so noisome that it made itself known the moment it was brought into the court-room. The woman took the witness-stand, testified to the sale and produced the criminating flask. Ridgway took it from her hands and placed it on the table in front of the Judge. Then from the pockets of his coat he produced the six flasks, and in a moment mixed them so that it was impossible to detect the original. Then turning to the witness, he said, "Now, Madame, you have said that you can tell whiskey when you try it. Please examine these flasks and inform the court which contains whiskey and which does not!" Then, adding in a melodramatic aside to a brother lawyer, loud enough for the witness to hear, but not the Judge, "If she smells or tastes one of them, she'll be sick for a week."

The witness naturally refused to test the flasks, became frightened, and admitted that she might be mistaken in her judgment, and that the stuff she had bought might be any yellow fluid with a spirituous flavor. She was promptly excused, and the saloon-keeper liberated.

Another efficacious strategem, is what is known as the "sympathetic act." As a matter of fact, few professional criminals are married. Nearly all, however, live in improper relations with abandoned women of all types. Among these are a few who are handsome, talk well and act better than many star artists upon the stage. In small cases, such as petit larceny, assault

and battery and the like, the lawyer sends for one of these to assist him.

Her work is always artistic, and frequently successful. She dresses herself in a neat, but very worn and shabby black dress, stains her shapely hands with chemicals until they are pitiable to contemplate, rubs an onion on her nose until her eyes are red, as if from weeping, and then, with two or three pretty, but even shabbier children, trained and hired for the purpose, calls upon the complainant. The familiar story of the starved wife and children is told, while she sobs and the juvenile chorus weeps. The complainant, his wife and family finally sympathize, relent and promise not to prosecute. Sometimes they even give her money. She retires grateful, and the prisoner is discharged for lack of evidence.

Owing to the fewness of crimes and the absence of a criminal class in Brooklyn, the legal business produced by them is small and unremunerative. It may be questioned if General Tracy, General Catlin, or Judge Troy, the three leading practitioners, draw $3,000 a year, apiece, from this element of their practice, while twenty-five younger lawyers may derive $1,000 each. Below these, however, are a large number of unfortunates, whose office is the dwelling room in their flat, and an equal number "who carry their offices in their hats."

The condition of these attorneys is pitiable in the extreme. They are nearly all pictures of poverty itself. They reach court early in the morning and hang around, either in the trial-room or the corridor, accosting every incomer for business, or watching for a friendly policeman to give them a hint as to what prisoner requires a lawyer. When luck is good they may get two cases, at

$2.00 each ; when extraordinary, a $5.00 or even a $10.00 counsel fee. When passable, they clear one or two dollars ; when bad, twenty-five or fifty cents, a pawn-ticket, a cheap silver watch or several glasses of whiskey, and when very bad, nothing at all. It is generally supposed that these unfortunates have been brought to their present condition by dissipation and vice. Such is seldom the case. Most of them were law-clerks, or office boys, who, as soon as they are admitted to the bar, started to practice on their own account, with little or no money the first one or two years of their professional career. Law seldom pays living expenses during this period, so that necessity, in such a case, would drive a man to the wall, or into practicing in the manner described.

Others are attorneys from the country or other cities, who think there is a field for them in Brooklyn, and who go there with little money, little influence and no acquaintanceship. There are so many of both classes and so little business to be done, that were it equally divided among them, it would barely afford a decent livelihood to each one. But through the competition engendered, and the superior shrewdness or unscrupulousness of some over others, each year witnesses the success of one or two who open offices and do well, and the non-success of all the rest. It also witnesses their increase by a dozen new faces.

One feature of the criminal lawyers is worthy of mention. More candidates for high elective and appointive honors have been chosen from their ranks, in proportion to their number, than from any other class or profession. They have filled the County Judgeship,

the District Attorneyship, the United States District Attorneyship and the Supervisorship-at-large. They have been aldermen, supervisors, assemblymen, senators, City Court, Supreme Court, and Court of Appeals Judges, and to their credit, have almost invariably given satisfaction to their constituencies. At the present time, (1887), they occupy no less than twenty official positions of importance in the municipality.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE POLICE PENSION FUND AND OTHER MATTERS.

ORIGIN OF THE FUND.—APPOINTMENT OF OFFICERS.—THEIR POWERS.—RULES AND REGULATIONS.—TRUSTEES TO SERVE WITHOUT PAY.—THE SOURCES FROM WHICH THE FUND IS DRAWN.—WHO ARE ENTITLED TO RECEIVE PENSIONS.—PROVISIONS FOR THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.—FOR DISABLED MEMBERS OF THE FORCE.—THE RETIRED LIST.—CONDITION OF THE FUND AT THE PRESENT TIME.—THE DOG TAX AND HOW IT SWELLS THE PENSION FUND.—POLICE MATRONS.—LOST CHILDREN.—A GOOD AVERAGE SAMPLE.—CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.—THE ANNUAL PARADE.—CONCLUSION.

ON June 15th, 1877, an act to create a police pension fund for disabled and retired policemen in the city of Brooklyn was passed, constituting the Board of Police and Excise and the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund a Board of Trustees of the pension fund; and giving them the power to choose one of their number as chairman and of appointing a secretary. The Treasurer of the Police and Excise was to be the Treasurer of the Board of Trustees; said Board of Trustees to have charge of and administer said fund, and from time to time to invest the same, or any part thereof, as they shall deem beneficial to said fund. They also have the power to make all necessary contracts, and to make payments of said fund of pensions granted in pursuance of the act of June 15th, 1877. The Board of Trustees are the legal successors of the Trustee or Trustees of the Police Life Insurance Fund then in exist-

ence. The Board of Trustees have the power of establishing, from time to time, such rules and regulations of the Police Pension Fund as they may deem best, and are compelled to report in detail to the Common Council of the city annually, in the month of January, the condition of the fund with the items of their receipts and disbursements on account of the same. No payment whatever is allowed by said Trustees as reward, gratuity or compensation to any person for salary or services rendered, or for said Board. The Pension Fund consists of :

First.- The capital, income, interest, dividends, such deposits, secureties and credits then belonging to the Police Life Insurance Fund, with the addition thereto from time to time of

Second.—Ten per centum of all moneys paid into the Bureau of Excise for licenses.

Third.—All fines imposed by the Board of Police and Excise upon members of the police force ; and

Fourth.—All rewards, fees, gifts, testimonials and emoluments that may be presented, paid or given to any member of the police force on account of police services, except such as shall be allowed by the Board of Police and Excise to be retained by such member ; and,

Fifth.—All lost or stolen moneys remaining in the house of the Property Clerk for the space of one year, and for which there shall be no lawful claimant, and moneys arising from the sale of unclaimed property; and,

Sixth.—A sum of money equal to fifty cents per month for each member of the police force and attaché of the police department, to be paid monthly by the Comptroller of the city to the Board of Trustees of the Pen-

sion Fund, from moneys deducted from the pay of mem bers and attachés of said force on account of lost time.

Seventh.—The sum of three dollars per day, or for any portion of a day, for each member of the police force or attaché of the police department whose services may be required by any corporation, association, person or persons whatsoever, for the performance of any police duty (except in criminal cases) outside of the city of Brooklyn, which sum, in each and every case, shall be paid to the Treasurer of the Board of Police and Excise for the benefit of the Pension Fund. The Board of Estimate of the city is authorized and directed by resolution of said board to appropriate from the excise moneys derived by the Board of Police and Excise from licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors ten per centum of the moneys so derived, and the Comptroller shall draw his warrant in favor of the trustees of said Pension Fund, and the Treasurer of the city shall pay said warrants out of the moneys received from said licenses.

The Board of Police and Excise have the power to grant pensions to any member of the police force or attaché of the police department from moneys from the Pension Fund, to be paid by the Board of Trustees as follows :

(1.) To the widow of any member of the police force or attaché of the department who shall have been killed while in actual performance of police duty, or shall have died from the effects of any injuries received whilst in the actual discharge of such duty, or who has died after ten (10) years' service in the police department, provided such death shall not have been caused by misconduct on his part, a sum not to exceed three hundred ($300) dollars per annum.

(2.) To any child or children under eighteen years of age of such member of the police force, killed or dying as aforesaid, but leaving no widow; if a widow, then after her death, to such child or children being yet under the age of eighteen years, such pension as the Board of Pension and Excise shall from time to time award and order, not to exceed three hundred dollars per annum.

(3.) To any such member of the police force or attaché of the department, who, whilst in the actual performance of police duty, and by reason of the performance of said duty, and without fault and misconduct on his part, shall have become permanently disabled, physically or mentally, so as to be unfitted to perform full police duty, a sum not to exceed three hundred dollars per annum.

(4.) To any member of the police force or attaché of the department who shall, after ten years' membership, become superannuated by age or rendered incapable of performing full police duty by reason of disability or disease contracted without misconduct on his part, a sum not to exceed three hundred dollars.

(5.) To any such member of the police force or attaché of the department who shall, after fifteen years' membership, become superannuated by age or rendered incapable of performing full police duty by reason of disability or disease, four hundred dollars per annum.

(6.) Any member of the force or attaché of the department who has or who shall have performed police duty for a period of twenty years or upwards shall, upon his own application in writing, be retired from service and placed on the police pension roll, and thereupon

shall be awarded, granted and paid from said Police Pension Fund, by the trustees thereof, an annual sum during his lifetime equal to one-half the full pay of a member of said police force of the rank of the member so retired, provided, however, that no pension so granted shall exceed the sum of one thousand dollars per annum.

(7.) In every case mentioned in sub-divisions three, four and five of section four of this act, the Board of Police and Excise shall determine the circumstances thereof in its discretion, and may order the retirement from service and payment of the pensions mentioned in this act, but only after the certificates and recommendations of the surgeons in writing shall be on file, as required by the provisions of this act, under such rules and regulations as they may prescribe, but all payments on account of said Police Pension Fund shall be made quarterly, by check or draft upon the trustees of said sum, signed as said trustees may direct.

Pensions to widows shall terminate when the widow shall re-marry ; and pensions to children shall terminate whenever the children shall respectively arrive at the age of eighteen years. The Board of Police and Excise may, in its discretion, order any pensions granted or any part thereof to cease, except to members of the police force or attachés retired after twenty years' service, as provided in section five of the act, but in all such cases the said Board of Police and Excise shall file with the trustees of the police pension fund a written statement of the cause which determined them in ordering such pension to cease, and nothing herein or in any other act contained shall render the granting or payment of such pension obligatory on the Board of Police and Excise, or

upon the trustees of the police pension fund, or chargeable as a matter of right upon said police pension fund, except as provided in section five of this act.

In determining the term of service of any member of the police force, or attaché of the police department, under the provisions of this act, service in the late Metropolitan police department, and subsequently in the police department of the city of Brooklyn, shall be counted and held to be police service in the police department of the city of Brooklyn for all the purposes of the act.

No member of the police force or attaché of the police department, shall be awarded, granted or paid a pension on account of physical or mental disability or disease, unless upon the certificate and recommendation of the Board of Surgeons of the Department of Police and Excise, which shall set forth in detail the cause, nature and extent of the disability, disease or injury of each member of the police force, or attaché of said police department who may be placed upon the pension roll, and said certificate shall distinctly state whether or not such disability, disease or injury was incurred or sustained by said member of the police force or attaché in the performance of police duty and without misconduct on his part, and such certificate shall in each case be filed with and entered upon the minutes of the trustees of the Police Pension Fund.

An act to amend chapter four hundred and thirty-eight of the laws of 1877, entitled "an act to create a police pension fund for disabled and retired policemen in the city of Brooklyn," was passed June 14, 1886, and was amended so as to read as follows:

The police pension fund shall consist of,

First.—The capital, income, interest, dividends, cash, deposits, securities and credits, now belonging to said police life insurance fund with the addition thereto, from time to time, of

Second.—Twenty per centum of all moneys paid into the treasury of excise for licenses.

Third.—All fines imposed by the Commissioners of Police and Excise upon the members of the police force, and

Fourth.—All rewards, gifts, fees, testimonials and emoluments that may be presented, paid or given to any member of the police on account of police service, except such as shall be allowed by the Commissioner of Police and Excise to be retained by said members, and

Fifth.—All lost or stolen moneys remaining in the hands of the property clerk for the space of one year, and for which there shall be no lawful claimant, and moneys arising from the sale by said property clerk of unclaimed property; and,

Sixth.—A sum of money equal to fifty cents per month for each member of the police force and attaché of the police department, to be paid monthly by the comptroller of the city to the treasurer of the board of trustees of the police pension fund from money deducted from the pay of members and attaches of said force on account of lost time;

Seventh.—The sum of three dollars per day, or for any portion of a day, for each member of the police force or attaché of the police department, whose services may be required by any corporation, association, person or persons, whatever, for performance of any police duty (except in criminal cases) outside of the city of Brooklyn,

which sum in each and every case shall be paid to the treasurer of the board of trustees of the police pension fund for the benefit of said fund. The Board of Estimates of the city of Brooklyn is authorized and directed from time to time, by resolution of said board, to appropriate from the excise moneys derived by the Commissioners of Excise from licenses' for the sale of intoxicating liquors, twenty per centum of the moneys so derived, and the comptroller of said city shall draw his warrant in favor of the trustees of said pension fund, and the treasurer of said city shall pay such warrants out of the said moneys received for said licenses.

Eighth.—A sum of money, equal to, but not greater than one per centum of the monthly pay, salary or compensation of each member of the police force, to be deducted monthly by the comptroller of the city from the pay, salary or compensation of each and every member of the police force, and the said comptroller is authorized, empowered and directed to deduct said sum of money as aforesaid and forthwith to pay the same to the treasurer of the police pension fund; provided, however, that any attaché of the said police department, who, at the time of the passage of the act, shall have served seven years and upwards upon the said police force shall be entitled to the benefits of the provisions of this act upon payment by him of a sum of money equal to one per centum of the monthly pay, salary or compensation of the said attaché, as hereinafter provided for in the case of members of the police force. All the moneys derived from sources mentioned in this section shall be paid over by the officers and persons having the collection or custody of the same to the trustees of the said police

pension fund, and shall belong to and be invested as portions of said fund.

Section 5 of the Act of 1877 is amended to read as follows:

Any such member of the police force or attaché of said police department who has or shall have performed police duty for a period of twenty years or upwards shall, upon his own application in writing be retired from service and placed upon the police pension roll, and thereupon shall be awarded, granted and paid from said police Pension Fund by the trustees thereof an annual sum during his lifetime equal to one-half the full pay of a member of said police force of the rank of the members so retired, provided that in the case of an attaché of said police department he shall have served for not less than seven years as a member of the police force of said department, to entitle him to the benefit of the provisions of this section. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this a t are hereby repealed. This act to take effect immediately.

The following is a resumé of the last report presented by the Board of Trustees to the Common Council:

Receipts.

Cash balance January 1st, 1886	$29,105 89
Fines and lost time	2,065 08
Percentage of rewards, etc.	96 91
Contributions	3,125 00
Sale of unclaimed property	387 16
Justice Walsh under chapter 577	50 00
Twenty per cent. of Excise fees	56,075 00
Interest on bonds and deposits	1,351 77
	$92,256 81

Disbursements.

For pensions	$51,415 26
Cash balance November 30th, 1886	40,841 55
Total	$92,256 81

This year the Legislature passed an act giving fifty per cent. of the dog tax to the Pension Fund. The dog tax amounts to $2.50 for each dog, to be paid by the owner of said dog, and as there are about ten thousand dogs in the city, makes the full tax about $25,000, half of which, $12,500, will this year go in to the Pension Fund. The fund now has on its roll one hundred and fifty-seven pensioners.

POLICE MATRONS.

A new special feature of the department has just come into force, which will commend itself to every one. At a meeting of the Board of Aldermen on May 24th, 1887, the Committee on Police and Excise reported resolutions appointing a number of Police Matrons.

The committee in its report said that: "A committee of the Kings County Woman's Association appeared before your committee and stated that women and girls are brought into court charged with crimes of which they are innocent. As one case recited before your committee: That a young girl was arrested and charged with the crime of larceny. The case was investigated by the then Matron. It was found that the girl was innocent, and that the charge was made for the purpose of preventing her leaving the family where she was employed. The Police Matron system was adopted in Portland, and subsequently in Boston and Philadelphia, and is now in successful operation, and a large number of women who are now leading lives of purity and usefulness have been saved from prison by this method. Your committee are of the opinion that justice and common decency demanded that the women and girls brought into court

(many for the first time) charged with misdemeanors, should have the presence and assistance of a person of their own sex, in an official capacity, to whom they can turn." The committee also reported the following :

Resolved, That the Comptroller be, and he is hereby authorized and directed, to set aside the sum of $4,550 from the contingent fund for the purpose of paying the salaries of the said Matrons for the year 1887.

Resolved That the Board of Estimate be requested to appropriate the sum of $11,400 in the budget for the year 1888, to provide for the appointment of the Matrons at each of the police precinct stations.

Little wanderers, who have toddled away from home in the wake of a procession, or a hand-organ, and lost sight of familiar objects, are picked up by the police every day and come under the care of these matrons. They seldom know where they live, and frequently a youngster, just big enough to go alone, is found two or three miles away from home, having escaped the dangers of street crossings and car tracks in some unnaccountable way. When the distracted mother comes, there is a scene. It is almost a waste of breath to tell her that the child will be brought in before night. She knows that he has been run over, has fallen into the river, or has been kidnapped. It is the settled conviction of the mothers that there are bad people who do nothing but prowl about the streets, looking for a chance to steal stray children. It never occurs to her that it must be some extraordinary purpose that would induce a bad man to burden himself with thirty or forty pounds of helpless humanity, given over to habits of kicking, squalling, and being hungry. She wants the whole detective force

turned out at once, the hospitals searched and the rivers dragged from Harlem to the Battery.

A woman comes in, nearly a lunatic from anxiety and fear, and clamors for her "Jamesy." "Jamesy was the darlinest bit av a kid iver was born. Sorra a wan av 'em on the street was the good av his little finger. And sure he was drowned."

What was he like ?

"Sure hadn't she been tellin' yez ? Like ! Like ! why, mam, he was like the sunshine that comes in the windy. And some villain of a thafe had stolen him. Look like, is it ? Dade, and he was the picture of his father. Two boys niver looked more like the wan than Jamesy an' the ould man." The door had just closed, when a shrill cry of joy was heard outside. At the foot of the steps the mother had met a policeman, leading by the hand a very small bit of a boy with aggressively red hair, and a face upon which a thick coat of dirt vainly essayed to extinguish a vigorous crop of freckles. The boy was Jamesy. The mother swooped down upon him and snatched him up before the surprised policeman knew what had happened, and she was bolting for home crying and laughing in one breath, and scolding and kissing indiscriminately, when the policeman seized her by the arm. He had to make a report of the case to the sergeant, but she knew nothing of that. She had found Jamesy, and that was enough.

What more had the police to do with it ?

"Now, ye'll not have him ! Ye'll not be puttin' me Jamesy in jail bekase he wint around the corner a bit. He niver done no harm. Sure, I'll larrup him myself, an' his father 'll skin him alive for skippin' about the

street an' giving ye all the bother. But ye'll not take up Jamesy, the bit child as manes no wrong, will ye now?"

At last she is persuaded to bring the child in and wait for the record to be made, never letting the unperturbed youngster out of her arms.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Readers of this volume will have noticed many instances in the biographical portion of officers who have obtained promotion under civil service rules. The system of civil service examination is undoubtedly of the greatest benefit in handling any large body of the public servants. In the first place, applicants for positions on the force must be men of reasonable mental attainments, as well as of the necessary physical requirements. Under the old hap-hazard system, it was quite possible for men of a certain height and certain strength to be imposed upon the force despite the fact that they might be utterly incapable of coming up to a fair average standard of ability and judgment. This the new method does away with entirely, and the average intelligence of a Brooklyn policeman to-day compares favorably with the average intelligence of any like number of men engaged in commercial pursuits. But what the citizens of Brooklyn will most appreciate is that civil service divorces the police from politics. At present, for example, while the head of the department is naturally a Democrat, having been appointed by, and being responsible to, a Democratic Mayor, yet many of his aides and many of the rank and file of the force are Republicans, and hold their positions because they have proven themselves capable

of filling them acceptably. This is as it should be, for if politics should be divorced from anything, certainly they should have nothing to do with the vast machinery that regulates public order. Strict impartiality and absolute neutrality on the part of the police are imperatively necessary in communities which exercise the right of manhood suffrage at the polls; for every citizen, whatever his political persuasion may be, whether he call himself Democrat, Republican, Prohibitionist, or what-not, should always be able to know that he has a clear and untrammelled right to walk to the polling booth and deposit his vote under the protection of the preservers of the peace. Brooklyn is so pre-eminently one of the birthplaces of new and advanced political ideas that its citizens should and do take a deep interest in watching the development of anything that tends to purify the administration of public affairs.

Civil Service is justly regarded as one of the most important steps taken since the war to purify the political atmosphere, and its strictest enforcement will undoubtedly command the support of Brooklyn's citizens at all times. Indeed, it may be said that a Brooklynite cares little whether his mayor or police commissioner be Democrat or Republican, provided he honestly fulfils the duties of his office, with a view to the public welfare and in accordance with the laws of good municipal government. Under the eyes of enlightened public sentiment no municipal officer of Brooklyn would dare attempt to make his office a mere appendage to partisan leaders, for he would know well that swift and crushing rebuke would come to him from the citizens at the polls.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that our city politics are so

inextricably woven with our national politics that they can never be entirely separated; but probably this can never be wholly remedied, at least so long as the great parties preserve their present minute local organization. Granted this, it is indeed gratifying to find that the good features of both local and national government re-act on each other; and the gradual growth and strength of national civil service reform is having its effect upon municipal government with a very great impulse.

But lovers of American institutions can certainly pride themselves upon the constantly increasing betterment of the conduct of our government, for certainly the present generation enjoys an infinitely purer administration of affairs than did the last. Twenty-five years ago the idea seldom, if ever, occurred to any one that a public officer should be appointed simply because of his merits. Offices were looked upon as the spoils of the victor, and parcelled out without question or criticism among the successful gladiators in the political arena. Every distinguished politician had his troop of henchmen, who expected to be, and naturally were, quartered upon the public treasury and supported by the public, not primarily for performing the duties of their office, but for the support and maintenance of the political chieftain's power.

That this has not wholly passed away is true. That a certain section of our citizens still, from the force of habit, believe in such notions, is likewise true. But the number is growing smaller and smaller every year, and it is to be hoped will grow smaller and smaller yet. Absolute perfection in the public service cannot, of course, be hoped for this side of the millenium, but it can

be reasonably approached; and it is with a just pride that the citizens of Brooklyn can declare that their city is in the front rank with the most advanced and enlightened communities.

POLICE PARADE.

On Tuesday, May 18, 1887, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, five hundred and fifty uniformed men and officers of the Brooklyn Police force formed in line at the fountain on Bedford Avenue. It was the occasion of the first annual parade of the Brooklyn Police Department. Just prior to the word to march everything was in confusion, policemen seemed to be everywhere, hurrying, scurrying here and there in the hot broiling sun. Strangers in town would have no doubt mistaken it for some riot, which the entire force of the city had been called upon to quell. To a person who lived in the city, however, the burnished helmets, polished buttons and clean uniforms told a different tale. They were no war or riot uniforms. Far from it. And right here it may be as well to remark that great attention is paid by the department to the uniforms of the men—the best and most suitable cloth being selected—and certainly no body of "blues" looked handsomer than Brooklyn's "finest" upon this occasion.

Shortly after two p. m., the word to march was given. As if by magic all noise ceased. The men were all in line, and had started before many of the spectators who had left their points of vantage could regain them. In the van was the mounted squad under the command of Sergeant Johnson. His men all well-built, well-

drilled and nearly all of whom had seen service in the cavalry during the civil war, presented a magnificent and imposing appearance. Their horses, with glossy hides and well combed manes, answering to a touch of the knee, resembled pieces of mechanism. They, too, looked like their riders—splendid—and seemed to appreciate the thunders of applause from the excited and admiring host of spectators who thronged each side of the street. Following them came the drum corps of the Ninth Regiment, N. Y. S. N. G., with Conterno at the head, and directly behind, Superintendent Campbell in all the glory of a bran new uniform, looking hale and hearty and every inch a policeman. At his side, made fast by a many colored cord, was a club, also bran new. By his side marched Inspector Reilly, the head of the detective force of this city. After them came the 550 men. They were divided into two battalions of nine companies each, with fourteen files full. Inspector McLaughlin was at the head of the first, and in command of the companies were Captains McKelvey, Campbell, Leavey, Ennis, Murphy, Brown, Folk, Dunn and Brennan. The second battallion was under the command of Inspector Mackellar, the senior inspector, and, acting as his aides in command of the rear nine companies, Captains Jewett, Lowery, Rhodes, Druhan, Kaiser, Eason, French, Kellett and Kenney. The only captain not on parade was Captain Woglom, of the Fifth Precinct, for whom a walk of six miles was physically impossible. He was put on duty at headquarters, and did all that the superintendent usually does when there. The colors carried were the beautiful flags presented by Messrs. Wechsler & Abraham, several smaller flags, and a city flag, presented by

Commissioner Carroll. The men wore for the first time the new summer helmets, and every uniform was adjusted so carefully that even the eagle eye of the inspector could find no flaw or spot. The route was from the fountain through Bedford Avenue to Lafayette, through Lafayette to Schermerhorn Street, to Clinton, through Clinton to Remsen, and through Remsen to the City Hall, where they were reviewed by Mayor Whitney, Commissioner Carroll and Deputy Commissioner Dallon, who expressed themselves as extremely gratified at the display. No doubt the citizens felt so too, to think that such an imposing and efficient force guarded their interests. After passing the Hall they marched to Gallatin Place, Fulton Street, where they disbanded, not once in all the long, hot, six mile walk requiring the use of the patrol wagon or ambulance which accompanied them. Although so large a force was taken away, all the posts were covered as usual, 254 men being left on guard, 190 of them being regulars and the remainder being called in from detailed positions.

With this last picture of Brooklyn's Guardians our record comes to a close. Much more could have been written if space allowed, but the limits of this volume are reached and the writer must lay down his pen. If he shall have succeeded in bringing somewhat closer to the public the gallant defenders of their homes, lives and property, his task will have been a pleasant one, and his reward will be the consciousness of having labored in a worthy cause.

It is also his hope that the publication of a work like this may have a good effect upon the police force itself However imperfectly the task is done, yet surely it will

make a policeman think a little better of himself to find that he is deemed worthy of record side by side with other public officials. May it not arouse a laudable ambition in the breast of every member of the department to figure in future histories for future generations; to know that a gallant deed will find its proper applause, andthat an act of heroism may be embalmed in imperishable print. It is always well to do one's duty, and philosophers tell us that the consciousness of having so done is the greatest of rewards; but there is a natural and proper desire on the part of every man to hear those grand and simple words: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

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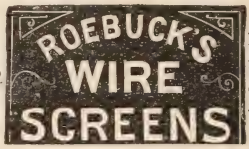
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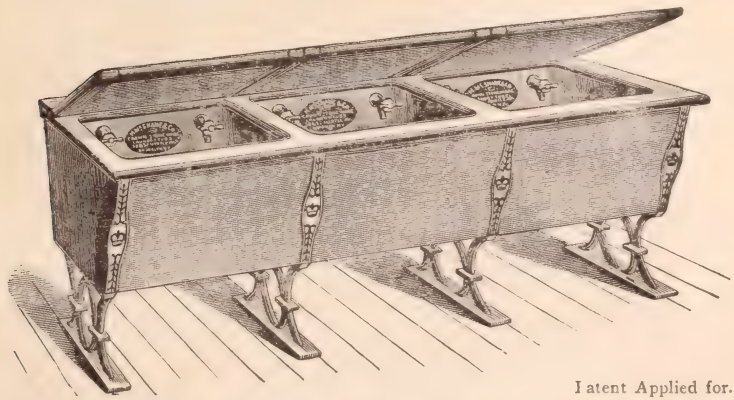
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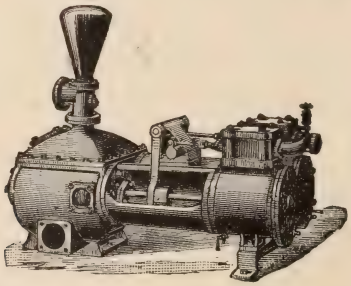
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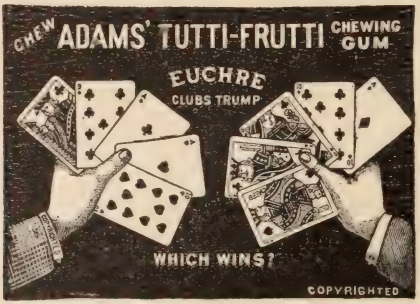
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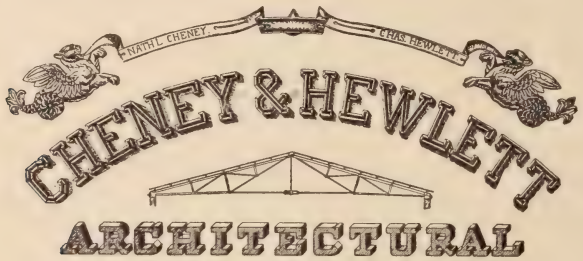
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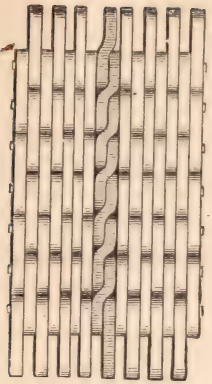


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